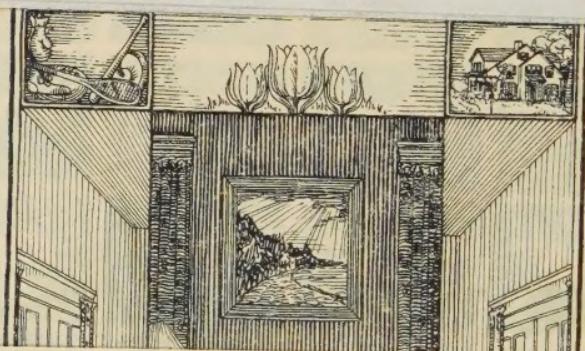




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*The* BORZOI 1925



T H E  
B O R Z O I  
I 9 2 5



*Being a sort of record  
of ten years of  
publishing*

ALFRED · A · KNOPF  
NEW YORK

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THE BORZOI 1925

PART ONE

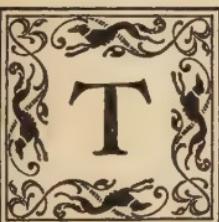


EMISSARY FROM THE KINGDOM  
OF LETTERS

LOUIS GOLDING

*by*

J. BROOKS ATKINSON



o the three scientific kingdoms—animal, vegetable and mineral—which have been duly revered in a popular drawing-room fantasy, there must be added a fourth, a royal, regal Kingdom of Letters, where life is not prosaic. The Kingdom of Letters! No place for hucksters and cabbage-cutters, of course, but suited to poets and to gods. It is a gay, impractical fiefhold. “Although I am no dilettante,” Gautier confessed, “I would rather have the noise of fiddles and tambourines than that of the bell of the President of the Chamber. I would sell my breeches for a ring, and my bread for preserves.” Indeed, a kingdom to which all writers own allegiance, and of which a few are native sons.

Louis Golding has had his passport stamped in the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms, has marched abroad through their villages, slept in their inns and brawled with their burghers. His books are full of what he saw, written in the idioms of the Kingdom of Letters; for he is a poet, and none but a poet could have written “Forward from Babylon,” “Sunward,” “Seacoast of Bohemia” and “Day of Atonement.”

❧ I ❧

But his home port, as his passport verifies, is Parnassus, Kingdom of Letters, where Orpheus sits on the throne. "Do not the philosophers maintain," Golding says in "*Sunward*," "that all new gods arise out of the foam the old gods have left behind them on the sea's surface as they sink into those unimaginable chambers which are the subconscious mind of our race?" Golding rises on the foam of the sensitive, the bruised and the sardonic; and "the subconscious mind of our race" is his literary consciousness.

At the risk of urging the Kingdom of Letters too earnestly let us see what its emissary does when, in "*Sunward*," he passes mendicant-fashion through Italy to Capri and Sicily. There have been many to sing of the ineffable beauty of Italy—"the vault of blue Italian day." But who has matched the opulence of Golding's panegyrics? To him this is a rich land as rich as the Kingdom of Letters. "The Lago di Loppio spreads out his cloth of gold under the royal feet of the hills." "As the afternoon flushed and faltered towards evening the breeze slackened, the lagoons stretched lustrous in the silence. The reflections of the orange sails of fishing boats were either realized into plates of fine gold." "Sunset among the islands was one vast 'Adoration of the Magi,' their goblets shining and their platters laden with gems. As the oars lifted, amethyst and ruby slid from them into this treasury of the sea." "But silver lay on the roofs of Foggia and sloped down the leaves of the palms on their moonward side, so that the shadow under them was ebony." For of such purple and richness is the Kingdom of Letters!

To write of Louis Golding, however, is to write chiefly of "*Day of Atonement*." For here his talent for writing prose, his emotion, his fervor, his earnestness and sympathy agglutinate into a novel of depths. The tremendous travesty of "*Seacoast of Bohemia*" was well enough in its way, a burlesque

of the pseudo-artists of London's Latin Quarter, showing where Golding stands in relation to the piffling literary society of his own day; and quite as well sustained as Max Beerbohm's Oxford novel. With a species of intellectual humor it pricks the pretenses of "those scribbling fops who think to eternalize their memory by setting up for authors" and who blot paper with esoteric trifles and impertinences. "Seacoast of Bohemia" does well enough. Into "Day of Atonement," however, Golding has put his heart, and that novel is a full-bodied, serious achievement.

To say that in this book Golding has written a novel of the Jews is to tell the truth, but less than the whole. It is such a novel. A devout Talmudic scholar escapes from the persecutions of Russia, sets up in London with a wife whom he loves, and who loves him no less. For his devotion and scholarship he wins the respect of all his Jewish neighbors; orthodox recognition lies only a little further on. But before that day arrives, he succumbs to the machinations of a Christian, becomes an apostate, is denied by his wife and all his race, runs on from madness to madness until at length he bursts into a synagogue on a holy day to deliver there the impious Christian message. He is finally betrayed by his wife and goes "the way of his kinsman, the carpenter of Galilee." "Day of Atonement" is no polemic or panacea; it is a perfervid racial saga.

Yet the full truth about "Day of Atonement" goes somewhat beyond this statement of facts, these "manners, passions, unities, what not" of which Pope wrote, to a discussion of technique. "Day of Atonement" is an entity, a lyric surge, from prelude to epilogue. Golding conceived it in the story of a goatherd of Sicily, over wine, cheese, bread and figs, related there on the Day of Atonement, as of old the story-tellers spoke from their tale-rugs in the streets of Mecca. And from that chance meeting in Sicily it runs on through the tribal

scenes of Russia to the industrial brawl of London with the swing of one who writes at a single sitting, under the spell of a single emotion, in a style fuguelike, figurative and sensuous. "If anybody else than Rivkah, the easy girl of the village, had shown her the creek," the book begins, "the thrill of stepping slowly from the grass bank into the water, of feeling its cool circlets rising spirally like a serpent about ankles and knees and hips, would have been less exquisite, for it would have been less guilty. Just these few yards of velvet grass and the water, and the double curtain of reeds and willows, just these and the pulsing midsummer sun." So waywardly this girl begins. But gradually the traditions and superstitions of her race, the customs and devotions, catch her and sweep her along with their intensity until on the Day of Atonement the ram's horn is blown, and with "pride in her bearing and an exaltation" she makes her last sacrifice for her faith. From so passionate a book one cannot quote without breaking the spell, and detaching a part which is lost without the whole. But this paragraph of the arrival of Eli and Leah in England gives something of Golding's narrative style which still rings the dominant note of the tale:

"Some profound sixth instinct conducted them from the Elizabeth Station in Doomington into Begley Hill, the region where the Jews were clustered between the great gaol and the crest of the gritty slopes of Longton. It was the instinct which made their race homogeneous despite interposed mountain systems and oceans; the instinct which taught them, however little they knew of mountain-craft, where the passes lay and how to surmount them; which taught them, however little they had studied seamanship, how a barque might be constructed and through what channels guided. It landed Eli and Leah, frail wanderers, pale, devoted wanderers, upon the pavement edge of a squalling street, littered with the pluckings of fowls, giddy with the shrieks of children."

And what of this mythical Kingdom of Letters? Mr. Golding has not deserted it. He is still the man of letters, interested

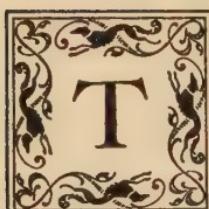
not in the politics of the race of which he writes here, not in the reformation of their religion, nor in matters of assimilation or social intercourse, but in the poetry of their traditions. He has published three volumes of verse: "Sorrows of War," "Shepherd Singing Ragtime," and "Prophet and Fool." His prose style has not suffered because of them. On the contrary, it has been enriched. And at a moment when most prose-writers indulge chiefly in colloquialisms, he puts words together for color and sound, no less than for meaning; and if he strains now and then at this exacting task, with a faint bead of perspiration on his brow, we forgive him and indulge him for what he has done and for the books that are yet to come.

THE HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION  
SERIES

by

HARRY ELMER BARNES

I. *The Value of the History of Civilization*



HAT eminent manufacturer and benefactor of the masses, Henry Ford, has caused many historians either much concern and indignation or much merriment and satisfaction by his aphorism that "History is Bunk." While Mr. Ford did not speak as an expert upon historical documentation, there is enough truth in this seemingly preposterous allegation to vindicate that remarkable shrewdness which he often conceals under much that seems at first sight naïve and infantile. The great majority of historical works down to the present time have been filled with a mass of meaningless details with respect to the origins, succession, and changes of dynasties, or have dealt almost exclusively with battles, diplomatic intrigues, and personal anecdotes and episodes which have little or no significance in explaining how our present institutions and culture came about, in indicating their excellences and defects, or in aiding us to plan a better and more efficient future. It has been a recognition of these fatal deficiencies in the older history which has led progressive scholars and popularizers, from Riehl, Green, and Lamp-



HARRY ELMER BARNES



THOMAS BEER

*Photograph by E. O. Hoppé*

recht to Robinson, Breasted, Fueter, Becker, Turner, Shotwell, Dodd, Beard, Wells, Van Loon, and others to attempt so to transform historical writing and teaching that it may possess some practical value to the intelligent citizen, thus fashioning the so-called "New History."

One of the chief innovations comprised in the methods of the newer history is the insistence upon a basic preparation in the utilization of biology, psychology, and sociology, in order more scientifically to comprehend and analyze the laws and processes governing human thought and behavior. The type of historian mentioned above urges that special attention should be given to the history of the ideas, opinions, and attitudes of mind on the part of the educated classes in western society from oriental to modern times, as the key to the chief unifying and causative factors in the development of civilization. Begun by Draper, Lecky, and White, this field has been most accurately defined and most fruitfully exploited by James Harvey Robinson and his disciples. Even a preliminary cultivation of this phase of human development has revealed those well-nigh hopeless anachronisms in our present cultural heritage which distort and obstruct our social vision and prevent us from an efficient utilization of our unparalleled technology and material culture.

The alert historian of civilization recognizes at once that the great need of the present is to bring our attitudes, reactions, and interpretations in the field of social behavior up to something like the same level of objectivity and scientific candor which now pervades natural science and technology. While the scientific and industrial revolutions of the last century have served to modify our material culture so thoroughly as to make George Washington's age more akin to that of Tut-Ankh-Amen than to that of Henry Ford and Thomas A. Edison, yet our ideas on economics, politics, social life, and

morals have altered amazingly little since Washington delivered his Farewell Address. While admitting the enormous indebtedness of the modern world to the natural scientist and the technician, the historian well understands that we cannot rely upon the scientist alone to apply his knowledge and ideas to social problems. The tendency towards narrow specialization in the natural sciences has normally prevented a humanized, well-integrated, and comprehensive scientific attitude, so that we often find a chemist whose chemistry is based upon that of Remsen and Fischer, but whose political science was derived from his Republican grandfather, or a physicist whose physics is that of Michelson and Einstein, but whose ethical and theological notions were imparted by his Methodist grandmother. We must develop departments of social science adequately equipped with the best scientific knowledge requisite for their various lines of endeavor, and manned by those who will be fearless in their efforts to apply such methods and information to their analysis of social problems.

The historian of civilization can aid in this process by emphasizing how contemporary waste, inefficiency, exploitation and war are ruining western civilization, and by exposing the utter inadequacy of our present appropriation of the contributions of the social sciences in coping with these all important problems. While all candid social scientists of whatever department will admit the great need of more scientific methods of measuring and analyzing contemporary social problems, the most distressing situation is to be found in the contempt of society at large for such scientific information as is already available in the social sciences, and its fatal willingness to rely upon the so-called "wisdom of the past." It is only in regard to these matters that we find such a futile and dangerous attitude persisting. The prosperous citizen who openly boasts of holding tenaciously to a political or economic opin-

ion more archaic than Elijah's chariot would be likely to be enormously embarrassed if discovered in a last year's model Cadillac. The high esteem placed upon antiques in opinions is no less marked than the zeal for their collection in household equipment, but the indulgence is far more dangerous. History teaches us, from the records of the failure of every earlier civilization, that the "Wisdom of the Fathers" has almost invariably fallen down rather badly in meeting the much simpler social, economic, and political situations of bygone days—that, in fact, there has really been no such thing as "wisdom" in the past, and that there is precious little of it in evidence to-day. Yet, even if there ever had been wisdom adequate for the needs of earlier days, this would not constitute any guaranty of its sufficiency for to-day. Not even the most pious Fundamentalist or Ku Kluxer would think of taking his Ford car to Moses or George Washington to have the carburetor adjusted or the valves ground, but he insists upon solving our infinitely more complicated and difficult moral and social problems upon the basis of monstrous anachronisms, which in some cases antedate either Washington or Moses. An ape may get along fairly well on a velocipede, but he is likely to get hopelessly involved if entrusted with an aeroplane. The effort of our contemporary statesmen to solve the problems of to-day on the basis of the "wisdom" of the past is highly comparable to the attempt of an ape to manage an aeroplane on the grounds of his previous mastery of the tricycle. We need to understand that rhetoric will ultimately solve nothing, and that we must substitute scientific facts and methods for "air-driven politics."

The historian can, perhaps, render his best service in this movement by acting as a therapeutic agent, in revealing the antiquity, savagery, and futility in much of our heritage of opinion and behavior, and in this way raising slightly the

paralyzing influence of the "dead hand" from the backs of those striving to bring humanity to a future which will not only be more happy and prosperous, but also more absorbed in and devoted to the higher ranges of cultural achievement. It was once believed that we can draw many direct lessons from the experience of the past to guide us in the solution of contemporary problems, but we are now coming to understand that modern civilization is so different from that of the past that we can secure little guidance from the earlier ages of human history. The chief constructive service of the history of civilization must rest in the satisfaction of our curiosity as to how the present order came into being, and in demonstrating the necessity of turning to information derived from the study of contemporary conditions as our chief guide in meeting the complex issues of to-day.

## *II. The General Plan of the History of Civilization Series*

While progressive historians have contributed occasional works dealing with the civilization, culture and institutions of particular areas and periods in the past, and while there have been certain brief and popular efforts at a general history of civilization, this series now being brought out in English by Mr. Knopf represents the first really adequate and scholarly account of the varied aspects of man's past which has thus far been executed. We are promised a well-planned set of around two hundred volumes by leading experts which will cover the whole history of human civilization from the eolithic period to the second quarter of the twentieth century, and which will make the equipment of the cultural historians and historical sociologists as complete and up-to-date as that of any other workers in the general field of social science. Among the French cultivators of social history and historical sociology there has been no more enthusiastic or ambitious



PIO BAROJA



WILLA CATHER  
*Photograph by W. W. Wilson*

student than Henri Berr, whose "La Synthèse en Historie," published in 1911, deserves to rank with Karl Lamprecht's "What is History?" and James Harvey Robinson's "The New History" as a promulgation of the principles of the newer dynamic and synthetic historical writing. He has since planned a remarkable series on the history of civilization, known as "The Evolution of Humanity." Another French historian, chiefly interested in economic and social history, Georges Renard, produced a somewhat smaller series on "The Universal History of Labor," probably the best general economic history ever projected. The English series on "The History of Civilization," edited by C. K. Ogden, is even more ambitious, as it combines "The Evolution of Humanity" and "The Universal History of Labor" with a large number of other volumes planned to round out the series more thoroughly and to make a more complete record of the history of human civilization. The English series will run to over two hundred volumes, and constitutes veritably an epoch in the history of history itself. It is the most ambitious and important historical project ever undertaken from the standpoint of the social and cultural historians, and the most impressive and extensive from any viewpoint, with the sole exception of Professor J. T. Shotwell's voluminous series on the "Economic and Social History of the World War," to be published in some three hundred volumes under the auspices of the Carnegie Endowment.

While the English set is, thus, far more comprehensive than the French project, the same general plan runs through it all as existed in the mind of Henri Berr when working out the dominating concepts of "The Evolution of Humanity." Hence we may quote briefly from his general introduction as to the fundamental conceptions which have governed the planning of the volumes:

It will have a real unity; not merely the unity of its subject—history in its entirety—but unity of plan, firmly binding together all the various parts; and also unity of the activating ideas. The problem with which we are faced is how to prevent incoherence and yet to avoid the opposite error of oversystematization. In the present state of our knowledge, a single individual cannot accomplish this task alone, and even to organize it he must exercise very great discretion. Certain ideas will run through the whole enterprise, but they will not be dominating theories thrust upon the collaborators, and through them, upon the facts; rather will they be experimental ideas, hypotheses pervading the whole work, and subjected to the control of actual facts by unfettered investigation, allowing complete autonomy to the collaborators. Our undertaking is thus something in the nature of a vast experiment, to be gradually undertaken under the eyes of the public to the great profit, as we hope, of historical science; and the ideas put forward will emerge from the test either confirmed or rectified.

Within this unity of the whole each part will have its own unity. The series has not been planned in terms of large collective volumes, grouping together more or less unconnected chapters written by various collaborators, but as independent volumes of moderate size. The number of these will, therefore, be considerable, since they will correspond to the great problems and the organic divisions of history; and each, as far as this is possible, will be entrusted to a single scholar of recognized authority. Each will be an independent work, will carry the imprint of one personality, and will be the more interesting in that it will have been written with greater freedom and pleasure. Each volume will have its own life; so too will a given group of volumes, and they will thus, from different viewpoints, form a whole within a whole, partial syntheses within a total synthesis. Our task, in short, is to combine the advantages of an historical encyclopedia with those of a continuous history of human evolution. . . .

To unite Science and Life: such is the formula which expresses the ideal we desire to attain. . . .

From the standpoint of scholarship, then, our undertaking will at once mark achievement and provide a point of departure for work still to be done. . . .

But the aim of the series is not merely to be erudite: it is also to be scientific in the full sense of that term. Scholarship may enable us to prepare and assemble materials: it is science alone, however, that brings order into them. . . .

Without claiming that the method of scientific synthesis can actually be

fixed for history in any definite fashion, it may be assumed—at least, as a tentative hypothesis—that the facts of which human evolution is woven, can be grouped in three quite distinct orders. The first are the contingent, the second the necessary, and the third those that relate to some inner logic. We shall try to make use of and to harmonize the very diverse explanations that have been attempted, by endeavoring to show that the whole content of human evolution falls into these general divisions of contingency, necessity and logic. It seems to us that by this tripartite division, history received both its natural articulation and its whole explanation. Indeed, this classification opens up a deeper view of causality. It invites us to probe into the mass of historical facts and to attempt to disentangle three kinds of causal relations: mere succession, where the facts are simply determined by others: relations that are constant, where the facts are linked to others by necessity: and internal linkage, where the facts are rationally connected with others. On this view of the nature of the causes operating in history, a synthesis may not appear easy, but it is at least conceivable. . . .

In fine, to unravel the complicated skein of causality: to distinguish the “accidental” or the “crude facts” of history, the institutions or the social necessities, the needs or the fundamental causes that flower in the form of ideas within reflective thought: to study the play of these diverse elements—contingent, necessary and logical—their reciprocal action and what may be called the rearrangement of causes: this should constitute the essential object of this synthesis. . . .

Although profoundly scientific in intention this series will not, for that reason, be any the less alive. It has been supposed, quite erroneously, that the introduction of science into history is opposed to life, that the resurrection of the past is the privilege of art. It is analysis which reduces the past to a dust-heap of facts; what erudition collects is saved not from death but from oblivion. Synthesis resurrects the past, otherwise than does intuition, and better. Its task as defined by Michelet, “the resurrection of the whole of life not merely in its surface aspects but in its inner and deeper organisms,” cannot be fulfilled by genius; but science can accomplish it by deepening its theory of causality and endeavoring, through its synthesis, to reconstitute the interplay of causes.

It is this purpose, then, that animates our work: to render intelligible by the study of its causes, and to enable us to follow that progressive movement—not continuously and absolutely progressive, but as a whole and from certain points of view—which gives meaning to the life of humanity. . . .

Our enterprise may thus be of great value to further decisive progress in

the study of human evolution. Its object is the proper arrangement of labor and the elaboration of a true scientific method with the purpose of initiating the public into the more serious and engrossing aspects of history as a whole. In the natural sciences, laboratory research, however technical and ungrateful it may be, always results in theories or in a practical outcome to which the public cannot remain indifferent: and, for that reason, there is abundance of encouragement for those who cultivate these fields. On the other hand, because of its over-erudite and insufficiently scientific character, history as presented by learned historians has become an arid specialty, in which the public manifests no interest—accepting in their place anecdotal and romantic works put together by clever popularizers in the guise of true history.

Thanks to the eminent collaborators who have coöperated in this undertaking, things may perhaps be changed for the better. Our program is vast and our ambition must appear to many over-sanguine. But we must take the risk. It is obvious that a desire for action, a confidence in the spontaneous forces of life have been revived amongst us. There would be a disquieting side to this if, as some tell us, it has taken an anti-intellectualistic turn. It is essential that this need for action, this revival, should also manifest itself in intellectual courage. Life expands with knowledge. And an historic science understood in a living manner—the consciousness of humanity springing from reflection—is necessary to direct the tumultuous powers of instinct.

Only the volumes on “prehistory,” oriental antiquity, classical times, and the Middle Ages have yet been announced, but even here we can envisage the great value of the series for every aspect of historical sociology and the history of civilization. The volumes on “prehistory” cover such important subjects as the social organization of primitive peoples, the passage from “tribe to empire,” the geographical basis of history, race and history, the diffusion of culture, woman’s place in primitive society, cycles in history, prehistoric archæology, and the origins of language. From the beginning of the “historic” period provision is made for the description and analysis of the growth of every phase of human culture and institutions. The thoroughness of the treatment increases with the recency of the period covered, there being about as

many volumes assigned to the Middle Ages as to the pre-historic period, oriental antiquity, and the classical age combined. The editor states that the number of volumes on the period since the seventeenth century will be approximately equal to those on the ages prior to this date.

The scope of the series is admirable, not only with respect to the range of subjects covered, but also with regard to the area encompassed. For example, in addition to the thorough treatment of Roman society, there are no less than nine volumes devoted to the history of the world outside the Roman Empire during this period; and in the medieval and early modern periods there are a number of volumes on oriental history and on the influence of the East on Western Europe. In the medieval period, where the series becomes fully expansive, there are not only many volumes on the various fields of social, economic, political, juristic, artistic, intellectual and scientific development, but also competent histories on such special subjects as money, costume, witchcraft and medicine. All in all, there is every indication that the historian of civilization will here find ample information of a highly reliable type on every subject which might legitimately enlist his curiosity or claim attention.

### *III. Nature of the Volumes Already Published*

Inasmuch as those volumes which have been published constitute only the slightest fragment of the enterprise as a whole, our present interest must naturally lie primarily in the scope and aim of the series as described above. Nevertheless, the ten volumes which have thus far been published are of such importance as to merit a brief description of their content.\*

\* *SOCIAL ORGANIZATION*. By the late W. H. R. Rivers, 1924, x, 226 pp. \$4.00.  
*THE THRESHOLD OF THE PACIFIC*. By C. E. Fox, 1925, xvi, 379 pp. \$6.00.

(Continued on following page.)

Those by Rivers, De Morgan and Fox are of primary relevance for historical sociology. Rivers' work, like his earlier "Kinship and Social Organization," is about midway between the older views of Morgan and the strictly critical analysis of social organization to be found in the works of Lowie and Goldenweiser. He defends Morgan in many cases, but wisely more on the subjects of group-marriage and relationship systems than on the clan-gens succession and the uniformity and universality of institutional evolution. Rivers' theoretical position as to cultural growth and development remains that of the enthusiastic diffusionist. His volume seems to the writer much less valuable and satisfactory than Lowie's "Primitive Society." Dr. Fox's book is a detailed monograph on "the social organization, magic and religion of the people of San Cristoval in the Solomon Islands." It ranks with such works as Rivers' book on the Todas or Seligman's on the Veddas. It would have been far more useful if, instead of a specialized work on a small group in a limited area, this volume had been a general survey of the ethnography of the Pacific area.

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- PREHISTORIC MAN: A GENERAL OUTLINE OF PREHISTORY. By Jacques de Morgan, 1925, xxiii, 304 pp. \$5.00.
- A GEOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION TO HISTORY. By Lucien Febvre, 1925, xxv, 388 pp. \$6.00.
- THE EARTH BEFORE HISTORY. By Edmond Perrier, 1925, xxiv, 345 pp. \$5.00.
- LANGUAGE: A LINGUISTIC INTRODUCTION TO HISTORY. By J. Vendryes, 1925, xxviii, 378 pp. \$6.00.
- THE HISTORY AND LITERATURE OF CHRISTIANITY FROM TERTULLIAN TO BOETHIUS. By Pierre de Labriolle, 1925, xxiii, 555 pp. \$7.50.
- A THOUSAND YEARS OF THE TARTARS. By E. H. Parker, 1924, xii, 288 pp. \$5.00.
- CHINA AND EUROPE: INTELLECTUAL AND ARTISTIC CONTACTS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By Adolf Reichwein, 1925, vii, 174 pp. \$3.00.
- LONDON LIFE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By M. Dorothy George, 1925, xi, 452 pp. \$6.00.



WALTER DE LA MARE



HARVEY FERGUSSON

De Morgan's volume, while by no means as authoritative and thorough as MacCurdy's recent "Human Origins," is the most compact, up-to-date and readable book on the preliterate period in any language. It has the special advantage of bringing in a large amount of information based on oriental archaeology. This is probably the most original and valuable aspect of the work. De Morgan has spent years in oriental excavation and is an expert on this area. As most students of prehistoric archaeology have devoted themselves primarily to the Western European area, it is interesting and important to have this orientation and absorption supplemented and balanced by the discoveries and information of a scholar who has specialized on the Near East. In his treatment of oriental origins De Morgan apparently has little bias in favor of the priority or ascendancy of any particular country. The book is logically organized about the evolution of primitive industries from the eolithic period to the iron age, the daily life of prehistoric man, and intellectual and artistic, including religious, development. The only serious weakness is the absence of any adequate discussion of the chronology of the preliterate age.

The introductory volume on the natural background of history is supplied by Professor Lucien Febvre, a student of the great French geographer, Paul Vidal de la Blache. It is without question one of the best single volumes yet brought out on the relation between the development of human society and civilization and its geographical setting. The book is not only an admirable contribution to the subject, but contains as introductory material an excellent appraisal of the work which had been done by anthropogeographers prior to the present volume. After a moderate statement of the principles involved, the book deals with the various types of geographical influences and controls exerted over the life and

development of man. These include such things as climate, topography, routes of travel and communication, and natural resources. While there is a solid and substantial background provided in the way of a discussion of the various aspects of physical geography which influence human life, the primary interest is not so much in the geographic conditions themselves as in their operation upon the various forms of social grouping and culture. Not only is the general treatment admirably planned and comprehensive, but the author's attitude is unusually fair, objective and critical. There is no attempt to make a case for geographic determinism, but rather a full recognition of the fact that human culture is the dynamic factor in history, even though its operation is diversely conditioned by the physical environment. The book is even more significant as a study of method than as a survey of geographic factors operating in history. It is a relentless criticism of the older anthropogeography, and a substantial justification of the newer or regional geography, particularly in its relation to history.

Perrier provides a competent survey of the development of the earth, and especially of the growth of organic life on the planet before the appearance of man. It is, in other words, an excellent presentation of the biological background of, and threshold to, history. The admirable work by Professor E. Pittard on "Race and History" will conclude this valuable triad of works on the physical basis of history.

Vendryes divides his survey of linguistic origins into a treatment of sounds, grammar, vocabulary, the structure of language, and the origins of writing. It serves its purpose as a "linguistic introduction to history" particularly well through its emphasis on the social and psychological basis of the origins and growth of language. The book lacks, however, some of the subtlety and philosophic grasp of Edward Sapir's clas-

sic work. Labriolle's book comes the nearest of the lot to meeting a need which is not satisfactorily served by any other existing book, Krüger's "Early Christian Literature" being brief and out-of-date, and Bardenhewer's "Patrology" being little more than an encyclopedic collection of names, dates and titles.

Parker's work gives a connected account of Tartar history and of the relation of the Tartars to other peoples. In the interesting brief volume by Professor Reichwein we have a valuable summary of the contributions made by the Mongolian civilization of China to the culture of Europe in the eighteenth century. In the various works by Professor William R. Shepherd and his students much has been made of the cultural effects of the contact of the Orient with the Occident in the period of the expansion of Europe in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The present monograph will furnish extensive and convincing confirmation of this thesis. Professor Reichwein traces the introduction into European culture of the Chinese painting, lacquer work, silk, wall paper, architectural designs and other phases of pure and applied art. He then deals with the effect of Chinese thought upon European philosophy, particularly upon the skeptical philosophers of the eighteenth century and the political and economic philosophy of the Physiocrats. A whole chapter is devoted to the influence of the Orient upon the philosophy and literary work of Goethe. The work is an interesting brief contribution to the history of European art, thought and culture.

Mrs. George's book on "London Life in the Eighteenth Century" is a fine example of the monographic method in social history. It deals in a most illuminating and thorough fashion with practically every aspect of the economic and social life of the English metropolis from 1700 to 1815. It rep-

resents an intensive monographic contribution of the highest importance and interest. It is accompanied by extensive bibliographic notes and statistical appendices. The removal of this apparatus of scholarship to the close of the book makes it possible to demonstrate the extensive nature of the research involved without reducing the attractiveness of the book as a highly readable and interesting piece of literature.

Two additional volumes announced for early publication, P. Boissonade's "Life and Labor in the Middle Ages," and G. Renard's "Life and Labor in Europe from the Fifteenth to the Eighteenth Century," are already prepared in French and will constitute a most important addition to the literature on the economic history of Western Europe. Neither book has any rival in the English language.

# A LETTER TO MR. KNOOPF

*from*

CHARLES A. BEARD

*New Milford, Conn., April 18, 1925.*

DEAR ALFRED,

Although I do not want to write a blurb on anybody, or an obituary notice, or an ante-mortem statement, I am glad to slip into a rear seat at the gathering of the Borzoi, because you have managed to collect a motley company of saints and sinners—especially because Mr. Mencken, of Baltimore, Maryland, United States of North America, is there—this in spite of the hard things he has written about my tall, slim, dull books. In one of his lucid intervals, he ran his flashing rapier into the heart of the writing business, when he said that the motive of the critic, as well as the artist, “is no more and no less than the simple desire to function freely and beautifully, to give outward and objective form to ideas that bubble inwardly and have a fascinating lure in them, to get rid of them dramatically and make an articulate noise in the world.” If he would merely add: “with a bow to what seems to be true and a decent respect to the opinions of that portion of mankind deserving of respect, and a lustful [secret] desire to sell the output at a high price,” I should call his gospel complete. That, of course, leaves all the tub-thumpers of every persuasion to their several devices and in no way subtracts from

their honors, titles, fees, emoluments, dignities, or libations. No doubt only those having well-diversified and fixed investments can long stand on one foot on the narrow base described by Mr. Mencken in his discourse. As Franklin said, "Empty meal sacks cannot stand up." Yet some may furtively and lovingly take a sneaking look at the truth of the business. Let the upstanding and forthright printers of books speak for themselves!

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES A. BEARD

# MISS CATHER

by

THOMAS BEER

**S**HE strolled to the other side of the very clever Cameron Mackenzie's desk in the office of *McClure's Magazine* and interrupted my adolescent diplomacies just as they reached concert pitch and I felt reasonably safe in asking five dollars for use on a Saturday afternoon of my seventeenth year. I gave the young woman a glare of justifiable hatred. Lotta Faust was dancing in some show at two o'clock and somebody had to be my momentary banker, else the world would crack. Miss Cather idled, rapping a piece of paper on Mackenzie's inkwell, and whatever she had officially to tell him went on for several epochs. When she finally strolled off, the editor said, grubbing five dollars from his waistcoat: "She writes better than Edith Wharton," and pronounced her name, which struck me as infinitely absurd. Lotta Faust was dancing somewhere that afternoon. But, having seen Lotta Faust dance, the rosy young woman's name survived in my sticky mind and I charged her first volume of tales to my father's account at a bookstore with a willingness to investigate. For Mackenzie, when nobody else had mentioned the novel's existence, threw a copy of "Sister Carrie" at my head, and ten years later sent me an odd affair called "The Rivet in Grandfather's

Neck." Hedied too soon to establish himself in his proper calling, that of aid to collectors of rare first editions.

My unimportant figure now retires. It was presented merely as a symbol of the Americans as facing a distinguished artist. Miss Cather was always being recommended by the intelligent to dullards in a hurry to see *Lotta Faust*, or to write an article on *Lucas Malet*. Her stealthy advance in estimation is now the first convention of any essay on her work. The other conventions are equally established, and a pattern for appreciating or deprecating Miss Cather can be simply copied. The points are already patented. She is, or is not, at her best in sketches of middle western life. She does, or does not, produce types rather than characters. She is, or is not, the leading female writer of the United States. (Imagine Miss Cather, Mrs. Wharton, Miss Ferber, Miss Suckow, Mrs. Gerould, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Benet, Miss Hurst and Mrs. Miller wrestling on a velvet mat for such a cracked opal!) She is, or isn't, the final exponent of objective realism. And so forth and so forth to the limits of endurance. Coasting around this weary thicket, one comes to a core of solid achievement which nobody, outside the patrician group of young critics bred in Mott Street and finished in Paris, seems ready to flout.

The decade of *Muck*, the calamitous ten years from 1900 to 1910, represent the flimsiest period in modern literary history, as far as the United States have a literary history. Theodore Roosevelt, spiritually, reigned and under his favor the adoration of journalism came to an amazing height. Everything from the Standard Oil Company to the sexual nature of mankind was being tabulated and reformed; novels were either subtly debauched romances, demonstrating that a pure woman clad in a sheer nightgown, alone with a drunken rake in an empty house, could repel him with one freezing stare, or soggy imitations of Arnold Bennett and H. G. Wells. Miss Cather, appearing

sparingly as an author of brief tales, had nothing to put in competition with the Englishmen or with such native powers as Upton Sinclair, Robert Chambers and twenty-seven humorists now half forgotten. She was not didactic, loud or funny. She was, in certain stories, deliberately fighting against the grain of popular taste.

In the '90's the western scene had suffered doses of severely realistic representation from Hamlin Garland, Stephen Crane and, in his earlier manner, from Owen Wister. But under the good Theodore, the necessities of flattering the west were sufficiently clear to editors, and it was innumerable declared that a hardy westerner was worth three easterners—the formula was useful to Mr. Sinclair Lewis as late as 1917—and that the life of small towns was full of human charm. Miss Cather instinctively answered the current values with "A Wagner Matinee" and "The Sculptor's Funeral," saying in the two stories by inference nearly everything that has since been beaten into the public and critical ears with immense insistencies of drums. It may be supposed that a series of sharp attacks on these anecdotes of isolation and intellectual poverty on the prairies would have brought a premature fame on the writer, but nothing of the sort happened, and Miss Cather was left with one or two handsome compliments from reviewers, and the rather irritating solace, if she was given to reading fiction between 1910 and 1916, of seeing three admirable passages from her prose imitated with sharp promptness. It may be said, therefore, that she became an influence in American letters from her first publication.

She herself was not immune to influences—who is?—and the excessively curious will find a phrase of "The Beldonald Holbein" and a simile from "The Pace of Youth" transmuted in this early work. A paragraph has been modeled, here and there, after Sarah Orne Jewett. The didactic method of Mrs. Whar-

ton showed a little later, but sparingly, in her first novel. There was a tendency toward hard work with a hammer in the psychologic frames of characters, and this, one imagines, was a nervous consciousness that the system of inferences, on which so much of her narrative based, might not be understood. Having made all these admissions against the work, there remains an astonishing balance in favor of Miss Cather. She had already demonstrated an art within an art; the people of the stories moved in a defined landscape, illustrated and indicated in a series of deft, swift strokes of the highest pictorial quality. And this continuous illustration leaves an inevitable satisfaction, even when the stories collapse, as two did. You have seen lads squirming like eels into sudden sight when the belated engine nears the wintry station; a woman's hysteria has made embarrassed men mere splinters in the gloom of a vulgar parlor, a cab has slithered on the icy glaze of a street. Forlorn turkeys in a door-yard have become momentary symbols of an intolerable isolation. All this was done unobtrusively; the pictures interspersed the narrative and did not present so many arrangements, pauses for a little "background." Where she failed, she failed by selecting the wrong material, rather than by lack of mastering her form. Add to this that she was already infinitely clever in her simplicity of exposition. The weary woman of "*A Wagner Matinee*" is left at a precise point; sympathy for the "steel pathos" of deprivation has been evoked, and the case rested.

Taken as a whole, Miss Cather's printed work is an exhibit of the finest literary tact. The dangerous episode tempts her constantly and she yields to the temptation, then carries us with decency through scenes that might, in careless handling, become explosions of inferior emotionalism. Such a business as the old railroad builder's confession to the lad in "*A Lost Lady*" or the recitative of the defeated singer in "*The Diamond Mine*" would easily fall into sweet sorrow. Beyond the question of

legitimate emphasis, lies a subtler danger inherent in playing, as she often plays, with contrasts in sentiment. The narrator of "My Antonía" is a successful man of affairs, married to a perfect lady whose terrors are allowed to remain half formed in the reading mind so that her husband's hymn to Antonía takes on the wistful modulations of regret and frustration without a direct evocation of one's pity. Miss Cather exposes human mischance and leaves the witness to his own emotions. This is all that time has preserved of the tragic idea. The characters are shown in their own value, and you may weep or yawn as you please. So it is only when Miss Cather has forsaken the grave impersonality of effect that she has opened herself to scoffing. At her best she has achieved the suspense and grace which Henry James gave to the last chapter of "Washington Square" and to long passages of "The Awkward Age"; at her weakest she has been so immeasurably superior to averages that one's hat comes off. She is the least sentimental student of sentiment now active in American letters. Anybody can play the satirist and anybody can indulge in irony, especially by using the applauded devices which pass as irony in American criticism—i.e., A conceives an intense adoration of B who drives trotting horses or paints pictures and then discovers that his or her idol takes morphine or has a taste for low women. (This small gibe is directed not at Mr. Sherwood Anderson but humbly offered for the consideration of literary auctioneers who call a good thing by the wrong name.) Miss Cather has had the courage to stroll on eggshells, and her heels have been light for so much of the parade that her self-control rouses envy, at least among those of us whose shoes are caked with yolks. Recite again the platitude, now ninety years old: "Every writer begins as a sentimentalist," and then speculate on the distance that Miss Cather's will has carried her from the crude core of the matter.

With the tact mingles a pleasant disdain of the easily man-

aged "strong scene." The passional murder in "O Pioneers!" is seen retrospectively, a simple document of an event. The Lost Lady's hysterical screams to her lover pass into the black mouth of a telephone. The bridal night in "One of Ours" ends with the sound of the compartment's door closing serenely as the young idealist's wife locks herself away from the contamination of mere marriage. A dramatization of "Paul's Case" would ruin the swift anecdote. It is true that this indirection has, once or twice, defeated itself. Very well, but we have never been bored by an obvious dialogue between a cheap clerk and his conscience or by a woman facing a recreant client of her body. For all the outcry against "externalism" just now current and tedious, the two foremost practitioners of the novel in English have manipulated their introspective characters away from the conceded scene as adroitly as has Miss Cather. But, pending the establishment of a school of criticism in England and America, which won't express its passion for the obvious on seven days of the week with an augmented yell for plain narrative of the inessential in Sunday editions, it is useless to defend the economy of artists. To the intelligences whose concept of the art of fiction demands that they see Stephen Dedalus at his mother's deathbed refusing to pray or to know what passed between Jurgen and Anaïtis when the candles were blown out, Miss Cather's refusal of interior legend is naturally offensive. The reduction of the novel to a primer of psychiatry is going on rapidly enough, the last manifestation being a complete chapter devoted to the emotions of a virgin while washing her dead father's shirt. There is an end of all things save banality. . . .

The woman who protested the flattery of the West in 1906 became presently a pioneer in the representation of its people, the humane representation, which Miss Suckow and Mr. Wescott continue. Miss Cather long since made the choice at her disposal. She shed the urbanity which glitters in "Scandal,"

shrugged away the chance to play the analyst of art, as art, and forswore the attitudes available to a clever girl familiar in the long library where Mrs. Fields and Sarah Jewett poured tea for all that was most suave and most gracious in fading Boston. She walked backward into a territory where nobody knew the difference between Cézanne and Seurat, and again evaded the obvious profit of repeating that the west was ignorant of these toys. With the vision of that resolute stroll my capacity as a critic ceases. . . . There is a species of indoctrination which prevents any act of appraisal. Every year of my childhood there was a cloudy bustle of packing and farewells, and a horror of fear that the long tickets had been forgotten. Water trembled in fascinating blots on bright nickel of basins in the sleeping car. One woke in a thick silence to the chink of hammers testing halted wheels and heard voices drawling that there'd been the hell of a wreck down by Saint Jo or that there was a new traffic manager on the C. B. and Q. It seems to have been always summer when the train passed by flickering grain in which men's blue shirts were remote scars of color and at the journey's end there were dusky rooms that faced a street in which cottonwoods delicately whirled their bicolored leaves. There was a park, and a lost lady walked in it with adoring lads at heel behind her yellow parasol until her husband shot the tall man who stopped off once too often on his way to Chicago. There was a deep voice that told how General Dodge shoved the Union Pacific through the desert and you could see the general himself roaming with his cigar along the sloping street that led up sandy bluffs to a plateau whence the entire universe was comfortably apparent with the Missouri shimmering importantly past the sweep of Omaha; and once there was a ride through illimitable wheat with Swedish songs wailing from field to field. For these reasons I am a very bad judge of Miss Cather's novels. It seems to me that they con-

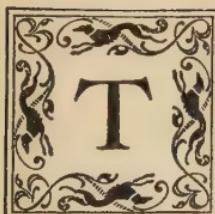
tain occasional errors, flakes of heavy writing—so do those of George Moore, Thomas Hardy and Joseph Conrad. A perfect writer would be an abominable creature and one to be stoned to death by cooks. But there is too much else in Miss Cather, and to that excellence of content I am too susceptible. But I doubt that the excellence is available to people who know nothing of the region on which such an integrity and a justice so fine in its intention have been expended.

As to the gentlewoman poised under the heavy plush curtains of literary renown, there follows no paragraph of personal depiction. She walks a good deal in Washington Square where ashcans are prevalent. This book would be unseemly entombed with dead kittens and broken bottles. Miss Cather once asked me what an intelligent person was. Perhaps he is one who does not commit the vulgar treachery of public familiarity with his betters.

# T H O M A S   M A N N

*by*

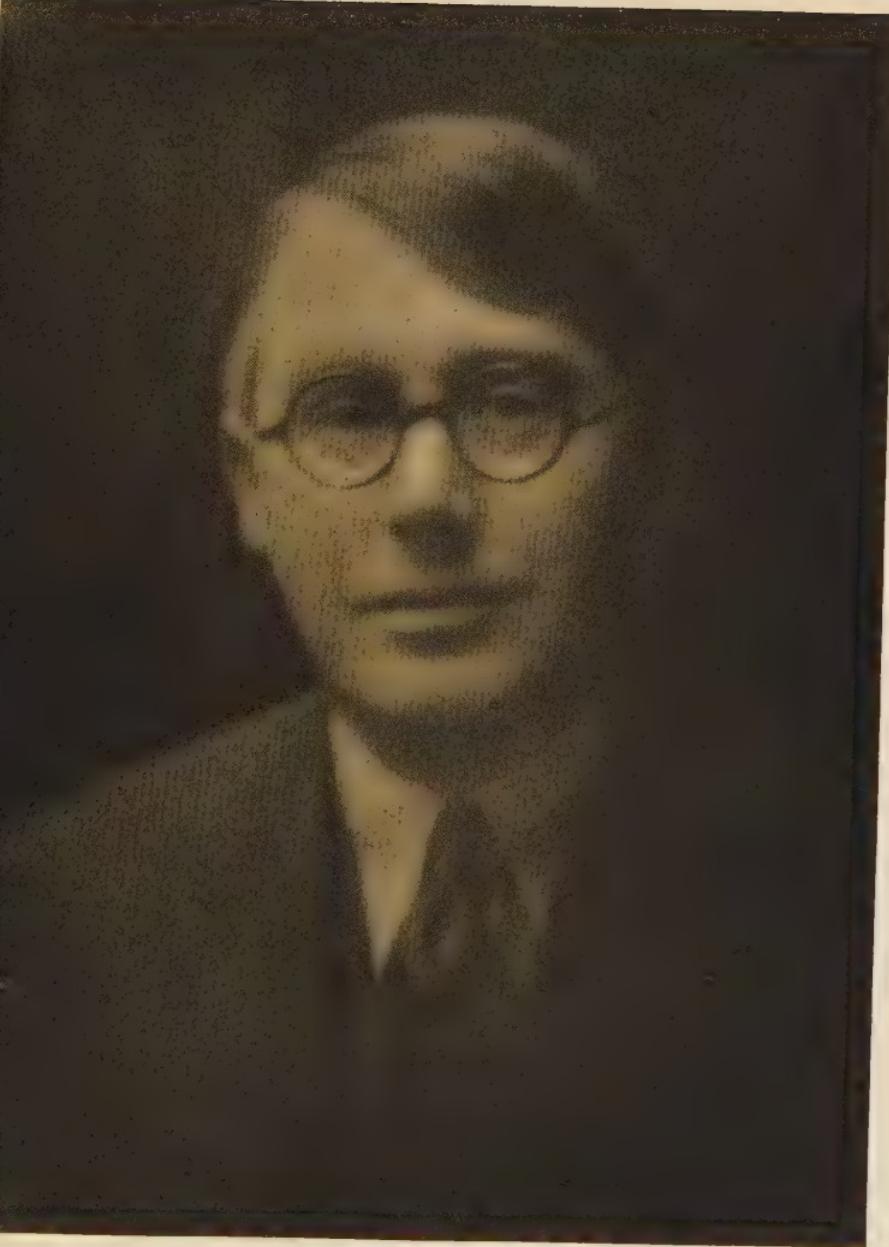
E D W I N   B J Ö R K M A N



HE work of Thomas Mann does not make easy reading, though his highly polished prose has the transparency of a mountain brook. There can be no doubt about the meaning of any one sentence or passage. The trouble lies in finding the deeper meaning toward which the fragment in question is but one of a thousand steps. Among the great living novelists of Germany . . . Hauptmann, Wassermann, Hesse, Kellermann, and so on . . . perhaps none surpasses Mann in profundity of thought and artistic conception. And with this depth goes an utter refusal to furnish the reader with any signboards pointing toward the ultimate significance of each work. Without any of his superficial obscurity, Mann has all the ruthlessness of a Henry James in his insistence that the reader do his full share, and that, furthermore, he do it in his own spirit, which may be totally at war with that of the author. A thinker first of all, but with a true artist's full command of form, Mann's greatest worth lies undoubtedly in the challenge to free, clear thought which every line of his work contains. On all of his books might be printed the motto: "Mental sluggards need not apply."

"Buddenbrooks" is a rather astonishing performance under any circumstances, but especially so for a man of twenty-six. It is, one might say, a canvas *à la* J.-L. David or Delacroix, gigantic in its proportions, but painted with the minute attention to detail of a Meissonier. Four generations of Buddenbrooks pass in review before us, "with their cousins and their sisters and their aunts." It is like coming into a new town, where, little by little, we learn to distinguish one figure from another, until at last we know everybody not only as he or she appears before us, but with a long line of ancestral history automatically suggested by each individual appearance. Some of these people attract us and others don't. Some are interesting, and others are not. But they all live, and we have to give them a certain amount of our attention, whether we care to or not, because they are part of our environment. Therefore, you do not read "Buddenbrooks" . . . if you care for it at all, you live it.

In many ways, that work is typical of everything Mann has done. Plot matters so very little to him. Events occur, and sometimes they are quite dramatic in character, but that remains of secondary importance. Character, personality, is everything, but that, too, serves something else, which, in the last instance, must be put down as understanding of life. Above all, Mann is a student of life, trying to catch it in its most intimate and subtle manifestations, but never torturing it naturalistically for the extraction of a real or supposed meaning. That part he leaves to the reader, and for that reason he demands on the part of the latter an exertion almost equaling his own. But therein lies also the reason why he may fit any taste or temperament that has the capacity and willingness to do its own thinking. For he is as free from dogmatic assertiveness as from acceptance of any conventional authority.



GEOFFREY DENNIS  
*Photograph by E. O. Hoppé*



J. S. FLETCHER

Much as I think of "Buddenbrooks," however, I prefer the Mann found in the three stories named collectively "Death in Venice." In these the best qualities of his work are even more clearly and attractively developed. These qualities are chiefly a deep and acute comprehension of human nature in its more sophistical manifestations, and a high capacity for artistic interpretation of this comprehension. In Mann's native country the latter of these qualities has been underestimated by many critics because the former was construed into hostility toward the purely Teutonic spirit. To me those stories are raised above all questions of race or creed or nationality, though they are full of another kind of perennial antagonism . . . the one existing between dreamers and doers the world over. One might possibly charge Mann with being too preoccupied by the trials and tribulations of the artist, but, after all, the artist also is a man, and his problems are as human as those of any stockbroker, if not more so. Although all the three stories in this particular volume may be said to deal with fates colored by the temperament generally called artistic, they do so only in so far as the temperamental qualities in question are to be found quite apart from any professional concern with words or notes or colors. They are simply exquisite pieces of musical prose, full of delicately suggestive psychological analysis.

The title story, "Death in Venice," is the study of a man who, for fifty years, has made fetishes of discipline and the success to which it may lead. Life and love and death have touched him and passed on and left him practically unconcerned in that vaunted "ivory tower" of his own making to which writers of a certain type were so fond of referring in the days before the Great War. But one day fatigue lames his spirit, and in a spell of unusual surrender to external influences, he runs away to find rest and peace and new strength

at Venice. There, on the sands of the Lido, fate overtakes him in the shape of a classically beautiful Polish boy . . . and love, that has touched him so lightly before, takes full possession of his entire being under a form generally classed as perverted. The theme, as you see, is a daring one, indeed. The presentation of it leaves you with a sense of immaculate purity. It is art at its highest. Right and wrong, moral or immoral, are terms not involved. You watch life avenging itself on one who has defied one of its essential principles for the sake of a selfishness rarely recognized as such by a world that prefers to live on the surface of things.

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The latest work of Mann's genius is even more astonishing than his first one, and it is apt to retain that aspect no matter how you change your angle of approach. "The Enchanted Mountain" is one of the most remarkable and most provoking books I have ever read. It is a masterpiece and a monstrosity. It defies all laws of artistic construction, and it does so successfully. Of course, it is beautifully written, as everything that Mann ever put out. It displays in never surpassed degree his almost uncanny faculty for acute and accurate observation, and it is teeming with distinct, yet typical, figures that hold our interest even when we know them to be mere supers introduced to obtain the proper stage effect at a given juncture. Architecturally, on the other hand, the novel is almost amorphic. Not only has Mann here shown his usual scorn for plot, which need involve no fault or weakness, but he scorns even to make the incidents of his story subservient to a clearly discernible purpose.

These two huge volumes, containing more than thirteen hundred pages in the original version, pretend to be the story

of Hans Castorp during a certain period of his life . . . during the seven years he spends in the Berghof Sanatorium for tubercular diseases at Davos . . . but it might rather be termed a history . . . and one of remarkably intimate character . . . of that institution itself. One incident and episode after another, related at great length and sometimes with almost irritating minuteness, has, superficially considered, so little to do with the spiritual development of young Castorp that, if they were left out, the reader would hardly be able to sense the gap left by their removal. There are conversations involving several persons and dealing with subjects ranging all the way from manners to religion . . . conversations that consume from twenty to forty pages each and leave the reader with a sense of having laboriously perused a learned treatise on philosophy, religion, politics, sex, criminology, or whatever it happens to be. It is awful, but also awesome. It is boring and . . . magnificent.

The truth of the matter seems to be that poor Hans Castorp and the sanatorium with all its kaleidoscopically shifting population are mere excuses for Mann to discuss everything under the sun that interests him and that he thinks ought to interest the world at large . . . and to do so without seeming to take sides. His knowledge may well be termed encyclopedic, and he thinks keenly on almost any topic that happens to take his fancy. His novel, in other words, is a thinker's rather than an artist's, *magnum opus*, and yet it remains a true piece of art in the best sense of that term. It is not a book to run through for enjoyment. It is hard to read straight through even as a matter of critical duty. But it is, on the other hand, a book eminently fitted for picking up when the mind is bent on browsing in fields of high suggestion. As an intellectual stimulant, it should rank with some of the greatest works of this kind known to literature . . . the essays of Montaigne,

for example. From first to last, it is a challenge and an impetus. And while it is written in despite of everything that generally makes for success in fiction, we should nevertheless be thankful to its author for having the courage or perverseness to write it as he has done.



DAVID GARNETT  
*Photograph by E. O. Hoppé*



KAHLIL GIBRAN  
*Photograph by G. W. Harting*

# THE ROMANCE AND MYSTERY OF “TERTIUM ORGANUM”

by

CLAUDE BRAGDON

N the spring of 1918 there appeared at my door a young Russian, Nicholas Bessaraboff, bearing in his hand the Russian edition of “Tertium Organum.” He had determined that the book must be translated into English, and, since his knowledge of the language was inadequate for the task, he asked my help. To this I readily agreed, and we set to work almost immediately. Our method was this: he made a word-for-word translation of the Russian text, and when I had the meaning clear in my mind I expressed it in the best and simplest English I could command.

I had had some experience as a publisher, having issued my own books under the imprint of “The Manas Press.” I therefore decided to follow the same procedure with “Tertium Organum,” as by these means I could keep more intimately in touch with those who bought and read the book.

Meantime, we knew nothing of Ouspensky, his whereabouts, or whether he were alive or dead. We made an effort to trace him through Washington and through the Red Cross, but by reason of Russia being cut off from the rest of the world these attempts failed. Our first hint of his whereabouts came through

some letters he contributed to *The New Age*, an English review, discovered and called to our attention by Dhan Gopal Mukerji, the Hindu dramatist. In answer to our appeal for information, A. R. Orage, the then editor of *The New Age*, informed us that though he knew Ouspensky, and had been in correspondence with him, he had left southern Russia for parts unknown.

It was through Spencer Kellogg, Jr., of Buffalo, that we finally obtained definite news of Ouspensky. Being in England during the summer of 1920, he dropped in at the headquarters of the Theosophical Society to enquire if they had "Tertium Organum" on sale. There he encountered a Russian woman who proved to be Ouspensky's friend, and knew his address. He and his family were refugees in Constantinople; having lost everything in the Revolution, they were in need, and Ouspensky was anxious to come to England, where he had friends, and would be able to support himself by his pen.

On receipt of this news Bessaraboff wrote Ouspensky a letter, telling him the story of the translation and publication of "Tertium Organum," and I sent him two copies of the book and a substantial money payment, representing accrued author's royalties. In due course Bessaraboff received an eight-page answer, of which the following is a part:

*Constantinople, 11/17/20.*

MY DEAR NICHOLAY ALEXANDROVITCH:

I received your letter of September 24, together with a parcel and letter from Mr. Bragdon. First of all let me thank you and Mr. Bragdon for the excellent translation and remarkably elegant edition of my book. It is of course very pleasant for any author to see his book in such an edition, and "T. O." is to a certain extent my weakness, although now I should change many things there. This I hope to do in the next edition.

Certainly I cannot but feel that you and Mr. Bragdon are my friends, especially because Mr. Bragdon's book ("Four-Dimensional Vistas") startled me by its nearness to "T. O." There is only one other book in which I have

also found much similarity to my own thought: this is "The Science of Peace," by Bhagavan Das, with whom I made acquaintance in Benares in 1914. . . .

Your letter confirms me in the conviction I arrived at during my trip to India, that there is in the world a small number of men united by something, although they may not themselves know it, and may not know one another yet.

Yours,  
P. OUSPENSKY.

The omitted portions of the letter were devoted to a discussion of ways and means whereby he and his family might be enabled to come to England or America, an enterprise in which he asked our help.

Though we were powerless to be of assistance here, I felt so sure that it was in the pattern of his life to come actively in contact with those English-speaking people who had been spiritually awakened by his book, that I wrote him of my conviction that help would be forthcoming from some person or persons whom he had—in so different a way—helped. He could scarcely have received my letter when I received the following telegram from Washington:

Tertium Organum interests me passionately. Desire very much to meet you if possible. Leaving for England end of month.

—VISCOUNTESS ROTHERMERE.

I wired back that I should be glad to see and talk with her, and a few days later she arrived in Rochester.

No sooner did she get from us Ouspensky's address than she cabled him the assurance that she would finance the journey to England, and sponsor him there. This promise was faithfully kept.

The above facts are known by now to quite a large number of people, but one aspect of the whole affair I shall now present for the first time. My wife (now deceased)—was in pos-

session of certain strange powers, which enabled her to tap mysterious reservoirs of wisdom. The messages were often prophetic, and the prophecies had a way of fulfilling themselves in the course of time. It was her custom to consult her oracle, as she called it, about almost everyone and everything that entered our lives in an important way, and after Bessaraboff's first visit she received the following:

Eugenie, he is to be ready to follow the call of the voice that is sending an emissary to him. Truly are men being chosen, gathered into groups, and from these groups will come many ties of the spirit to bind the men of one heart into a great brotherhood filled by action of liberation as none others have been.

Here follow a number of other messages received during the time when we were engaged upon the work of translation, the final two after the reading of the proofs:

Eugenie, the book is important as it sets forth in language that the uninstructed can understand, the great truth that the future lies with the men who realize the spirit as the potent force by which alone the physical can be completely conquered. Let him proceed with the translation: all difficulties will be cleared for him.

Eugenie, the book they are doing is one that the Masters of Wisdom have sent to open the minds of men to the new order. The days to come are to see greater changes in the current of life than has been known by the race now living, and a new principle must come into life if the opening of new horizons is to bring knowledge, and not cast into chains the men of the new race.

Eugenie, the book will be of great assistance to the spreading of the truth necessary to the understanding of us through disciples who will accept our unseen guidance. Let him have no fear, but proceed with high courage.

Eugenie, the book is very necessary to tie in one bond men of the one spirit. It is intended as a precursor: another will follow which could not be understood without the discipline of this.

Eugenie, the work they have been doing has been accomplished in love. The book is of great and far-reaching importance. Not that it is so remark-

able, tried by the wisdom that has been given to man and from which he has blindly turned, but because it offers through a common channel, known to the blind in spirit, a full presentment of truths that men must accept if they are to go forward as sons of the light.

Eugenie, the work accomplished is our work. It is destined to have a profound influence on many men whose work would be sterile without this new light.

I found the writing of the introduction a difficult matter, and often when I was in doubt how to proceed, appealed to the oracle for guidance and light. The following three messages were received in answer to such appeals:

Eugenie, he is to speak of the coming time when men will hold their higher selves as the realities, and this that they may know the shell; for in the future men who attain to illumination will treat the lower self as the cast-off sheath, and think of it as an instrument.

Eugenie, let him make clear the meaning of superman. He is human, but with dormant faculties alert. Men do not realize the blindness of themselves living in darkness. The illuminated man sees the darkness from the light.

Eugenie, he has expressed our meaning. It is very necessary that this be told, because men must accept the truth if they are to go forward: unless they recognize in men of high spiritual development leaders, they cannot go forward, but will stay closed in by darkness.

When it became necessary to decide how and by whom the book was to be published, and if I published it myself, how it was to be distributed and sold, the oracle had this to offer:

Eugenie, he could not do better than to keep the book within his power, for it is to be of infinite power and many will read.

Eugenie, let the work take its own course: we will put it in the hands of those whose hearts are open. Only the men who have overpassed the truths of the intellect will understand.

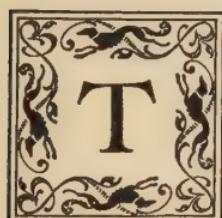
Eugenie, the work is very great: its importance to men of your mind cannot be described in words. It should go forth lovingly. Too swiftly cannot he accomplish the necessary labor.

These quotations will doubtless arouse skepticisms in the minds of many readers which I shall not attempt to allay, and provoke questions in the minds of many which I shall not try to answer. Suffice it to say that we believed the messages and acted in accordance with them, and their prophecies with regard to the importance of the book, and its effect upon the mind of the younger generation, have already proven true. "Tertium Organum" sold so rapidly that I was obliged to turn it over to Mr. Knopf, under whose imprint it is now in its fourth printing. It has been the subject of spirited controversy and vivid discussion, and its function more and more reveals itself to be as stated—to *tie in one bond men of the one spirit.*

# KAHLIL THE GIBRANITE

*by*

WITTER BYNNER



THE largeness of this America! Here we have greater local populations of the various races than live in all but their own capitals. We have churches, newspapers, associations of every sort, representing and continuing racial activities and values. We talk a great deal about Americanization and think that it means rubbing off these various differences, when really the only value in Americanism is their combination. Without them, we have historically and sentimentally an Anglo-Saxon tradition. And yet the glory of our national beginning derives from a successful revolt against that very tradition. If we had not repudiated tyrannical smugness, we should not be Americans at all but Britishers; but it will take us a while longer to realize the supreme importance of our revolt. What we were doing was to establish race against nation, soul against sect.

Being human, we soon tyrannized on our own account. We burned witches in Salem. We are still burning witches in Los Angeles and elsewhere; we are still determined that there shall be a devil to persecute. Anglo-Saxon tyranny found as easy root among us long since as Prussian tyranny has found recently. Anglo-Saxon or Prussian or Russian, the variety

does not matter. We can easily call it American and try to coerce our neighbors.

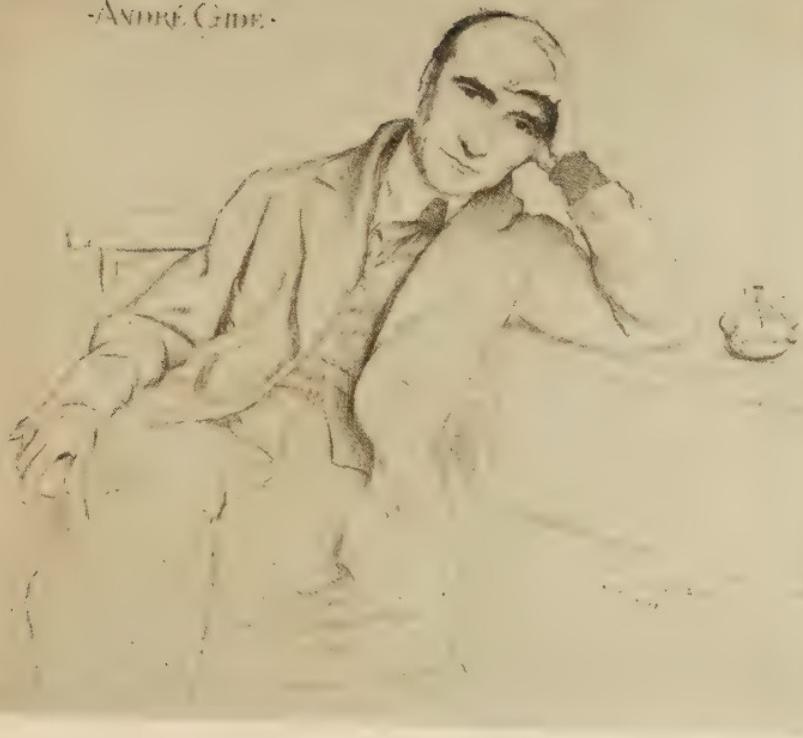
Day by day, none the less, against all the devices of the powerful and the vociferous, genuine Americanism thrusts into our soil its huger, deeper, more fruitful root; and we find our life, in consequence, so varied and so vital that from any one differentiated corner of the globe, our expatriates return to this field of many seeds, to this inalienable soil of the future.

What have we to do with Syria, except to buy laces from peddlers, to patronize fruit-stalls, to notice an occasional restaurant, and to remember dimly that these swarthy people are somehow akin to the founder of our professed religion? Mt. Lebanon was in a book. Is it still a place? We are not sure. Are people still living there as humbly as the founder lived, before we glorified him beyond mortal recognition? We almost hope not. It would be embarrassing to meet him as he actually was, or to meet any of his kin who might inherit his human qualities. We did well with the Dutch blood of Mr. Roosevelt. But Syrians? Lebanese? Might they not better stay at home? Just because one of them (the founder) came through somehow as a good American, is there any reason to think that the rest of them can? The tyrannical patriot shakes his head. They are foreigners.

And yet, against the will of his tyrannical patriot and beyond his notice, America continues its destiny. The same America that gave its blood for Africans and was denied victory, that gave its blood for Serbians and never knew, that gave its youngest blood for freedom and now seems to laugh at freedom, that same America still lives, still shares its life, whether it will or no, with Africans, with Serbians, and even with the kinsfolk of Jesus.

Kahlil Gibran was born in Bechari, Mt. Lebanon, in 1883; in 1895 he came to the good old rebel city of Boston; he re-

ANDRÉ GIDE.



ANDRÉ GIDE

*From an etching by Paul Emile Bécat*



JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER  
*Photograph by Charles Albin*

turned after three years to Lebanon and attended Al-Hikmat College, came back to Boston after five years, and then, in 1908, went to Paris to study. After another three-year period, during which he visited Italy, Spain, England and Germany, Gibran made America his home: first Boston for a year; and then, in 1912 and ever since, New York. No truer American lives than Gibran, and no truer Syrian.

Doubtless, there are many like Gibran, helping to save America from her patriots; but there are few, like Gibran, giving America that particular glory which only the occasional individual, of any race, can give to any country. Does it hurt us that he gives his genius to Syria too, to Egypt, to Arabia?

At the age of eighteen, he wrote, in Arabic, "A Treatise on Music." The "Treatise" and "Nymphs of the Valley" were published in 1903, "Spirits Rebellious" in 1904, "Book of Tears and Laughter" in 1910, "Broken Wings" in 1911, "Processions" in 1919, "Tempests" in 1920, "Stories and Plays" in 1922, "Sand and Foam" in 1924 and "Intentions" in 1925. A good part of this work has been translated from the Arabic into European languages. By these books, according to his countrymen, he has founded a new school of literature; and Near Eastern writers and critics often use the term "Gibranism," meaning freedom in all things. When I asked the poet about this, he answered: "People have a way of calling you *names*, simply because your nose happens to be shaped in a strange manner. There have been many fights about me in the East—and always between the old and the young. I think that I still live because the young were not conquered. As to critics," he continued, with a smile, "they praise us when they should explain us, and they dissect us when they should reflect us. And they are so peevish!"

His remarks did not concern only Near Eastern critics; for

Gibran is enough of an initiate in the English language to have used it in three books published here: "The Madman," 1918 (translated into fourteen languages), "The Forerunner, 1920 (translated into six langauges), and "The Prophet," 1923 (translated into eleven languages).

The title of this latest book intimates the Gibran manner. Though to his native countrymen in Syria his name may mean "the new," to his adopted countrymen in America he recalls a note of parable as old as the Old Testament. And he speaks as he writes. I have known the maids, in a house where we have dined, to gather behind a screen and forget to serve dinner. "How can we remember to do anything," said their spokesman, "when Mr. Gibran is talking!"

Here is a prophet not without honor in many countries, including for once his own. Like Karolyi in Hungary, Gibran has served the cause of political liberty in Syria; but, fortunately, he came to this country before our State Department had hardened against liberty, and, unlike Karolyi, he has been allowed his freedom here and the pursuit of happiness. In spite of our government's latter-day disloyalty to American principles, Gibran's prophetic soul maintains an unshakable faith in These States, a much deeper faith than that of the tyrannical patriots.

Hence we may count as very much of an American this world-figure, this man who moves many peoples not only with his gift of thought and tongue but with his gift of imagination and finger. (His mystical paintings and drawings are familiar through exhibitions at the Paris Salon, in New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia and other cities and through the book of "Twenty Drawings" published here in 1920.) May he continue contributing to the largeness of this America! —until the young are conquered.

# KATHERINE MANSFIELD

*by*

WILLA CATHER



N authentic voice is the one thing in writing there is no doubt about. Every writer and critic of discernment who looked into Katherine Mansfield's first volume of short stories must have felt an immediate conviction that here was a very individual, a very remarkable voice. At this particular time very few writers care much about their medium except as a means for expressing ideas. But in Katherine Mansfield one instantly recognized virtuosity, a singular fitness for the instrument she had chosen—that with her writing was not a means to an end, but an end in itself—in other words, an art.

The qualities of a second-rate writer can easily be defined, but a first-rate writer can only be experienced. It is just the thing in him which escapes analysis that makes him first-rate. One can catalogue all the qualities that he shares with other writers, but the thing that is his very own, his timbre, this cannot be defined or explained any more than the quality of a beautiful speaking voice can be.

It was usually Miss Mansfield's way to approach the major forces of life through comparatively trivial incidents. She chose a small reflector to throw a luminous streak out into the

shadowy world of personal relationships. I feel that personal relationships, especially the uncatalogued ones, the seemingly illogical ones, interested her most. To my mind she never measured herself up so fully as in the two wonderful stories about an English family in New Zealand, "Prelude" and "At the Bay."

I doubt whether any other writer has ever made one feel so intensely the many kinds of personal relations which exist in an everyday "happy family" who are merely going on living their daily lives, with no crises or shocks or bewildering complications to try them. Yet every individual in that household (even the children) is clinging so passionately to his individual soul, is so in terror of losing it in the general family flavor. As in most families, the mere struggle to have anything of one's own, to be one's self at all, creates an element of strain that keeps everybody almost at the breaking point. One realizes that even in harmonious families there is this double life: the group life, which is the one we see in our neighbor's household, and, underneath, another—secret and passionate and intense—which is the real life that stamps the faces and gives character to the voices of our friends. Always in their minds each member of these social units is escaping, running away, breaking out of the net that circumstances and his own desires have woven about him. One realizes that human relationships are the tragic necessity of human life; that they can never be wholly satisfactory, that every ego is half the time greedily seeking them, and half the time pulling away from them. In those simple relationships of loving husband and wife, affectionate sisters, children and grandmother, there are innumerable shades of sweetness and anguish which make up the pattern of our lives day by day, though they are not down in the list of subjects from which the conventional novel-maker works.

I rather think that Katherine Mansfield's peculiar power lay in her interpretation of these secret accords and antipathies that lie under the surface of our lives, and that more than any outward events make our lives happy or unhappy. The torture of living at all has its roots in them. I believe that, had she lived, her development would have gone on in this direction more than in any other. When she touches this New Zealand family and those far-away memories ever so lightly, as in "The Doll House," there is a magic which one does not find in the other stories, fine as they are. With this theme the very letters on the page become alive. She communicates vastly more than she actually writes. One goes back and runs through the pages to find the text that made one know certain things about Linda or Burnell or Beryl, and the text is not there—but something was there, all the same—is there, though no typesetter will ever set it. It is this overtone, that is too fine for the printing press and comes through without it, that makes one know that this writer had the gift that is one of the rarest and quite the most precious thing in art. That she had not the happiness of developing this glorious gift to the full, is one of the sad things in literary history. She wrote the truth from Fontainebleau a few weeks before she died: "*The old mechanism isn't mine any longer, and I can't control the new.*" She had lived through the first stage, had outgrown her young art, so that it seemed false to her in comparison with the new light that was breaking within. The "new mechanism," big enough to fit the new knowledge, to convey the new *élan*, she had not the bodily strength to set in motion.

# DAVID GARNETT

by

A. E. COPPARD



ONLY met David Garnett once, just for an hour or two at Liam O'Flaherty's. In appearance he was much like the woodcut of Mr. Tebrick in the frontispiece to "Lady into Fox." O'Flaherty was learning to play chess with me, which he could not play at all; indeed, there is nothing interesting about O'Flaherty in the matter of chess, but although I had played once or twice before (years ago with a little Chinaman), in spite of all revokes and misdeeds he managed to . . . but there, chess is a deuce of a gamble, and often in the game your brains are no use to you at all. Well, then the O'Flaherty and I found that this fellow Garnett could play chess, better chess, very much better chess, than either of us, just as he could write better stories. To beat him at chess was hard, was too difficult, so we set to and argued with him about things in general, things like arboriculture and biscuits, and so on to the writing of books, and we came to a conclusion upon a point of literary construction—at least I did. As thus: if your story is to deal with extraordinary characters, it will be a waste of treasure to invent extraordinary circumstances for them, and, *per contra*, if you are dealing with ordinary characters, then you must put them

into extraordinary circumstances in order to secure a decent balance of effect. Extraordinary people, we said (at least, I did), were always worth watching even if they were only putting on their boots, whereas an ordinary person only became interesting when he was doing something unexpected or provocative, like changing his pants in the middle of the street—that sort of thing. The most ordinary man I ever met was very ordinary, but I shall remember him even in heaven for one strange occasion. I had been downtown with him—Ernie his name was: I forget the rest, it was many years ago—downtown with him one Saturday night and he had lost all his wages at cards to a fellow with one blue eye and one black one who afterwards went to the Boer War and tried to marry a Hottentot. Lost every cent. He was such an ordinary chap, this Ernie, that he never even made a fuss about that, but as we were walking home at midnight, several of us, we came to the center of the town, and this is what happened. There is a big square in that town with a spacious fountain crowned with four beautiful lamps, a grand granite affair—cost millions—with two fine lakes of water, in the middle. And at each corner of the square was a public house, with a couple of police outside. As it was midnight the publics were just emptying and so it was too late for us to comfort Ernie with a drink, but he was dry, very dry, and when we got to the fountain he took a sup of water, very quietly. Then he said: "For two hog I'd do a dive into that water." The fellow who had won all Ernie's money said by way of kindness, just pure kindness: "Bet you two hog you don't." "Done," says Ernie, and he went up the steps of the fountain and was just on the verge, when we pulled him back. "Stop," we said. "No," we said. "Off with your clothes," we said. "Oh . . . !!" (and so and so), cried Ernie, very indignant, but we all swore he could not win that bet with his clothes on. So he took a squint round the

square; there were no people near us but there were dozens staggering along over by the buildings, the fried-fish shop, the colonial butchers, the six or seven lodging houses and the nice church; dozens of people, and those policemen. Down in a shadow he sat, and calmly took his clothes off, everything, from his socks to his collar button; then he crouched up and slipped over the parapet into the water. Of course we ran off with his clothes and left him. "Hoi!" we yelled, just to wake things up a bit. "Ahoy!" and we raced down an alley of the square with Ernie mad after us and the police after Ernie, dripping and swearing he was. There is something queer about being chased in the streets by a naked fellow. It did not take him long to catch us up, though the number of drunks he knocked down was truly astonishing, and, what was more so, they did not say a word, for the police picked them up and ran them in for being public nuisances. Ernie was most concerned about his trousers, but when he got them on he was quite his old self again. He got fully dressed in the dark gateway of the cemetery, a nasty creepy sort of allotment. There and then Ernie said to me: "I'll bet you this two hog that you won't walk through that cemetery now." He was that kind of fellow. But of course this and that have nothing to do with David Garnett; Ernie didn't turn into a fox, and nobody ever put him in the Zoo. I suppose . . . I suppose it is a sort of illustration of this theory.

Quite by chance we perceived that both of Garnett's stories fell peculiarly into one of those categories—the projection of ordinary people in an extraordinary relationship. This is not to suggest that there is anything of the formula in Garnett's work; he is a pure artist. It just happens that his talent lies in conjuring fantastic situations, immensely heightened by the quiet ordinariness with which he charges his characters. By the time Garnett has finished with them, they have become

extraordinary people, but we are aware that they are not intrinsically so. Had the man in the Zoo been a lunatic or a freak, had Mr. Tebrick been a scientist or a philosopher and academically interested in his wife's predicament, the resulting complications would still have had their relish, undoubtedly they would; but they would have lacked the simple beauty of these creatures whose actions in their strange situations are dictated by common human sentiments. For the purpose of my figure I leave his remarkable satiric sense out of this discussion. No, there is nothing of a formula in Garnett's work. Literature is not a thing you can make to order—like a sofa—unless you have the genius of Dickens or Shakespeare. It is true that the mass of fictional writing is nowadays done to the order of someone or something or other external to the mere idea of art: It is euphemistically called *What the Public Wants*, which may be transcribed as *What the Editors and Publishers Want the Public to Want*. The standard of literary taste is determined less by the public than by those responsible for the distribution of its books. There is nothing between the painter and his public, and very little more between the musician and his public, but all writers, good and bad, have to be squeezed through the colander of those who are commercially responsible for book production, and thus it is no wonder that we get so much cold cabbage. What should grow sweetly and freely out of the imagination of a writer is often frustrated by these conditions. It is no tree that results—these analogies are all very mixed and absurd, but then so am I and nobody seems to mind—no tree, but a queer-looking bush cut to market shape like a topiarian yew; what was meant for a phoenix at length resembles a goose. It may be art, but it is not beauty, and it is not the literature a nation deserves. Every nation deserves not the dross it accepts but the beauty it longs for. Seek and ye shall find.

Garnett in his two books has violated the canon and confounded the pundits. He succeeded because his literary quality was too fine not to succeed. His public may not be a vast one, but we know it will not be confined to this generation, for his delightfully original themes with their folk-tale quality and their satire are set in a prose of flowing musing beauty, a spray from the fountain of eighteenth-century English, particularly Defoe. Both his books are beautiful, but I prefer "Lady into Fox," a tale told exquisitely for its own exquisite sake, from that sweet impressionable opening to the charming quip in the very last line. For me, too, there was one spark of pure genius that flashed like a comet from the page on which I read it—it was Mrs. Tebrick's maiden name. How absurdly obvious, but how magnificent! Glory be to Garnett—and he's a villainous good chess-player.

# SIGRID UNDSET

*by*

MILDRED CRAM



AVING proven themselves capable, women now find themselves taken for granted. The inevitable next step is an unprejudiced analysis of one another. Women are no longer willing to accept the judgment of man as complete or final. They are trying to understand themselves, and to see themselves not as they have for so many centuries pretended to be, but as they are.

Sigrid Undset is an imaginative writer who belongs to the generation that must explain women to women without becoming introspective or apologetic.

There is much in the feminine psyche that is obscure, even at this period of more or less rowdy expressiveness. Very few women are discreet when it comes to the modern habit of self-analysis. The human soul is dissected in public as never before. Yet there remain doubts unspoken, impulses uncharted, desires still inexplicable.

Sigrid Undset has set herself to map the unseen. Her Kristin, her Jenny, her Margret are women as women actually are, not as the feminists would have us believe them to be. To an exact portraiture she adds something more: she gives us the spiritual and moral measurements of her characters.

These women emerge from pages crowded with incident, they are alive, comprehensible, pitiful, brave, symbolic.

Sigrid Undset has no literary counterpart in America. In England, Mr. Galsworthy has done for the average family of his generation what Miss Undset is doing for a family of medieval Norwegians. The Forsytes and the kin of Kristin Lavransdatter are identical. Save for "Fru Martha Olvie" and "Jenny," excursions into the modern, Miss Undset has concerned herself with life in the fourteenth century. In that remote period she discovers human beings as fallible, as questioning, as likable and as familiar as Soames and Irene. She takes us out upon the great stage set for heroic drama and permits us to glance behind the scenes and to examine the properties.

I doubt whether in all literature there is a better evocation of the past than in Sigrid Undset's trilogy: "The Bridal Wreath," "The Mistress of Husaby" and "Expiation." Her knowledge of the period is extraordinary. She re-creates vast, somber palaces, drafty halls, stables, monasteries, peasant huts and galleys. The past loses its pathetic glamour and becomes to-day. Her people are not too remote for our understanding: they are vulgar, ignorant, often disgusting, sometimes heroic; they are never other than themselves. When Kristin's first child is born, it is no shadowy travail Miss Undset offers us: the brutal hazards of that time are illumined as with a spotlight. Kristin suffers in the presence of innumerable "lady midwives," neighbors of good social standing and no knowledge of midwifery. Kristin suffers. Kristin is a woman. Thus and so do women suffer, then and now.

I do not believe that Sigrid Undset writes of the past because she made the Norway of the Middle Ages her own literary province.

"Jenny," the story of an emancipated modern woman, is an honest, even a relentless book, and as painstaking in its

slow accumulation of little, contributing incidents as the most detailed of the "Kristin" trilogy. Jenny is Kristin brought six centuries forward, hungry of heart, fallible, ignorant of self, the victim, the servant of love. Miss Undset can see no emergence for her, save in the fact of her servitude. This has been, must always be, her goal and her reward. Provided that she realizes the greatness of her opportunity, she will realize herself.

It is enough for me that Sigrid Undset has written with courage and comprehension of a woman who lived to-day and of a woman who lived six hundred years ago. Yet one cannot afford carelessly to overlook her craftsmanship, by which she tells a story that is never dull. She has denied herself the luxury of preaching; she has drawn no obvious conclusions across her lively and absorbing pages. She has been content to write of life as she sees it, and in doing so, to interest her public.

She has an acute susceptibility to the emotional reactions of women: yet she refrains from any attempt at classification. She knows, perhaps, that it is too soon to label any woman "modern." She serves her sex best by holding up the mirror and permitting women to face themselves, minus the flattering make-up which has for so long deceived them.

When Jenny says: "I have done with love; I don't want to have anything more to do with it. I am tired . . ." she seems to have won a victory. Miss Undset knows better. Jenny dies not from a surfeit of love but from never having known it. She has been "strong in her desire to grow straight, and yet so frail and brittle, and with delicate honor, from which a spot could never be washed away, because it made so deep a mark."

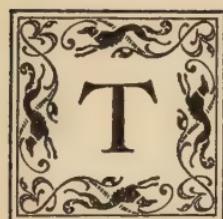
Sigrid Undset suggests—mark this!—that women like Kristin and Jenny belong to those men who have never possessed

them. By a curious reversal they are clear only to those who do not know them. Miss Undset uncovers the fundamental confusion, the spiritual division of women, since all women are conscious of both the need to give and the fear of giving, and by inferring the weakness, she points the way to the cure. Woman's security lies in her ability to achieve the impersonal. To do so, she must first surrender that delicate and easily stained honor, that frailty, that deceptive and weakening defenselessness, and bear the responsibility of her own strength. For, as Miss Undset shows us, she is stronger than she has ever dared, or willed, or ever desired to be!

# AN IMPRESSION OF LADISLAS REYMONT, AUTHOR OF "THE PEASANTS"

by

WILLIAM CUMMING S



HE man had come uptown on the top of a bus, through the crowded traffic of Fifth Avenue, which proceeded and stopped and ran smoothly on again, part of the well-oiled machinery of New York's daily existence; past the shops, the dwellings, churches, clubs and hotels, and past hundreds of smart people afoot. It was the middle of a clear sunny afternoon in May, and the Avenue was scintillant with color in motion, sunlit and shadowed—exhibiting itself, actually, in that extraordinary spotlight brilliance which is a phase of its glamorous charm.

When, at 57th Street, the man got down from the bus and raised his eyes to the golden cock which a tall building there lifts against the sky, there passed in his mind the thin veils of connoted memories—French *esprit* and certain of Rimsky-Korsakoff's tenor cadences. Presently, having entered an office in the building, his first smile temporarily suspended itself to permit the lighting of a cigarette; and it never returned, for in that minute the Lady who was present said: "We wonder if you'd like to write something about Ladislas Reymont. You've read 'The Peasants,' haven't you?"

The lingering light of Fifth Avenue faded out of the man's eyes. "Oh, yes," he said in an absent-minded double answer, wondering meanwhile in what manner he could possibly pay his respects to the Polish author and the Polish epic—in what manner that should do more than simply honor himself.

He had turned a somersault in moods. From a mere visual observation of the bright pageantry of Fifth Avenue he had been brought abruptly back to an intermittent never-to-be-completed consideration of a group of European peasants—men and women who, driven by primitive impulses, battered themselves against surrounding human oppositions and cultural restraints in the Polish village of Lipka, in the old days of the Russian Tsars.

For the man no shift could have been more complete. He had not only spun in a moment through the whole space which separates sophistication from the primitive, but in himself certain faculties which had been dormant in the presence of the New York scene, at the name of Reymont roused and emerged from the shadows, ready to gather from those peasant lives new aspects of truth.

A temperamental sympathy exists between Poland and the United States of America. The Polish legend which has so long persisted here had as its foundation our acknowledged respect for Polish loyalty, courage and endurance—qualities which are forever strong bonds among men. A temperamental and very human respect, its significance lay in the fact that the individual citizen of this country had *felt*, as we say, for the individual citizen of the other.

At times, it is true, memory here somewhat lapsed as the old political injustices over there stung us less sharply; but, new names becoming familiar—Polish names with unpolitical meanings—we have frequently been reminded of Poland's

ancient culture and quality. Paderewski came gorgeously, and Sienkiewicz like a flame; and through them and others new lustres were added to the Polish legend in the United States. Then came Korzeniowski, whom we call Conrad; and with Lord Jim, with the whole substance of "Nostromo," with his code of the sea and his philosophies of letters and of life, he reached in America—to more sensitive depths than men often reach them anywhere—our comprehending loyalty and the wells of intelligent response.

Now comes Ladislas Reymont, also a Pole, with his epic, "The Peasants." Comparatively new here, Reymont's name comes dignified by association with the Nobel Prize in literature, that accolade which carries to the recipient of it not only international applause, but, surely, a private sense of achievement.

Whatever M. Reymont's private sense of achievement may amount to, the public sense of his achievement is at once definite and clear, even though "The Peasants" comprises but four volumes of the twenty-eight or so which stand to his credit in a long array. Everyone who reads this novel will find in it what Henry James indicated as the prime ingredient of fiction, namely, a story—a thrilling story—men and women in action of the deepest consequence, involving life and death and the defeat of faith, men and women driven by the wild old impulses that have made the race of Man what it is, simple human creatures torn between such ironic contradictions as love and jealousy, ambition and impotence. It is a tale whose progressions occur in a world where private inhibition is feeble and where legal restriction is lax, a world, consequently, in which men vigorously live and strive, only to accept with fatalistic placidity the final compensation of death. Here is no frieze of peacocks and white apes, no imaginative beauty of repeated line, no delicate music of lutes or

plashing fountains, none of the familiar attitudes that Art so commonly sets beauty in. The village of Lipka finds Nature harsh of temper and "wrong" in aspect, as Whistler reported her to be; while humanity moves through the stubborn fields, the frozen roads, and the deep old woods, driven by crude impulsions, restrained by superstitions and primitive fears.

In whatever bizarre forms the shifting manners of men may find expression, the fundamental facts of human nature remain starkly changeless. When an artist undertakes to speak to the world of those age-old qualities, obviously his word is not addressed to any popular mood or to the taste of contemporary time, but to the heart of continuing life. So, in "The Peasants" we find Reymont's voice neither hesitant nor condescending. It is arrestingly clear with the tones of a deep wisdom, and it is, moreover, the expression of a perfect candor. Though clear, it is thin—thin, because sounded at so rare and high a pitch—and sharp with the distinction of a definite personality.

In the face of his acknowledged attainment, what we are most keenly conscious of in Reymont is neither any abstract idea of his success nor any aspect of his pride, however justified, but a simple sense of his labor. In other words, what we are most keenly conscious of is the artist at work, striving with hope and faith and the "infinite pains" of Buffon's epigram, to create through the restrictions of written language his immense and poignant vision of existence—a vast motion picture of continuing time with its days and seasons, measureless arcs of factual space, objects in nature, births and deaths in field and byre and hut, men's passionate reactions to these mysteries and to each other, the crashing impact of lust and strife and terror on the human heart. What renders "The Peasants" as an undertaken task at once so difficult and so successful is, of course, the fact that, given this particular

author, with all he sees and feels and has to say, what he does say is inevitably intense in quality and vast in extent, regardless of any possible sense of incompleteness which he himself may hold.

His own sense of incompleteness may well be taken for granted—even a continuing sense of dissatisfaction; because no book that the artist in fiction writes can ever stand, for him, as a complete and satisfactory reward of his labor. His book is only a gesture, a mild fraternal offer of himself, his faint cry in the wilderness concerning the strange things that disturb his spirit; and his reward lies in the faint responses of the scattered number of comprehending and sympathetic who not only grasp the accomplishment and the failure of his effort, but who sense, to some extent, the vision lying behind his uttered word.

Criticism will “place” Reymont forthwith, will label him Realist, or whatever, according to the code; and catalogues will list the facts of his biography for the world to read as it runs. But before those veils of classification too thickly accumulate, there is this to be said for its value as a first impression: In the story, the style, and the extent of “The Peasants” we find Reymont as a strong man, a simple man, a pleasant type in literature, a laborer who, with all his articulacy, is yet, like Conrad, not completely articulate, because his deepest and strongest impulsions are too subtle for words and are expressible only as vague intimations. In fact, I find myself stirred by a thin clear voice behind the printed page of this novel, just as, years ago, I was stirred by a haunting voice behind the page of “Heart of Darkness.” It is the voice of the spirit of man, whispering through the recorded tale, and, like the mysterious appeal of Beauty, uttering the thin wisp of an impersonal message to the deeps of arrested consciousness.

It is the fate of every man to be at once impelled and re-

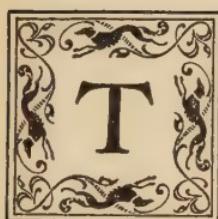
strained by the powers and the frailties of human nature. It is a particular combination of those powers and frailties that constitutes the unique individualism of each human being. And it is that unique individualism that our loyalty goes out to, in great or less measure, in any given case. While there will be those who brew a carping criticism of Reymont because, let us say, he is not an Impressionist, and while there will be those who stare overlong at the facts that he was born in 1868 and was one of a family of twelve, the prime importance which underlies "The Peasants" as a human document is this: It was written by a man utterly simple, whose recorded word goes to the bases of emotion, and who, moreover, is motivated by strange spiritual mysteries which lie beyond all formulation.

M. Reymont is thus revealed as a figure for our loyalty; and it is inevitable that he shall find in America not only the many who will recognize his tangible achievement and increase his applause, but also that comparative few who will respond to the thin, clear, spiritual cry which is indicated in his printed page as the tones of a melody may be indicated in a printed score of music, as the hidden mysteries of deep seas may be indicated in a printed chart.

# “THE DARK TOWER”

*by*

WALTER DE LA MARE



HE rewards for growing older, and growing elderly, are many times more numerous than fond Youth supposes. Some are lively and active; the majority perhaps take the form of a solace; a reconciliation. And what have the young to be reconciled to—except to growing older! It is a solace, for example, to realize that one's range of vivid sensitiveness and of vivid interest is definitely restricted; that though life on earth consists of exploring as best one may an inexhaustible “Tom Tiddler’s Ground,” one is after a gold of a certain number of carats and a silver with a certain hallmark. It is a happy thing too—take it for all-in-all—to become aware first, that memory is a sieve, and next, that it has not only a fine but a discriminating mesh, that it will preserve for us all that most we want; and will continue to lie in wait for it.

That the mind is also apt to become omnivorous at the very moment when it has begun to realize that its digestion has severe limitations, is no matter. Merely to know—tin cannikin in hand—that the ocean of knowledge and experience is illimitable, makes only the more precious and refreshing its tiny drafts.

And as with existence in general, so with human beings, so

with books and authors, so with fiction. There can be but few novels in a lifetime which have the power of indelibly affecting the imagination, of rearranging it, so to speak, in the pattern for which it had long been in readiness. Make the most of them. They are an idiosyncrasy. Follow them up.

Catherine in "Wuthering Heights" tells Nellie Dean that certain dreams have colored her whole mind. She says: "... I've dreamt in my life dreams that have stayed with me ever after, and changed my ideas: they've gone through and through me, like wine through water, and altered the color of my mind . . ." . . . "The Dark Tower" is one such dream of mine. It is gold of my particular carat . . . and even though "eminent" criticism should to its own satisfaction prove it brass, it would make not the slightest difference.

In differing degree I delight in all Mr. Brett Young's novels. I open every new book of his (and this being a merely personal, is, I hope, a modest statement) with exactly that odd excitement and expectation which a child enjoys when he finds himself seated in front of the curtained stage at a pantomime, and the footlights have gone up. It is an expectation that is not in the least dulled, only intensified, by the fact that I know vaguely the kind of characters, the kind of scene, the kind of emotional experience which is awaiting me. That knowledge never detracts one iota from the novelty; it adds to the zest.

This, indeed, is one private and personal test of an author: the mind's instinctive welcome of him: though (in the presence of a great book, especially) it is as well to remember that such a test is at least as much a test of oneself as of him. The second test is that ghost of itself which a book leaves behind it—after a first reading. Nine-tenths even of every fine book evaporate out of the memory: only a few clear and vivid fragments can possibly remain. But its spirit, its influence, its inmost effect—that stays a lifetime.

So, when I think of "The Dark Tower," its ghost comes back—and for the present, before reading it again, it is its ghost I am after. It is as if I were thinking of a strange and moving experience of my childhood, or were recalling a haunting dream. The reason being that as with every other book that appeals straight to one's imaginative idiosyncrasies, it brings with it, evokes, a certain state and condition of mind not often otherwise attainable. And what we most desire in the world are states of being and of mind. How absurd, then, to discourse about Realism as if it were the articles of a creed, something definite and final, when the only true realism for any particular reader is that presentation, or illusion, of life and actuality in which he is in spirit most securely and happily at home.

I go *home* in memory to the *Dark Tower*. Its lovely scene remains in my mind as fresh and clear and sweet as an orchard in full blossom after a shower. Its darkness—I can scarcely recall a darkness so profound, so peaceful, romantic, "real" as when Alaric comes to the Tower. There was, I remember, a perambulator standing there, as you went in (though I may have muddled it), and the thought of it being there in that place in that book gives me as much incredulous satisfaction as that passage in "An Old Wives' Tale," when the two old sisters meet on the railway platform after twenty years or more of separation.

Then again, Judith. Oddly enough, Mrs. Grundy—cunning old wiseacre that she is—has never concerned herself with the love affairs between living readers and ghosts in books. What havoc she would make in comparatively happy families if she did! For there are a good many young women in books in fiction at whose feet every man with the least claim to decency cannot but lay down his battered heart—and go away. And yet, however far I go, in the direction even of age and

disillusionment, Judith stays in me. I doubt, too, if I could love her half so much if Alaric didn't stay too.

Of the two he is perhaps his creator's rarer triumph. To tell of Judith on-and-on would only be to weave the net closer. She is just she—at first sight: you being merely you. But Alaric—whatever one has of the snob in one's bosom (and it is usually a fair supply)—yells at the first glance at him. To be seen with Judith in Fifth Avenue or in Piccadilly, or talking under a tree in any park in all the world, might be a little like throwing bones to the vultures, but it would also be a pride and a delight and a vanity and the next best thing to being alone with her—just looking one's loyalty and worship—in her own garden.

But Alaric!—on that long pilgrimage, in his frock coat and tennis shoes (as I recall it) and straw hat (I fancy) is another matter. He is one of those oddities which we snobs all look at (preferably down our noses) and then look away from (in common decency). But get him away—if possible *down steps*—into some old tavern or bookshop; talk to him; watch his mind in his eyes; persuade him (if you can) to share himself with you. His only fault is—and he hasn't an inkling of it—that you cannot but feel something of a worm in his company, shallow and meretricious.

The other characters in the novel serve their purpose and Mr. Young's well enough—just as many delightful or useful people in life serve theirs. But when I think of the *Dark Tower*, I do not at once recall them: only Judith and then Alaric. It is as if Mr. Brett Young had somehow stolen Alaric and Judith from me—as the cat stole the fat in the church while she was living with the mouse. That is the marvel of such a book and of the experience it brings. What it gives—with its generosity and divination—not only becomes one's own, but shows that it was always one's own.

Mere criticism is almost always a rather arid exercise. The

more one delights in a thing, the more arduous it is to express that delight. The converse is not true. Still, one of the critic's joys (and by no means a minor one) in reading "The Dark Tower" is its technique. Few writers of fiction are innovators in this direction. But in technique, "The Dark Tower" is an experiment as full of danger as a porcupine is of quills. To have attempted to tell such a story in duologue! To have chosen for hero so (at first glimpse) grotesque a creature—and then and there to prove him what he is! But after all, Mr. Brett Young could only do what he did do in that book by having done it thus, and thus only.... It is a triumph then not only of creation, but of craftsmanship.

And now comes the recollection that the recommendation of a book resembles the recommendation of a friend—i.e., it is a severe handicap on the recommended. But recommendation is not my incentive. Far otherwise. I should neither sigh nor shiver if I heard that "The Dark Tower" was finally out of print, and that by a series of happy accidents every other copy but my own (and possibly Mr. Brett Young's) had been destroyed. I *may* some day visit the British Museum in the hope of... But never mind.

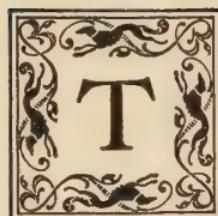
After all, the book is mine. Why should one risk putting the notion of reading it into an unfriendly or unkinly mind? But on the other hand, is there a serener pleasure than to have been the means of sharing the chosen of one's heart (when that is a book) with a *fellow-creature*? For it is not merely with our intelligence, with our wits, that we read, but in the company of a self that was in being seemingly æons before the larger apes wore down their inherited tails.

# T R U T H F U L L E R T H A N T O L S T O I !

## (H A R V E Y F E R G U S S O N )

*by*

F L O Y D D E L L



OLSTOI, in his novels, occasionally told a thundering, thumping, rip-roaring lie about his people, out of sheer moral exuberance; but nobody ever was deceived by those lies, they were so obviously motivated by the resolve to make his story square at *some* point with his moral preconceptions. But mostly he forgot his moral preconceptions, and told about people as they are, with an astonishing fidelity.

That robust young American, Harvey Fergusson, seems to have no moral preconceptions sacred enough to make it worth his while to lie on their behalf. He is, and I am going to say so at the risk of seeming lacking in piety, truthfuller than Tolstoi. For he doesn't have—as Tolstoi didn't have—the habit of telling what might be called "lies of convenience."

The "lie of convenience" is the most ordinary kind of literary falsehood. Fiction is infested with it, and it lacks the dignity which those resolute barefaced moral lies of Tolstoi have. It is devoid even of charm. It is a lazy kind of lie, the "lie of convenience." It exists, and is to be found on almost every page of our fiction, from the worst to the best, simply

because of its labor-saving qualities—for the writer. It is an easy way of getting by.

In its worst and vulgarest form, it has long been recognized and condemned; for in this crude form, it tells us unmistakably that this man is a hero, and t'other a villain; this lady beautiful and good, that one a shameless hussy. People, we know, are not like that.

But in a somewhat more refined and slicker form, the same "lie of convenience" confronts us on almost every page of even our best novels, in the guise of "sympathetic" and "un-sympathetic" treatment of various characters—so that the same traits of human nature are here represented as being noble and pathetic, and there again as ridiculous and offensive. Take, for example, the matter of the married man who falls in love with another woman. It is convenient, and hence customary, for the author to decide whether this shall appear to the reader a beautiful or a silly thing for him to do. The author's pet is Richard, and when *he* can't sleep of nights for thinking of that other girl, and can't eat his meals, and grows pale and thin and irritable, these symptoms are ennobled by the description, so that we feel what a fine fellow Richard is, and how sad is his fate! But when Silas (whom the author has a grudge against) falls in love with another girl, the loss of sleep and appetite and the way he speaks crossly to his wife and kicks the cat are made to appear ridiculous; and we think—what a vulgar fool this fellow is! A cheap and easy trick—and to call the roll of those who have used this shabby device would be to clutter the page with most of the great names of fiction. Nevertheless, it *is* a mere lazy "lie of convenience." Tolstoi never condescended to it; he saved his lies for special occasions when he was bursting to prove some of his Manichæan dogmas.

And Harvey Fergusson, almost if not quite alone among the

writers of our own day, never bothers with such lies. He simply has no pets. He tells how his people behave, and does not pretend that what is noble in some is ridiculous in others. As a matter of fact, the nobility and the ridiculousness are all mixed up in his people, about as we find it among our friends. He dares tell things of certain characters that an ordinary writer would have to leave out for fear of prejudicing us against them—or for them, as the case may be. He is not at all worried for fear our sympathies may adhere to the wrong person. He is doing his best for all of them, without fear or favor—and this perfectly magnificent candor has for me a zest which far surpasses the “effects” of writers who are incapable of managing a story without telling us as we go along that we must forgive poor dear Jessie everything, while at the same time inviting us to wipe our feet on Dora! People who don’t know may think it is clever to play prejudices, and find just what word in the dictionary will most effectively gloss over Jessica’s amiable weaknesses and what other word will most crushingly damn these same traits in Dora. But it is too easy. Harvey Fergusson has a better method—and his people as a result are as real as though we had known them *outside* of a book.

A B I B L I O G R A P H Y O F T H E W O R K S O F

## J. S. FLETCHER

Compiled by Himself

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9. The Paths of the Prudent.
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13. The Root of All Evil.
14. The Valley of Headstrong Men.
15. Heronshawe Main.
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17. Both of This Parish.
18. Perris of the Cherry Trees.
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1. *Hearthstone Corner*: A Comedy. 2. *Captain Lecotte*: An  
Episode of the Franco-Prussian War.

#### VI. *Journalism*

Sub-editor of the *Practical Teacher*, 1881–1883; Assistant Editorial Writer on the *Leeds Mercury*, 1890–1900; Special Commissioner for the *Leeds Mercury* to 1900; Special Commissioner for the *Yorkshire Post* at the Coronation of H.M. King Edward VII in Westminster Abbey, 1902; contributor to the *Daily Mail*, 1905–1912; reviewer for the *Guardian*, 1918–1924. Elected a Fellow of the Royal Historical Society, 1922; Member of the Yorkshire Archaeological Society since 1915, and of the Sussex Archaeological Society since 1916.

THOMAS BEER, 1889-

*by*

WILSON FOLLETT



HY Alfred Knopf—not the incorporated entity, but an individual whose judgments I respect and, frequently, understand—should have conceived the idea that I am the person to write acceptably about Thomas Beer for the second quinquennial edition of "The Borzoi," this deponent knows not. The fact, or one fact, is that I have been trying earnestly, soberly, and (as Mencken would say) prayerfully to construct a printable expression about this writer ever since a few days before publication of "The Fair Rewards" in 1922. And, as touching the delivery of the present article, I have been ignominiously breaking promises and holding up the printer for some three months of torn-up scraps, beginnings that got no one anywhere. In short, there has been a very thorough demonstration of my unpreparedness to pay this debt; and the one point in my favor is a consistent recognition that the debt exists, coupled with an irrational sort of faith that it will some day be paid in more valid coin.

What Mr. Knopf had in mind, no doubt, was the basis for an entente laid by a common interest in the life and work of Stephen Crane—Crane, whose story Thomas Beer has made known as it could have been made known by nothing short of

his alliance of acquired knowledge with sheer power of presentation; Crane, whose various known works I have been trying to arrange in intelligible order for a new edition which it is hoped may be somewhere nearly worthy of them and of him. Nothing could be more generous or more practically helpful than Mr. Beer's interest in my work on Crane has been and is; and yet this solid common enthusiasm has the singular property of leaving me the more inarticulate about Thomas Beer as a writer. If I could deal with him as primarily the biographer of Crane, as the custodian of a huge fund of published and unpublished knowledge about that more and more remembered genius, it would be the better for my ease of mind and of pen. But Mr. Beer is the author no less of "The Fair Rewards"; of "Sandoval"; of short stories uncollected and uncounted; to say nothing of a forthcoming volume consisting of informally written chapters on the literary history of the American 1890's. In other words, he is himself a creative writer;<sup>1</sup> he has his own fulcrum, independently of any single thing that he may write about; and there is something central in him to which must be referred his brilliant narrative of Crane, equally with any other of his evocations. This central reality would have to be expressed in terms of his deep unconscious purposes, his personality in the ultimate sense. The difficulty is, to be so expressed it would have first to be understood—and, vivid as is my sense of its existence, I am as yet far from ready to assert that I understand Thomas Beer better than he understands himself. Frankly, he remains to me, at

<sup>1</sup> A term unfortunately coming to be restricted more and more to workers in the art of fiction—as if it were somehow a finer thing to be an Arnold Bennett than to be a J. G. Frazer, or even a Lytton Strachey! What I mean about Mr. Beer is that he is a creative writer *whatever* he writes of: he gives his imagined subject life, his historical subject resurrection, with equal success.

the close of this summer of 1925, an interesting enigma; and, lacking the divination to locate his axis, I am capable only of jotting down some not too coherent impressions of this aspect and that—with the express warning, be it remembered, that they are merely peripheral and may content the more exacting sort of reader no better than they content me.

I trust that none of this conveys the impression that I find Thomas Beer an obscure writer. It is the source of his writing that baffles, not his extraordinarily craftsmanlike performance itself. If you take his book about the actual Crane as simply a book about Crane, or his book about the imaginary Sandoval as simply a book about Sandoval, you contemplate something as clean-cut as a lightning flash, and as definite an illumination. But that, for the reader who has more than a transient curiosity, is not enough. You want to know the source and analysis of his peculiar electricity; you want to find, in the book about Crane and the book about Sandoval, not only Crane and Sandoval, but also Thomas Beer—the same Thomas Beer. And what you find is that he keeps himself remarkably well out of sight.

There was a purpose in setting the date of Mr. Beer's birth at the head of this article. The date of Scott Fitzgerald's birth goes part of the way toward accounting for "This Side of Paradise" and "The Great Gatsby"; the year of Cyril Hume's advent is a strictly relevant commentary on "Wife of the Centaur" and "Cruel Fellowship." But the fact that Thomas Beer was born late in the '80's merely renders most of his work a trifle more inexplicable. In a word, he has to be distinguished very carefully from the contemporary young men, of whatever gifts, who have made names by recording their own experiences and observations, and likewise from the older men (chiefly transatlantic) who set them the example. Mr. Beer's date makes this distinction handily enough. His character-

istic subjects come from a period which he can remember either very dimly or not at all. At the farthest reach hitherward, they lap over into a time of his own life when his attitude could not have been the deliberately appraising sense out of which such work as his is constructed; at the farthest extension backward, they make free with the two decades before he was born. Part of his chosen task is to take that which anticipates his own memory and observation and to make it more distinct than other writers' pictures of their remembered yesterdays, their actual to-days.

A natural enough explanation covers, to be sure, some part of this contrast. To write of to-day's society and environment is to take a large fraction of the scene and of the behavior for granted; whereas to treat of a time having in any degree the flavor of the archaic means conscious effort expended upon every superficial detail of living—the dress and furniture, the manners and speech, the topics of current interest—to the end of reconstructing a milieu which the reader can accept as actual. *Any* writer who goes farther back than his own memory takes him is subject to this necessity, which is doubtless an advantage to his work on the score of distinctness.<sup>2</sup>

But there is more than this to Mr. Beer's success with the time when the *Yellow Book* was making its stir; when Beardsley and Wilde were contemporary actualities; when Crane was a newspaper writer in New York and Richard Harding Davis was the paragon of war correspondents and Clyde Fitch was

<sup>2</sup> It may be significant that one of the most brilliantly successful specialists in the immediate present, Mr. Sinclair Lewis, has developed the knack of writing about to-day with the scrutinizing detachment and thoroughness which are ordinarily applied only to the past; so that he enables us to regard ourselves as if at arm's length or through a telescope. In short, he makes us see 1925 about as vividly as Mr. Beer makes us see 1895.

near his zenith; when the vices were (in nominal secrecy) so gaudy and the proprieties so ostentatiously prim. The fact is, Mr. Beer is a good deal of an archæologist and scholar, and that by internal compulsion. In some queer way, this youngish man with the shoulders of a football guard and an undertone of copper in his hair—which, in some lights or some moods, is subtly echoed in his eyes—is actually more at home in the American 1890's than he is in contemporary New York, Yonkers, or Nantucket Island, in all of which, as elsewhere, he seems to know his way about. Noticeably, his gusto increases, a deeper timbre comes into his voice, and his abnormal faculty of quotation from memory becomes multiplied, whenever something reminds him of what life was like so small a span ago as the time when he was an infant, a boy, a youth. There are other instances—witness Mr. Hergesheimer—of unremitting and successful care for the details of bygone life in so far as they are decorative, or in so far as they are serviceable to the exigencies of a plot or an atmosphere. But I know no other modern instance of the innate need to amass this profound and exhaustive knowledge of a time so near that plenty of living men can circumstantially remember it.

And I venture the guess that to most men of Mr. Beer's age it would be harder to reproduce the '90's in their bizarre authenticity than it would to write creditably of the age of Cromwell or the age of dinosaurs. What saves it from being hard for Mr. Beer is the actual love which he brings to bear on the pursuit of that special kind of unconscious cynicism which ruled the thinking and living of three decades ago. He is an exacting connoisseur of absurdities: he will have a particular kind or none: and of course he is drawn to the time when that kind was most visibly rife and regnant. His passion is a little like that of a collector with not a glance to spare for any specimen which does not crucially represent a period of

exquisite, of irresistible badness. There is something fabulous about his 1890's; they are too fantastic to be quite credible. Yet they are too vivid not to be thoroughly believed in; and belief has its safe triumph over incredulity. It is manifest that Thomas Beer gets actual sustenance out of the newspaper files, the letters and diaries, the topical songs and vaudeville acts and political conventions, of thirty years ago. He does with unique delight what another man would do as a feat of scholarship incidentally to "getting up" some subject. It is the ideal union of sheer erudition with sheer gusto; and the published result obviously represents, not any mere *tour de force* of investigation, but rather the controlled and directed overflow of a huge reservoir of spontaneity.

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This is, of course, a one-sided description, and it has a tendency to suggest that Mr. Beer has made his mind a museum of delightful inanities and sterilities. Not to raise the problem whether any exertion of the innate historical sense can be really unrewarding, it is enough to add the supplementary fact that Mr. Beer has his own way of being modern. He is as twentieth-century as any of his contemporaries. Only—he is compelled by the aforesaid historical sense to find his twentieth century in odds and ends of the nineteenth. It is the man of the most vivid and adequate sense of the past who is most convinced that there is no new thing under the sun. The twentieth century has a species of amused contempt for everything which it summarizes as "Late Victorian." Thomas Beer also has this amused contempt, with less than the usual insistence on the contempt and more on the amusement. But he is historically enough minded to make something of the fact (which he proves) that this point of view has always existed—to perceive that the '90's contemplated themselves

with hardly less derision than we expend on them. It is the clash, the contest of two points of view that makes his drama, and, as truly as in the work of any young *révolté*, the one is an antiquated point of view and the other an emancipated. But instead of translating the contest into an affair of generations, as is the mode, he makes the contest occur between different elements of the same generation. What others accomplish by letting their heroes typify the thinking part of this decade, Beer accomplishes by taking for his hero the man of 1895 who thought and felt in advance of his time. In place of showing the Victorians as outmoded, he prefers to show us as anticipated.

And this, I think, is the genesis of his special interest in Stephen Crane. Crane is the individual against the mass, the unrecognized leaven in the lump. Crane is an incomparable satirist of Thomas Beer's own pet aversion, "the idiocy of communal thinking," which has always been the pet aversion of men of wit, imagination, mental courage. Thomas Beer's hero is the Crane who could find no invective withering enough for "Little Lord Fauntleroy"; who felt all his blood-thirst aroused by the spectacle of old women rocking on hotel porches with their heads together; who remarked that he could apparently do any damn thing he pleased "except be let alone"; who saw the world as a ship without a rudder,

"Going ridiculous voyages,  
Making quaint progress,  
Turning as with serious purpose  
Before stupid winds";

who, as a reporter, fell foul of "the American commoner's inalienable right to be reported respectfully, no matter how tawdry or foolish his communal manifestations may be"; who in his art has "no other purpose . . . than to show people to

people as they seem" to him. This Stephen Crane, the instinctive individualist, is our contemporary. He is what we call the twentieth century, embodied and articulate in the latter end of the nineteenth; and his drama is the more acute because he was in an age which he was not of.

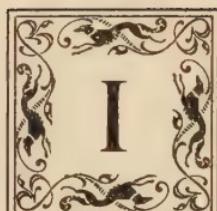
So it is always in Thomas Beer. It is the instinctive individualist who excites him, who appeals to his generous sense of what is vivid and memorable. In "Sandoval," in "The Fair Rewards," in more than a majority of the considerable number of short tales, you find the Crane point of view represented, emphasized. The character who stands out is the black sheep of the family, the solitary, the one who knows that he is out of step. And the drama is always intensified, as Crane's drama is, by the fact that the revolt is a matter of nerves and temperament, of spontaneous differences, rather than of inculcated ideas. In ideas as such, Thomas Beer has, I suspect, little interest: so much communal stupidity rules over the processes of their inculcation, and all of us are so much their helpless victims as well as their beneficiaries. But he has enormous interest in those temperamental aberrations of to-day which originate the accepted ideas of to-morrow.

Undoubtedly he is himself such a temperament. And I think that his desire to saturate himself with the color of a determinate past is his answer to the obscure necessity of having a stronger current to swim against. It is his veiled protest against the tameness of existence in a generation in which revolt itself is as an army with banners—in which the eternal imbecility is left with hardly a picturesque representative or an articulate voice.

# LITERARY EVENING—IOWA STYLE

by

JOHN T. FREDERICK



N the old house on the side street a dozen of us were sitting in the light around a book-strewn table, while a midwestern thunderstorm roared and beat against the windows. There was a Doctor of Philosophy who has not forgotten how to laugh; there was the demoniacally clever, externally sanctimonious young editor of a student literary magazine, and the calmly brilliant girl who piloted that magazine through its first year; there were the students who represent the true *literati* and *intelligentsia* of a huge midwestern University—clear-eyed, keen, lovable young men and women; and there was Ruth Suckow. Her clear skin was browned from days out of doors. She was small and cool and comradely. She talked genuinely and generously, and what she said crackled and burned with the fire of a tremendously vigorous intellect, ruthless and fearless, and yet tempered by profound understanding and sympathy.

Tea and cakes go round. Then, since the driving rainstorm promises to last all night, the *literati* scurry good-naturedly through the wet and pile into their cars—most of them into an ancient and hospitable Ford called The Relic—and go home. I sit alone by the light, and turn the pages of an old *Midland*

to one of Ruth Suckow's first published stories. And as I read it slowly, it seems to me still that I find in it all the qualities which make me place her first among those of us who are trying to write about the middle west.

This story, "Retired," is a record of one spring afternoon in the life of one of those "retired farmers" who are the most characteristic figures of many Iowa communities. He goes downtown, buys some yeast, gets an implement catalogue from his box at the post office, sits for an hour with his cronies at the "produce house," and walks home again. From beginning to end, the experience is superlatively vivid and real. The external details are as sharply accurate as could be imagined. Yet at the same time the man and his situation are lifted into the realm of universal and permanent significance. Ruth Suckow's retired farmer has something in common with all of the aged and lonely, who have outlived their power to do their work in the world.

No one else sees the middle west at once so vividly and so truly. Some of us see sharply, accurately—and lose perspective and meaning. Others have the sense of relationship which makes for literary truth, but lack color and vitality.

Miss Suckow sees that the middle-western landscape and its people are inseparable, and that to understand the people one must know their place. More than anyone else, she has recognized the essential part which the prairie landscape must play in the literature of its people. Her feeling for the land is to be felt in all her work. I remember the fine little essay on "Beauty in Iowa," which she contributed to the Book Page of the Des Moines, Iowa, *Register* a year or so ago: "The Iowa landscape," she wrote, "has few purple patches. Its beauty does not stick out ostentatiously. It is fused. It is a beauty not divorced from primitive utility, with an every-day noontide quality, and therefore—because it is not orna-

ment but an inherent element—it is little recognized. . . . All beauty here has an unobtrusive quality. . . . It does not impose itself, but forms a background and foundation. It is an inherent, unconscious beauty. . . . The land is the foundation not only of Iowa's material prosperity, but of its loveliness. The genuinely native, individual contribution of Iowa to the elements of art is to be found in 'the lie of the land'—in that roll of country, firm, strong, plain but never hard or rigid, all in the open, making no pretenses, and always with a tenderness, a gracious softening which is not mirage."

When Miss Suckow reads she asks for the qualities that she herself possesses, pretty largely; and for this and other reasons her choices in books help especially to illuminate her own work. "I have an immense liking and respect for Dreiser," she wrote me once, "but I don't think he's quite an enthusiasm. Chekhov is, however, and Dorothy Richardson, Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë, and 'Huckleberry Finn.' Oh, yes, and W. H. Hudson. Proust is another. So many of my poetic enthusiasms are past that it's hard to go back to them. I think they are in general Shakespeare's lyrics and the early English—all the pure lyrics, Heine's and Herrick's, Christina Rossetti's and Walter Savage Landor's, and German folk songs. Then I love 'The Seafarer,' Keats, Whitman, some of the French (particularly Francis Jammes), and very especially Emily Dickinson. Of modern poets, I like Masefield, H. D., Robert Frost and Carl Sandburg best. I was once quite crazy over Vachel Lindsay, though. I like most, I think, pure lyrics, Keats, Whitman and Emily Dickinson."

\* \* \*

It is an hour since the *literati* went home. The driving storm has quieted to a steady, searching rain, for the beneficence of which such people of the corn country as are not asleep

should be on their knees in thanksgiving. I munch a final cake, reflecting that the young men and women who talked with Ruth Suckow to-night will do well to remember: they will not find another writer of their place and generation, I think, with her cold fire, her unsparing comprehension.

# T. F. Powys

*by*

DAVID GARNETT



SKED for a biographical sketch for purposes of publicity, Theodore Powys sent the following account of himself in a letter to his publishers:

"Born in Shirley in Derbyshire (the center of England), Powys comes from many generations of beneficed clergymen, one of whom on his mother's side was Cowper's cousin Johnson of Norfolk. Educated at private schools. At Dorchester Grammar School for a year or two. (I think that's Hardy's school too.)

"He has lived now for twenty years at East Chaldon. There he married. Powys believes in monotony. He is happy when he does the same each day. Writes from 11 to 1:30. Walks nearly always the same path in the afternoon, goes by the Inn to the hill. He prefers the winter to the summer, and the village he lives in is bewitched.

"Powys is forty-nine years old. He went to the Dorchester Barracks three times in the war, where he was treated very kindly but was politely sent home again. His favorite authors are Rabelais, Samuel Richardson, Montaigne, and Scott. As regards his religion, he is a Christian, and believes a great deal too much in God. Please add whatever you think fitting from anything Tomlin or Garnett has told you, for I really don't know what else I ought to say.

"I must apologize for not giving a more amusing account of myself. Had I been Mr. A! But please add what you like."

\* \* \*

What can I add that will not seem feeble and colorless after that?

Perhaps this extract from a letter from Sylvia Townsend Warner, the poetess, is the best continuation:

"I have been remembering Theo as I sit here and it is as though he had come into the room with a cold face, as though the moonlight were still shining on it, behaving with a rather guilty politeness, and propping up his stick with immense caution.

"Well, Theo, did you have a nice walk, with nothing frightening?"

"Well, my dear, I *did* hear a curious noise in the hedge. At first I said to myself it was nothing but a rat, but then I remembered *Who made that rat?*"

Yes, that is the flavor of Theo. Would that I could catch something of that bewitched village where he lives, with the moonlight slanting down between the high and mighty sycamores, the thatched cottages like a covey of sleeping partridges huddled together in a hollow of the downs. The air is warm, soft, and filled with the scent of stocks. We go out to see Theo home. He takes my arm. "Lie down, Smoker, good old boy." Smoker rattles his chain. It is quite dark by the church under the shadow of the trees. When we get to Theo's house he begs us to come indoors, and when we refuse he turns back with us and sees us halfway home. Before we part he carefully makes an appointment for the morrow as though we were likely to miss each other; the cottage where I am staying is only a few hundred yards from his house.

His literary history is the story of Cinderella over again. For many years he wrote, as he says, from 11 to 1:30. Typing was expensive, so he copied his books out in letters half an inch high and sent them to impossible publishers and absurd literary agents. But one day a young sculptor, Stephen Tomlin, went to live in the village, and in course of time was shown the manuscripts. Tomlin sent "Hester Dominy" to me, since he knew I had just had my story about a Fox accepted.

I read "Hester Dominy," the second story in "The Left Leg," and made the following notes:

"It is very good. It is a work of art all right. It has form, the subjects are introduced in the right order: the effect is complete. The whole thing is most successful. . . .

"The method is using a series of selected pictures to give intense significance to the story . . . but some of these pictures are better than others: the bells-pork-rats-springs-Mrs. Dine's houses series is more perfectly successful than the pound-Mr. Warry-omen-Chipp-snare-Poose-dog series. But the story is an absolutely satisfactory work of art as it is, and the author seems to me to be one of the very small number who take writing seriously and have some idea about it."

Since then four books by T. F. Powys have been published, and my admiration for his writing has increased, not diminished. I have a very special feeling for "Hester Dominy," and there are just a few passages in the other books that I heartily detest; chief among them are the phantom hounds who pursue the hero of "Mark Only." The truth about those hounds is that there was a lady in the village who kept very offensive Aberdeen terriers, which used to follow Theo, growling at his heels. He transformed them in his book into ghostly hounds of a much larger breed. It amuses me to visualize them as the detestable little beasts they were.

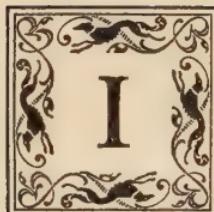
The chief quality of Powys's writing, technically, is his extraordinary economy and directness, but the essence of the books is that they are written by a man who believes "a great deal too much in God." The reason that his work makes many people uneasy is that it is so religious in quality. Reviewers have sometimes compared his outlook to that of Donne and Webster, but while they could not escape the thought of death, it was always an agony to them. To Powys death is the only thing which will not fail him; until then he knows he is at the mercy of life, and that at any moment behind the impassive mask of a child, a blue sky, a primrose, life will look out with its face of idiot despair, idiot cruelty. Only when he is writing about death does he feel secure, and

then he makes these charming jokes about it. Because of his fear of life, Powys will never be a very popular author, but he will always have a following, and he will always be read with pleasure by about the same number of people: the ones who really care about the way a book is written, for the most remarkable thing about T. F. Powys is that he is a very good writer.

# G. B. S T E R N

*by*

L O U I S   G O L D I N G



T IS above all in her house named after the carob tree, her house among the olives on a hill-slope in Liguria, that I am happiest to meet G. B. Stern. Not that I am not happy enough to meet her anywhere, even at literary parties in Kensington, where we look at each other furtively and pass on. She is so swift, rich, radiant, extravagant. But that is the trouble. In Kensington, Paris, anywhere but in that silver silence of the olives, you are aware of her personality, or should I say her score of personalities? Does she write books? Does she not write books? It matters as little whether Lopokowa dances or Suzanne Lenglen plays tennis. Let them have accomplishments the world knows them for. But you are happier. You know them for themselves.

It will do for G. B. Stern in Kensington. But in Liguria she is the literary artist, and of astonishing achievement were she twice, or several times, her age. For not merely one lifetime has produced "The Matriarch," one of the most prodigal of modern novels, nor her own race only, but her race in contact with capital city upon capital city across a pageant of centuries. When you have pursued sufficiently far and long the capricious destinies of these vast Jewish families which Miss

Stern so matriarchally orders, suddenly you are aware of the profound and joyous paradox she has presented you with. You find that her cosmopolitan Jews are the only Gentiles. They only have the freedom of Europe, of America, of the seven weltering seas. Carrying no more luggage than a recipe for *apfelstrudel*, they have transferred their dooms gayly from a three-roomed dwelling in Pressburg to a Palace in the Faubourg St. Honoré, from Brondesbury to the Grand Canal. They, I say, are your true Gentiles. It is the sad Christian only who remains immured in a ghetto.

With the divination of genius she long ago anticipated in the form of her novels the architecture which the young intellectuals were to make fashionable. She is the prime baroquist of the modern novel. Superimposed upon her main plan, which is always opulent but decisive, are the dexterously broken pediments, the convolutions, the profuse statuary with its garments flying and its arms spread generously across heaven, of the Central European baroque. She is Salzburg rendered into the living word. The Gothic glooms are out-moded for her. The grim single-mindedness of Romanesque has no place in such a mind, so nervous and so populous. And in this phantasmagoria of the post-war world of what use is the simple austerity of the Greek mode of building set against the passionless blue moon?

I said I was happiest to meet her among the olives of her Ligurian hilltop, with her dogs outlining themselves decoratively upon the horizon or jumping across the chasms in calculatedly picturesque parabolas, as if they felt they had a duty to be beautiful in the eyes of a mistress who is so devotedly creating beauty herself from year to year. Not beauty. I hardly think that is her integral intention, as it is with another English author also working in the silence of his olives beyond the numberless headlands southward—Francis Brett

Young, I mean, away in Capri, across the peacock water, who provides her in so many ways with a curiously complete antithesis. To him the texture of the world is the primary circumstance. Humanity is wholly conditioned by it. To her the world is the plaything of men and women, when she allows herself to be aware of it, as she is upon occasion and sensitively enough. She is an urban novelist, and of no provincial cities. She is as metropolitan as any Rakonitz. Stout earth is rather an ironical joke to her. (Read the Arcadian section of "The Room," for instance, an admirable chronicle of disillusion. Not that she has not imaginative sympathy enough to realize and present a character who belongs so fundamentally to the soil that his every day's separation from it is an outrage. As for instance that tragic creature, Richard Marcus, of "Debatable Ground.") But belonging so essentially to the cities, out of the contacts, the lights, the tumult, she achieves her special beauty. Such variety, such vitality, can be spoken of as nothing less notable.

Her favorite preoccupation is the family, and in so much she is essentially a Jewish novelist. She is philoprogenitive. The average twentieth-century writer is your complete unconscious Malthusian. If he arranges a marriage between his hero and heroine, he has the uncomfortable feeling that they may have children some time or other if he does not discourage them. He involves them in triangles, rhomboids, polygons, every manner of geometrical distraction. But there are times when the hero and heroine are contumacious. They produce two children, they produce three even. But he will try violently not to increase their responsibilities and his own any further. Children need so much managing. It is not enough to add up the characteristics of their parents and divide by the number you first thought of. They require the exercise of the true plastic faculty. It is one of the rarest, and Miss Stern

possesses it. She will pile up her dizzy families like miniature Babels, for her creative energy is unflagging. Her conceptions never overlap, they exist in full-bodied separateness. Was there ever a document firmer compact of flesh and blood than the genealogical table of "The Matriarch," whether she has devoted ten lines or ten chapters to any given unit that helps to compose it?

But it is not only when she deals with the family on the epic scale, as in "The Matriarch" or in "Debatable Ground," or even the domestic section of "The Room" (too easily detachable, I think, from the Arcadian section I have already spoken of), that she creates characters interesting in themselves and intensely interesting in their reactions upon each other. Even in her lighter moods, when she blows such a gay bubble of a novel as "The Back Seat" or "Thunderstorm," she is still the deft sprite by the hearthstone. Not that she ever loses sight of the larger group, composed out of just such families, such rebellions, such capricious loyalties. Her portraiture of a state of society is always admirable. I do not know if any other novelist attempted the delicate and laborious task of delineating the Children of No Man's Land during the war's monstrous confusion. But none had her equipment or could have brought it off so triumphantly. But always it was through the window of the family she saw the comedies and tragedies. Her art exists in those terms. She is a Jewish novelist.

And yet she is astonishingly innocent of the intrinsic details of Judaism. She is a novelist of the baroque centuries and the baroque places. Her spiritual boundaries stop short at the pale of Eastern Europe, her temporal at the medieval darkness out of which the flare of Heine and Zangwill is directly kindled. Least of all has she anything of the terror and majesty of premedieval Judaism, of the Bible, that first su-

preme story of the Tents of Israel. She is European, she is sophisticated. She will bid you dance with an Austrian Count's daughter in a scintillant ballroom of Vienna rather than with Miriam in the stark morning on the shore of the Red Sea.

So that when one of her Jewish maidens inquires ingenuously: "Do they have altars in a Synagogue?" you are not to be surprised. Nor when the Matriarch eats ham for the first time at an advanced age and enjoys it hugely. And when people wish each other "mazel-topf!" they are allying the language of Salzburg with the language of Jerusalem in the correct manner of the baroque eclectics. For Miss Stern does not possess the dolorous art of the ghetto. Her Jews are the only Gentiles in Europe.

There are many aspects of her art I have not touched upon, not least her courageous studies in the relations between the sexes. But when we meet upon her hilltop in Liguria these things somehow occupy our critical attention less than they do in Kensington. We take stock, as it were, from that coign of vantage. For I am on my way southward into the Greek places which fulfill my circle, a circle that sweeps from the small Russian villages upon the Dnieper, round by way of Manchester chimneys to the saffron-tawny pillars of Apollo, and thence round again out of the fields of comfrey and asphodel into the place of the burning homesteads and my kindred fleeing. But her eyes are upon the middle lands, the pageant of the great European cities, the interplay of bright unhaunted minds. She has rendered them already into a design as full of color and wit as any of her contemporaries. And the Rakonitz Saga has by no means achieved itself. Miss Stern is only at the beginning of her matriarchal labors.

## WILL IRWIN:

A LETTER FROM JAMES HENLE

DEAR ALFRED:

You have asked me to write of Will Irwin—a thing I am very glad to do, for of all the men and women engaged to-day in glorifying the American typewriter none is more versatile and interesting than he. And as preparation for this task I have glanced at the record in “Who’s Who” under “Irwin, William Henry (Will Irwin), author.” Were you to print that, it would, by itself, very nearly fill the space allotted to me. A score of books are listed there, and the publication is not sufficiently recent to include “Youth Rides West,” the gallant tale by Mr. Irwin which you brought out several months ago.

But it is not of these books—though I have read a goodly number of them and enjoyed them—that I choose to write. I prefer to go back to an earlier bit of work by the man, dating from about the period when you were sporting one of the first brief cases to be seen on Morningside Heights—back in the dim, forgotten days when it had been conclusively proved that another European War was totally impossible and that, if one did occur, all the combatant nations would be bankrupt after the first month of hostilities.

During those far-off, mystic years, you may remember, a very serious and conscientious effort was being made to educate us both. In my case the attempt can scarcely be said to

have succeeded. As a result of four years of what was euphemistically termed study, I carried away only a fondness for alliteration, obtained from a course in Anglo-Saxon, and the fresh hope and courage inspired in me by a magnificent lecture delivered by James Harvey Robinson.

But if I were to try to describe how tremendously I was influenced during those years by association with my fellows and by my reading, it would be an entirely different matter. I recall that you were never to be encountered without two or three books in your brief case, and I was as avid a reader as you, though in a somewhat different direction.

Now there are a few things I read during that period which remain as landmarks just as do "Beowulf" and that lecture by Professor Robinson. One of them was an article by your friend Irwin. It was entitled "The Floating Laborer" and was the first of a series on that subject. It was published—by what aberration I do not know—in a popular weekly of wide circulation which has since given itself over almost wholly to the perpetuation of racial antipathies and the fostering of dark, chauvinistic fears.

I have no hesitancy whatever in pronouncing this article the best example of the so-called "special article" that I have ever read. But it was more than that to me when I read it. It rendered real and understandable that far-flung social and industrial conflict which was to reverberate from Chicago to the Pacific Coast, which was to give the agrarian proletariat a new philosophy, a conflict from which was to evolve an interesting native school of poetry and which was to find echoes in dramas as different as "They Knew What They Wanted" and "Processional." I do not know, of course, that either Mr. Howard or Mr. Lawson happened to read the Irwin paper, but I am certain that having read it increased my own enjoyment of both plays.

For it was a new world that Will Irwin opened to me—the world of the itinerant harvest hands who move northward with the harvest, following the ripening wheat from Kansas to Manitoba, earnestly implored when they are needed, hounded and jailed when their work is over, preyed upon alike by constables and thugs, and in winter reduced to the cold hospitality of the ten-cent rooming house and the park.

To return for a moment to that dim academic life which we lived together, you will probably remember that Matthew Arnold in one essay develops the stimulating theory that poetry is to be judged by certain master lines—the verse under examination need not in the least resemble these, but it should possess something of their surge and power, something of their grandeur and beauty. In the same way, there are certain touchstones by which the life about us may be, if not tested, at least understood. If you want Pat to understand the America to which he has been born and in which he will live, there are half a dozen or more books which I should advise you to put into his hands. Give him, by all means, "Huckleberry Finn" if he is to understand the lower Mississippi Valley; railroads have largely supplanted steamboats, but Natchez and Yazoo City remain. Give him "My Antonia" and, better than many an instructor in economics, he will comprehend the conquest of the prairies. Let him go to "Tono-Bungay" for a picture of the era of commercial expansion which, in this country as in England, preceded the World War. If he reads "Babbitt" he will be able to penetrate the fog of mummery and humbug in which business hides itself to-day. And, if you would have him understand the soul of the migratory worker, his philosophy and the conditions which render this philosophy inevitable, do not fail to give him Will Irwin's article.

As I have indicated, this paper has been my own touch-

stone. I remember reading—was it in *Harper's Weekly* under Hapgood's editorship or in the *Masses*?—an electric article by a well-known writer on a strike of California hop workers—a strike which ended in a riot begun by the employing interests, but for which two itinerant laborers were sentenced to imprisonment for life. The article needed no commentary, but in the hinterland of my brain, as I read it, was the Irwin paper to intensify and heighten my interest. This is an aside; it has no place here, but it seems worth recalling that the writer of that article later became Mrs. Irwin.

Of course, I am well aware that Mr. Irwin possesses no monopoly upon the migratory laborer and that other writers have attacked the same subject. But I was held not alone by the clarity of his presentation and the rich human sympathy he exhibited, but also by his remarkably vivid and vigorous style—strong, quick strokes, deft and certain shading which etched the picture unforgettably in my mind. It seemed to me at that time (as it does now) precisely what a magazine article should be—and only too seldom achieves. Though I did not know it then, Mr. Irwin's ability to draw a sharp, compelling picture with a minimum of verbiage had already been proved by one remarkable feat. The scene is the *Sun* office in the days before—ah, my dear Alfred, before a great many things, but especially before shameless and blatant mediocrity aspired to rise to power over the corpses of great journals. It is the *Sun* office, and through scanty bulletins and hasty, jumbled dispatches the news of the great San Francisco disaster is streaming in. Printed in this form, the items would be almost as disconnected as a cross-word puzzle; often they are contradictory, occasionally confused, even incoherent. Each succeeding bulletin gives the lie, in part, to those which preceded it. What is to be done?

In the shop is a reporter who but a few years before was



STEPHEN HUDSON  
*Caricature by Max Beerbohm*



Kahlil Gibran  
1925

ALFRED A. KNOFF  
*Drawing by Kahlil Gibran*

working in San Francisco. Perhaps he can interpret these helter-skelter dispatches. He not only can but does, employing both his knowledge of San Francisco and his own intelligence and imagination to re-create the scene in a story that was to prove one of the magnificent epics of newspaperdom—a story as different from the *mélange* of contradictory bulletins, last-minute dispatches, A.P. reports, and special stories which cluttered rival first pages as the “Iliad” is from an official *communiqué*.

In short, my dear sir, as perhaps you have begun to suspect, I am trying to hint that this Irwin is really a brilliant person. And, having said this, I must add that none of his books which I have read—and I have read more than a few—has quite satisfied me. They have been extremely good, but I feel that there is an unborn something within him surpassing excellence. For my own part, I should like to see him employ in a novel of the West the same knowledge of human nature and human beings, the same deep sympathy, and the same skill—but with him the skill is always present—that he exhibited in the articles which made such a profound impression upon me. I do not think that I should be alone in enjoying such a work. In fact—though here I may be mistaken—I cannot believe that there is anyone to whom it would afford more satisfaction than to Mr. Irwin himself.

JIM.

# M R. H E N R Y L. M E N C K E N

*by*

J O S E P H H E R G E S H E I M E R



T was so long ago I met Mr. Mencken that the details of our preliminary encounter have faded from my mind: I don't remember where it was or what we said. Like all such moments it was, I imagine, a rather uncomfortable occasion where everything that was important went on under the surface of a polite and largely meaningless talk. I think it was before that he had reviewed my first book, a romance called "The Lay Anthony." What he wrote about it I read with a not inconsiderable doubt:

"... This young man bears the name of Tony Ball, and his nightly resort is Doc Allhop's drug store. There, amid the Don Giovannis and Henry VIII's, the Casanovas and Leopold II's, the Benvenuto Cellinis and Albert Edwards of Ellerton, there in that proud company of giants of amour, he poses as the peer of the best. No rival leaper through No. 7 can match him ——"

This was unquestionably amusing, but at that age, in connection with that serious book, I wasn't wholly—not then—the person to fully appreciate it. I thought, such was my innocent hope, Mr. Mencken was writing about "The Lay Anthony"; I believed that, together with all critics, he existed solely to bring my romance before the wide public which had

been waiting for precisely it. The truth about our situation, of course, was the exact reverse: my novels existed to bring the critics, their personal opinions and powers, before the part of the world that together we commanded. To borrow his own term, Mr. Mencken was largely concerned with giving a good show.

He gave it, naturally; and as his descriptive phrases passed and repassed through my mind—it was no slight thing to have had him notice “The Lay Anthony” in more than one column—a slight chill fell over my beginning creative warmth. I was, I dimly realized, facing a long difficult struggle. But not, as it turned out, with Mr. Mencken; commencing at that lost occasion we came to know each other very well indeed. The immensely important trivial sides of our characters suited each other; we had very much the same traits of what I should like to call civilized inclination. He was infinitely the more intelligent, his intellectual curiosity was inexhaustible; but, together, we ignored both his scientific preoccupations and my books. As time grew longer his papers on what I wrote grew, really, shorter; for, I am certain, he wasn’t inclined to set before us, and the public, all that he thought about whatever I wrote. If the necessity came he would be as cold, as accurate, as his engagement with himself demanded; but until then he was content not to disturb the exceedingly pleasant glow that had gathered about our not frequent shared hours.

He had, with me, a nice appreciation of my not invariably reasonable view of what I did; he recognized that, quite aside from its absolute justification, such a vanity had its place in keeping me alive: it had alone kept me living for perhaps twenty years. Well, we talked, frankly, nonsense and laughed immoderately. After he had gone I often wondered what it was we had laughed at. He had a very vigorous laugh, deep

in the stomach; a rare and revealing characteristic. Nothing better indicated the weakness of present men than their feeble laughter.

Yes, we would hammer our knees or the table or each other, fill the room with an unrestrained clamor and drink from glasses conveniently at hand. In addition to his understanding of Beethoven and fine wines he was one of the few men left who appreciated cigars. The fact was that, like certain politicians of a past type, he had a face admirably designed for a cigar; his mouth, his chin, his blue embattled eye, were perfectly in harmony with cigars. Cigarettes, on that countenance, seemed foolish. I never remember having seen him with a pipe.

If, however, he was reticent at times about my books he was as free as possible where my habits and entertainments were concerned. He never pronounced the word golf without regarding me with a positively insane glee; and for a whole year I hid from him the fact that I played, and liked, mah-jong. To Henry golf and mah-jong and idiocy were slightly different forms of one word, of one state. He would invent amazing and intricate profanities and sentences to indicate just a shade of his profound amazement at the general futility of my conduct. Fixing on me his celebrated gaze, he would be at a loss to express the shock I inflicted on him. And then his letters:

They began, usually, with a reference to God and his infirmities. If the latter spared him, he'd continue, he would arrive at Wilmington by the Pennsylvania Railroad—. These letters, after a brief experience, gave my secretary great concern; she would read them with an air of careful detachment, prepared to regard any sudden part of them as though they had been written in Chinese. He could be, to-day, as outrageous as a Restoration comedy.

The further truth about him was that, as often, he was





BLANCHE W. KNOFF

*From a caricature by Covarrubias*

entirely formal. His public manner was always that; with very attractive women it became engagingly diffident. He had, then, the air of a boy with a freshly scrubbed red face and carefully brushed but stubborn hair. His appearance a little resembled a boy speaking on a school platform. What might, conventionally, be referred to as his better self he was very severe with, he suppressed it and apologized for it; he regarded it with a patent amazement; as though it were an undesirable quality fastened on him in a moment of weakness.

He concealed rigorously the details of a domestic, a filial, unmarried existence; he hid the fact that, personally, he was not less sensitive than an anemone; and, while it was the essence of his show to largely mock the public, the connection between his loud derision and what, quietly, he thought, I happened to know, was not always marked. He had, naturally, a fundamental belief in what he asserted, but the extravagant vigor of the form was simply humor. His fooling was so elaborate, the subjects he chose for it—in a democracy—so solemn, that it was his fate to be regarded as a menace to society and to America. There a natural perversity was at fault, since society, in its most rigorous aspect, he liked—belonging, with me, to the past—and, totally unlike the young American novelists and critics of to-day, he had no impulse to leave his country, for long or short periods, for Europe. Driven remorselessly by his mistress, Humor, and by a pure love of contentiousness, he continually wrote paragraphs about the United States that, published by me as statements of his serious convictions, would have instantly ended all our contacts.

No one, I am convinced, had ever given the world and himself a more incorrect impression of the actual individual involved. To do this he'd go to the most inconceivable and maddening lengths; he had made an art of how to be misapprehended; he prepared for people who might dislike him

an amazing apparent justification for their worst opinion; and which was nothing more than the necessity of an excessively sensitive man, an anemone, to discover protection. A great deal of this energy, as I have intimated, was directed at himself: Henry, he'd say, you are hard; you are superior to patriotism and love, especially to love, a ridiculous mechanical impulse by which nature betrays the superiority and freedom of men; love is an absurdity, and marriage—

It was his belief that there was no phase of marriage he wasn't familiar with; but there, actually, his understanding, his realism, failed; like practically all unmarried men older than forty he was an idealist about women. Henry tried to evade this by continually referring to the practical, the unromantic, aspects of women; he had written a book about their brutal practices on men; but every third line betrayed his incurable hopefulness, the charm of his private dream of hair more golden than gold, eyes a deeper blue than the tropical sea. If nothing else, his intense masculinity made this inevitable. Yet, in spite of the fact that—and not without a certain detachment of my own—I had been married nearly seventeen years, out of his appealing innocence he was always explaining to me the fallacies and rewards of marriage.

# LOVER FINDS SOMETHING OUT

*by*

RICHARD HUGHES

As one may stand upon a river's bank  
Lustered with daisies and forget-me-not  
And in a pool as clear as any tank  
Behold the naked fish, with purple shot,  
Coral of fin, and back as blue as lead,  
Dart here and there as though they were afraid,  
Or hang above the golden gravel-bed  
In rings of lovely light to view displayed:  
And then anon at ruffling of the wind  
The pool grows milky as a breathed glass,  
And nothing is to see, where all that was,  
But rippled water by the breezes dimmed:  
So have I often stood, as by a brim,  
In girls' clear minds to watch the fishes swim,  
Which bubble to their eyes, or dive into places  
Deep, yet visible still through crystal faces:  
Then—whether by mere airy blowing,  
Or, as Bethesda's pool, some winged one's unseen going,  
Clouded is all the vision, naught to see  
But ripples and ruffles and timidity.

Ah, sad young man, this moral here you find:  
Touch not her heart, if you would know her mind.

# MARY BORDEN

by

STORM JAMESON

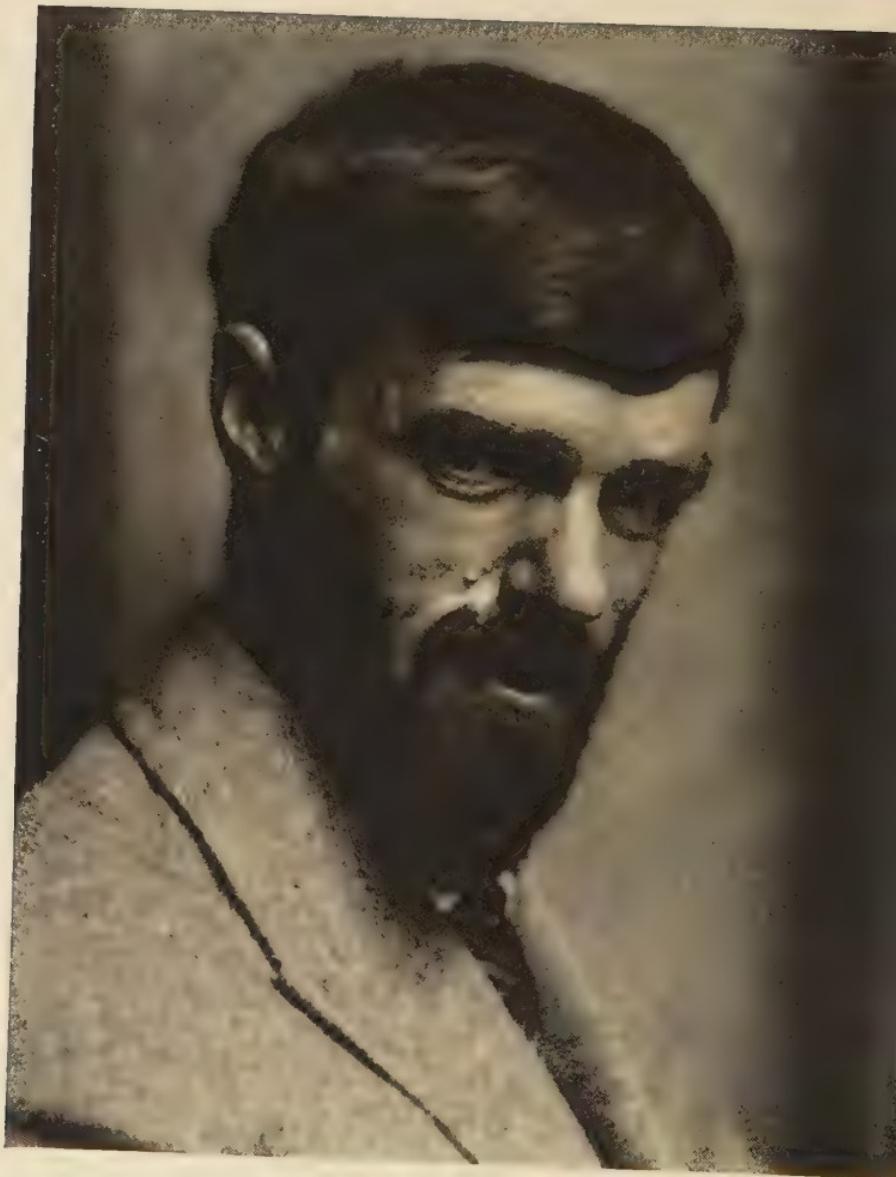


MARY BORDEN is one of the most disquieting of modern novelists—having in an extravagant degree the contrasting qualities of primitive emotion and mental subtlety. She is barbaric and rawly vital under a guise of exquisite sophistication of phrase and manner. She assaults our emotions, but not directly: the assault is conducted through the intellect, thus doubling the force of the shock and making an impression infinitely vivid and inescapable. She is cosmopolitan and intimate, at home in three worlds and an alien by virtue of her genius in all three, a dreamer, too clear-sighted for comfort, passionate and urbane, savage and *merveilleuse*.

There is an eastern story of a certain celestial spirit who, for a fault committed in search of forbidden knowledge, was debarred from Paradise and condemned to assume the indignity of female form, and thereafter became famed like Scheherazade as a superb liar and teller of tales. Her stories, which were very lovely and bitter beyond tears, were all woven round one character, who was no better than a fallen angel, though she never said so. There is a fallen angel in every one of Mary Borden's books, an intelligence at once celestial and



STORM JAMESON



D. H. LAWRENCE  
*Photograph by Nickolas Muray*

depraved. That emphasizes their curious duality. She will relate an episode, cutting down to the nerve, exposing the whole marvelous network of human motive and emotional reaction, until the reader shrinks from its terrible honesty and the completeness of the exposure. And then she will turn round and say: "You thought that was all? My poor dear, there are better things than that." She is a Puritan *manquée*, lacerated by the beauty of the world and the senses, driven by her genius, and in fear for her soul.

Reading her books is an odd experience for an Englishman. At one moment she is flattering our colossal and pathetically unconscious vanity, and at another uses us unmercifully, with a detached irony that rips clean through our national egoism. We are inclined to say—among ourselves: "Of course we are the salt of the earth, but we don't talk much about it." Mary Borden says: "You may be the salt of the earth—I rather think you are—but, my God, how incredibly crassly stupid you are, how spiritually arrogant and spiritually barren, how hard and brutal and insensitive." Which leaves us wondering ruefully where exactly we do stand and what sort of a figure we actually cut in her eyes. It is rather a thing to wonder at that we have rushed in our thousands to accept this disconcerting observer, but after all we have unlimited appetite for thrashings, finding it difficult to believe that anyone is having the impudence really to assault us. And then—in "Jane—Our Stranger," the first of her books to make a success in England—the thrashing is very suitably reserved for a Frenchman. This tricked us into going back and reading the earlier-written "Romantic Woman," and, too deeply committed now to withdraw, we had to swallow the proconsular Englishman there cast in our dish (as Philemon Holland—an Englishman—has it), possibly in the process discerning vaguely why we came to achieve and still to keep, however arduously, an

Empire, and why we are the best disliked—while imagining ourselves to be loved and admired—and the least understood of all nations.

I may be wrong. It may be that almost the whole of her multitude of readers missed the quite savage irony of her admiration of our English virtues. They may have taken the books to be only what they so brilliantly seem to be—and what an “only” that is, overtopping the work of all but the very few best novelists of our time by as much as you please—as tales, superbly dramatic in their clash of character and circumstance, vivid and disturbing in their manner of telling and unforgettable in their emotional intensity. Impossible to say.

I have been trying to recall what memory of “The Romantic Woman” remained most vividly in my mind from my first reading of it on Michael Sadleir’s recommendation in 1917. I am pretty sure that it was one or possibly two scenes—the first the unsurpassable dinner party at Saracens that opens and closes the book. It impressed itself on my mind like some extraordinary and fascinating Cubist drawing. The lights and shadows are all of an intensity that without making the picture melodramatic, do push it to a degree of dramatic tension that is almost unbearable. The persons of the drama resemble at one moment the terrifying puppets of “Petrouchka,” at once below the level of everyday humanity and manifestly greater than it. The whole scene, with its agonizing sense of doom and its frightful clarity, is stabbed into my memory as very few scenes in modern literature are. Beside it from the same book, though pitched in a lower key, I will put the child scenes in Iroquois, with their atmosphere of hectic excitement and superb amazing vitality.

But coming back to the book after seven years, I found that the separate scenes, for all their undimmed brilliance,

fall into the second place, and what impresses most and remains longest in the mind is not any one of them. It is the people who make them, and who exist for us with a vitality and intimacy that flesh and blood acquaintances often have not.

It is the same with "Jane—Our Stranger." First reading collects certain scenes—as the one told by Philibert himself of Jane standing like a crucified creature while he explains to her that he plotted with her mother to marry her, giving his title in exchange for her money—so commonplace a situation it sounds, and in the book how heightened and dignified to tragedy. But on second reading the scenes fall into place in the careful subtle story of the Faubourg St. Germain and the foredoomed struggle of the young American girl with its implacable tradition and relentless age-old solidarity. An amazing piece of work, of which only the second reading reveals the exquisite gradations of tone. On first reading, the tale so takes the interest to itself that the beauty of the telling is taken for granted.

There are so few modern masters of shapely vivid prose that one comes back again and again with an ever-growing sense of gratitude to read page after page of any book of Mary Borden for sheer pleasure in the writing. It is admirable—having shape, color, and fitness. She is indeed incomparably generous to us. Consider what she gives: pictures of American, English, and Parisian worlds, sharp, distinct, not to be forgotten; certain portraits—Jane Carpenter of the ugly face and the beautiful body, awkward splendid vital Jane, Marion in "Three Pilgrims and a Tinker," strange seductive creature, capable in a rare degree of love, quick to forget, troubling, disquieting, childlike and fastidiously sensual, the Romantic Woman herself, and at least one man, Jim Dawnay of the last-named book, able to stand with them among the notable creations of modern fiction; and in the Pilgrims three—four,

counting the Tinker—of the most adorable children in any fiction. Add to all this that Mary Borden is first and last a story-teller, as well as an incomparable artist.

I daresay that ultimately what counts most is the story-telling gift, without which all the art in the world is—so far as novels are concerned—tinkling brass. It is perhaps this gift, so ancient and still so rare and god-given, that accounts for her popular success. Probably even the literary critics, expressing with real thankfulness their perception of her art, were first beguiled by it. It beguiles me. I do not forget her tales. I do not forget her people. And I hope I shall never be so lacking in manners as to forget the care, the serene exquisite sensitive care she takes to clothe tales and people in a beauty and vigor of phrase always rare, and in these scambling days, too fatally so.

# G E O F F R E Y D E N N I S

*by*

L L E W E L L Y N J O N E S

OUR years ago a first novel was published called "Mary Lee." The name of the author was Geoffrey Dennis. The story was of the early years of a girl's life, told in the first person, and it was so well told that readers thought Geoffrey Dennis was the pseudonym of a new woman writer until they were told that it was the real name of a young Englishman who wrote the book while on active service as an officer in the British army during the Great War.

Mr. Dennis is a Devonshire man with seafaring and royal blood in his veins, and his own intellectual life was begun in a Manchester "Board School"—corresponding to our public school. He managed to get through Oxford from that bottom rung of the educational ladder—which is saying a great deal more than the American reader may think who is acquainted with the comparative ease with which in America a boy may work his way through school and college. And, to end the biographical part of this notice at once, he is now head of the Interpreters' and Translators' Bureau of the League of Nations at Geneva.

Not that any of that will matter so much to the readers

of his two books—"Mary Lee" aforementioned and "Harvest in Poland," his second novel, published only this year. For whereas such a career would almost explain—and perhaps almost fill—the first two novels of the usual writer, especially the typical young realist of the present day, it has given little but an occasional piece of setting to the work of Geoffrey Dennis. Although I do not know other than the facts just recorded, I imagine that Mr. Dennis—like the heroine of his first book and the hero of his second—was brought up in the faith of the Plymouth Brethren, for he certainly knows that sect inside and out. That goes much farther in explaining his books. But only so far, at that, for Mr. Dennis is almost alone among English authors to-day in his freedom from auto-biographical and notebook aid. He is richly creative in the manner of the older novelists. He has an extraordinary power of invention and profound psychological insight: already in these two books we have a remarkable gallery of characters, depicted not from the present-day popular point of view of the social psychologist: from which a man is a Babbitt or a high-brow and a woman is old-fashioned or modern or a flapper, but from that older and profounder point of view from which every individual is a private soul, more responsible to God than to man, keeping its own counsel, being unfathomable by any rationalistic plummet-line.

Such souls embodied in nineteenth-century men and women, looking out upon an alien and changing world, strike the onlooker as pathetic and grotesque; and there is rich grotesquerie in Mr. Dennis's first book: but it is the grotesquerie of life itself: no mere artist's trick of caricature. Mary Lee, as we watch her grow up, gradually frees herself from a dark atmosphere of mingled sectarian bigotry and real mystical experience, in which it seems as if God himself had been captured by the narrow souls of the Plymouth Brethren and

forced to manifest himself in some atavistic and tribal form. For throughout this book we have the feeling that a God is manifesting himself: he is as much a part of Mary's great-aunt Jael as he is of her grandmother, and Mary indubitably feels his presence when she is baptized.

All of which comment is doing Mr. Dennis an injustice because it sounds as though he had written a textbook of religious experiences instead of a novel. While really he has written a very exciting novel with plenty of incident and even melodrama. Its theme is Mary Lee's escape from the dark and grotesque world—though a world illuminated by occasional lightnings from some hidden Sinai—into the light and spaciousness of the real world in which men and women meet and love. The English peer whom her mother had taught when he was a boy finds Mary when she is still in her world of darkness. He pays for her education and gets her a position as governess in a French family. Here her lessons in worldliness are pointed by her meeting Louis Napoleon and Eugénie and then following, though this is after she had returned to England, the downfall of the Second Empire. Mary is, perhaps by nature and certainly by a training, more rigid than we can even imagine to-day, introspective and a mystic. She can only take in her new world by giving over to it a part of herself that really becomes a secondary personality. The *dénouement* of the story is the drama of the merging of those two personalities in one—a fusion in the fires of love.

A book, you will see, that, although it does full justice to a little-understood aspect of the religious experience, is after all a realistic novel—in the best sense of the term, that is. But when we come to "Harvest in Poland" we can no longer talk about realism. Here, for the lover of the supernatural, of signs and wonders, of spiritistic séances, is a God's plenty—and also a devil's plenty. The narrator is a young Oxford

undergraduate who is warned, during two mediumistic séances, that he will undertake a perilous journey in a certain direction—given him very definitely in terms of the compass. He will be given, if he take it, the opportunity to save the immortal soul of an unknown youth—but at the extreme peril of his own. Emmanuel Lee—also a Plymouth Brother by upbringing—is peculiarly susceptible to spiritual visitations, both of good and evil. He is not so much by belief as by direct feeling a Manichæan—that is to say, he holds that there is an evil principle as well as a good principle in the universe, one as powerful as the other, and that man is simply their living battle-ground—at once their battle-ground, their soldier, and the spoils of one or the other.

Returning to Oxford soon after these prognostications, he meets a Polish prince, Julian Lelewel, who wishes a companion who will return to Poland with him and help to perfect his English. But the qualifications for this task seem quite arbitrary—and Emmanuel possesses them. The two start. There is an interlude while they visit Paris—and as a result of that visit the reader is given such a picture of fashionable and—one hates to say obscene but might if it were taken in the significance of occult or hidden—obscene, then, in that sense—Paris life as he has seldom if ever been given before. Here is no American tourists' Paris but something real and glittering and sinister. Then, after an extraordinary journey in a Rolls-Royce they arrive at the ancestral home of Prince Lelewel and the reader meets one of the strangest families imaginable: the old grandmother, a fanatical Polish patriot but also religious; Julian's mother, trying to exact from him an impossible love; her daughter, fanatically religious, plotting with the aid of the dwarf Zwan, a sort of minor and sincere Rasputin, to get the family fortune for the church when the grandmother shall die. And then there is the perverted

and foppish cousin, who always adds fuel to the fires of discord in "Hate Castle."

Perhaps the author's sheer realistic genius in portraying family life of the quarrelsome type is nowhere better shown than in the evening meal—Emmanuel's first with the family, when a violent quarrel is engendered by a remark about the temperature: in Russian Poland the Reaumer scale is used. Emmanuel Lee says something about the temperature in England and uses Fahrenheit numbers. He is questioned about it, and the Prince mentions the Centigrade system. Someone attempts to give the formula by which readings on one scale may be translated into readings on either of the others. Another member of the family disagrees. And argumentative pandemonium breaks loose. That the issue is not arguable but one of mere fact is, of course, the very reason for the more than acrid, for the flamingly passionate, nature of the quarrel that ensues.

Whoever knows human nature will enjoy to the full this depiction of family discord—comparable to nothing since Couperus' "Small Souls" was published. But perhaps the same reader will object—in advance, he certainly will not after reading the book—to the author's supernaturalism. However, Mr. Dennis is a shrewd as well as an exceedingly clever man—and nowhere does he put himself on record as believing in the objective validity of all that Emmanuel Lee sees or feels. Whether the reader is tough or tender-minded, whether he believes in ghosts and the devil or not, he must admit that many people have sweat actual physical sweat wrestling with whom they took to be the adversary of mankind. And they know that many people have seen—well, something very frightening. And whether Emmanuel Lee's fight was with the devil or with a self-conjured spirit, it is a real, a terrifying fight. There are people who still live in a medieval atmosphere

in which spirits play active and malignant rôles—and Emmanuel Lee is one of these people. The very language in which he speaks of his visitations and warnings is the language of a man to whom they may be terrifying but to whom also they are more a matter of course than is the ordinary world to most of us. The attainment of this attitude in his hero is one of Mr. Dennis's greatest triumphs in this book. And apart from his absolute mastery of that realm of living where the spirit is more real than the flesh—both in this book and in “Mary Lee”—Mr. Dennis has the mastery of that most difficult thing in novel-writing: the family group. His two sisters and their household; the French family of the Countess de Florian, and this strange Polish family, are masterpieces in that genre: every individual clearly limned and the subterranean antagonisms, strains, loves, all shown exerting their grotesque and tragic pulls and warpings.

And Mr. Dennis is still young enough so that for years to come we may expect to be as charmed and mystified as we are by these two volumes, and to ask after each, “What next?” —a question which, judging from “Mary Lee” and “Harvest in Poland,” we shall never be able to answer in advance.

# ACCUMULATED MAIL

by

D. H. LAWRENCE

If there is one thing I don't look forward to it's my mail.

"Look out! Look out! Look out!  
Look out! The postman comes!  
His double knocking makes us start,  
It rouses echoes in the heart,  
It wakens expectation, and hope and agitation, etc., etc."

So we used to sing, in school.

Now, the postman is no knocker. He pitches the mail bag into a box on a tree, and kicks his horse forward.

And when one has been away, and a heap of letters and printed stuff slithers out under one's eyes, there is neither hope nor expectation in the heart, but only repulsion, as if it were something nauseous one had to eat.

Business letters—all rather dreary. Bank letters, with the nasty green used-up checks, and a dwindling small balance. Family letters: *we are so disappointed you are not coming to England. We wanted you to see the baby, he is so bonny: the new house, it is awfully nice: the show of daffodils and crocuses down the garden*—Friends' letters: *The winter has been very trying. And then the unknown correspondents. They are the worst.—If you saw my little blue-eyed darling, you could not refuse her*

*anything—not even an autograph.—The high-school students somewhere in Massachusetts or in Maryland are in the habit of choosing by name some unknown man, whom they accept as a sort of guide. A group has chosen me—will I send them a letter of encouragement or of help in the battle of life?—Well, I would willingly, but what on earth am I to say to them?—My dear young People: I daren't advise you to do as I do, for it's no fun, writing unpopular books. And I won't advise you, for your own sakes, to do as I say. For in details I'm sure I'm wrong. My dear young people, perhaps I need your encouragement more than you need mine.*—Well, that's no message!

Then there's the letter signed "A Mother"—from Lenton, Nottingham: telling me she has been reading "Sons and Lovers," and is there not misery enough in Nottingham (my home town) without my indicating where vice can be found, and (to cut short) how it can be practised? She saw a young woman reading "Sons and Lovers," but was successful in preventing her from finishing the book. And the book was so well written, it was a pity the author could not have kept it clean. "As it is, although so interesting, it cannot be mentioned in polite society." Signed "A Mother." (Let us hope the young woman who was saved from finishing "Sons and Lovers" may also be saved from becoming, in her turn, *A Mother!*)

Then the letter from some gentleman in New York beginning: *I am afraid you may consider this letter an impertinence.*—If he was afraid, then what colossal impertinence to carry on to two sheets, and then post his impudence to me. The substance was: *I should like to know, in the controversy between you and Norman Douglas (I didn't know myself that there was a controversy), how it was the Magnus manuscript came into your hands, and you came to publish it, when clearly it was left to Douglas? In this case, why should you be making a lot of money out of another man's work?*—Of course, *I know it is your Intro-*

duction which sells the book. Magnus' manuscript is trash, and not worth reading. Still, for the satisfaction of myself and many of my readers, I wish you could make it clear how you come to be profiting by a work that is not your own.

Apparently this gentleman's sense of his own impertinence only drove him deeper in. He has obviously read neither Magnus' work nor my Introduction—else he would plainly have seen that this MS. was detained by Magnus' creditors, at his death, and handed by them to me, in the poor hope of recovering some of the money lost with that little adventurer.—Moreover, if I wrote the only part of the book that is worth reading (*I don't say so*)—the only part for which people buy the book (*they're not my words*)—then it is my work they buy! This out of my genteel correspondent's own mouth—because *I do not* consider Magnus' work trash. Finally, if I get half proceeds for a book of which practically half was written by me and the other half sells on my account, who in heaven's name is going to be impertinent to me? Nobody, without a kick in the pants.—As for Douglas, if he could have paid the dead man's debts, he might have "executed" the dead man's literary works to his heart's content. Why doesn't he do something with the rest of the remains? Was this poor Foreign Legion MS. the only egg in the nest?—Anyhow, let us hope that those particular debts for which this MS. was detained, will now be paid. And R.I.P. Anyhow I shan't be a rich man on the half profits.

But this is not all my precious mail.—From a London editor and friend (*soi-disant*): *Perhaps you would understand other people better if you did not think that you were always right.* How one learns things about oneself!—Or is it really about the other person? I always find that my critics, pretending to criticize me, are analyzing themselves. My own private opinion is that I have been, as far as people go, almost every time

wrong! Anyhow, my desire to "understand other people better" is turning to dread of finding out any more about them. This "friend" goes on to say, will I ask my literary agent to let him have some articles of mine at a considerably cheaper figure than the agent puts on them?

It is not done yet. There is Mr. Muir's article about me in the *Nation*. Never did I feel so baffled, confronting myself in my worst moments, as I feel when I read this "elucidation" of myself. I hope it isn't my fault that Mr. Muir plays such havoc between two stools. I think I read that he is a young man, and younger critic. It seems a pity he hasn't "A Mother" to take the books from him before he can do himself any more harm. Truly, I don't want him to read them. "There remain his gifts, splendid in their imperfection"—this is Mr. Muir about me—"thrown recklessly into a dozen books, fulfilling themselves in none. His chief title to greatness is that he has brought a new mode of seeing into literature, a new beauty which is also one of the oldest things in the world. It is the beauty of the ancient instinctive life which civilized man has almost forgotten. Mr. Lawrence has picked up a thread of life left behind by mankind; and at some time it will be woven in with the others, making human life more complete, as all art tends to. . . . Life has come to him fresh from the minting at a time when it seemed to everyone soiled and banal. . . . He has many faults, and many of these are wilful. He has not fulfilled the promise shown in 'Sons and Lovers' and 'The Rainbow.' He has not submitted himself to any discipline." "The will (in Mr. Lawrence's characters) is not merely weak and inarticulate, it is in abeyance; it does not come into action. To this tremendous extent the tragedy in Mr. Lawrence's novels fails in significance." "We remember the scenes in his novels; we forget the names of his men and women. We should not know any of them if we met them in the street, as we

should know Anna Karenina, or Crevel, or Soames Forsyte  
—” (Who is Crevel?)

Now listen, you, Mr. Muir, and my dear readers. You read me for your own sakes, not for mine. You do me no favor by reading me. I am not indebted to you in the least if you spend two dollars on a book. You do it entirely for your own delectation. Spend the dollars on chewing gum, it keeps the mouth busy and doesn't fly to the brain. I shall live just as blithely, unbought and unsold. When you buy chewing gum, do you feel you acquire divine rights over the mind and soul of Mr. Wrigley? If you do, it's like your impudence. Therefore get it out of your heads that you are throned aloft like the gods, called upon to utter divine judgment. Your lofty seats, after all, are more like tall baby-chairs than thrones of the gods of judgment.—But here goes, for an answer.

1. I have lunched with Mr. Banality, and I'm sure I should know him if I met him in the street.—Is that my fault, or his?—Alas that I recognize people in the street, by their noses or their bonnets! I don't care about their noses, bonnets, or beauty. Does nothing exist beyond that which is recognizable in the street?—How does my cat recognize me in the dark?—Ugh, thank God there are more and other sorts of vision than the kodak sort which Mr. Muir esteems above all others.
2. “The will is not merely weak and inarticulate, it is in abeyance.”—Ah, my dear Mr. Muir, the will of the modern young gentleman may not be in your opinion weak and inarticulate, but certainly it is as mechanical as a Ford car engine. To this extent is the tragedy of modern young men insignificant. Oh, you little gods in the machine, stop the engine for a bit, do!
3. “He has not submitted himself to discipline.”—Try, Mr. Muir *et al.*, putting your little iron will into abey-

ance for one hour daily, and see if it doesn't need a harder discipline than this doing of your "daily dozen," and all your other mechanical repetitions. Believe me, to-day, the little god in a Ford machine cannot get at the thing worth having, not even with the most praiseworthy little engine of a will.

4. "He has not fulfilled the promise of 'Sons and Lovers' and 'The Rainbow.'"—Just after "The Rainbow" was published, the most eminent figure in English letters told me to my nose that this work was a failure. Now, after ten years Mr. Muir finds it "promising." Go ahead, O Youth. But whatever promise you read into "The Rainbow," remember it's like the little boy who "promised" his mother to be good if she'd "promise" to take him to the pantomime. I promise nothing, inside or out of "The Rainbow."
5. "Life has come to him fresh from the minting, at a time when it seemed to everyone stale and banal."—Come! Come! Mr. Muir! With all that "spirit" of yours, and all that "intellect," and all that "will," and all that "discipline," do you dare to confess that (*I suppose you lump yourself in among everyone*) life seemed to you stale and banal?—If so, something must be badly wrong with you and your psychic equipment, and Mr. Lawrence wouldn't be in your shoes for all the money and the "cleverness" in the world.
6. "Mr. Lawrence has picked up a thread of life left behind by mankind."—Darn your socks with it, Mr. Muir?
7. "It is the beauty of the ancient instinctive life which civilized man has almost forgotten."—He may have forgotten it, but he can put a label on it and price it at a figure and let it go cheap, in one and a half minutes. Ah, my dear Mr. Muir, when do you consider "ancient" life

ended, and "civilized" life began? And which is stale and banal? Wherein does staleness lie, Mr. Muir? As for "ancient life," it may be ancient to you, but it is still alive and kicking in some people. And "ancient life" is far more deeply conscious than you can even imagine. And its discipline goes into regions where you have no existence.

8. "His chief title to greatness is that he has brought a new mode of seeing into literature, a new beauty, etc., etc." —Easy, of course, as retrimming an old hat. Michael Arlen does it better! Looks more modish, the old hat.—But shouldn't it be a new mode of "feeling" or "knowing," rather than of "seeing"? Since none of my characters would be recognizable in the street?
9. "There remain his gifts, splendid in their imperfection." —Ugh, Mr. Muir, think how horrible for us all, if I were perfect! Or even if I had "perfect" gifts!—Isn't splendor enough for you, Mr. Muir? Or do you find the peacock more "perfect" when he is moulting, and has lost his tail, and therefore isn't so exaggerated, but is more "down to normal"?—For "perfection" is only one of the attributes of "the normal" and "the average," in modern thought.

Well, I don't want to be just or to be kind. There is a further justice and a greater kindness than this niggling tolerance business, and suffering fools gladly. Fools bore me—but I don't mean Mr. Muir. He is a phoenix, compared to most. I often wonder what it is that the rainbow—I mean the natural phenomenon—stands for in my own consciousness! I don't know all it means to me.—Is this lack of intellectual capacity on my part? Or is it because the rainbow is somehow not quite "normal," and therefore not quite fit for intellectual appreciation? Of course white light passing through prisms of fall-

ing raindrops makes a rainbow. Let us therefore sell it by the yard.

For me, give me a little splendor, and I'll leave perfection to the small fry.

"But oh, my other anonymous little critic, what shall I say to thee? *Mr. Lawrence's horses are all mares or stallions.*

*Honi soit qui mal y pense*, my dear. Though I'm sure the critic is a gentleman (I daren't say *man*) and not a lady.

*Little critics' horses [sic] are all geldings.*

Another little critic: "Mr. Lawrence's introspective intelligence is too feeble to balance this melodramatic fancy in activities which cater for a free play of mind."

Retort simple: Mr. Lawrence's intelligence would prevent his writing such a sentence down, and sending it to print.—What can those activities be which "cater for a free play of mind" (whatever that may mean) and at the same time have "introspective intelligence" (what quite is this?) balancing "melodramatic fancy" (what is this either?) within them?

Same critic, finishing the same sentence: "and so, since criticism begins at home, his (Mr. Lawrence's) latter-day garment of philosopher and preacher is shot through with the vulgarity of aggressive self-ignorance."

Retort simple: If criticism begins at home, then the professional, and still more so the amateur critic (I suspect this gentleman to be the latter) is never by any chance at home. He is always out sponging on some author. As for a "latter-day garment of philosopher and preacher" (I never before knew a philosopher and a preacher transmogrified into a garment) being "shot through with the vulgarity of aggressive self-ignorance," was it grapeshot, or duck-shot, or just shot-silk effect?

Alas, this young critic is "shot through" with ignorance even more extensive than that of self. Or perhaps it is only

his garment of critic and smart little fellow which is so shot through, *percé* or *miroité*, according to fancy—"melodramatic fancy" balanced by "introspective intelligence" "in activities which cater for a free play of mind."

"We Cater to the Radical Trade," says Jimmie Higgins' advertisement.

Another friend and critic: "Lawrence is an artist, but his intellect is not up to his art."

You might as well say: Mr. Lawrence rides a horse, but he doesn't wear his stirrups round his neck. And the accusation is just. Because he hopes to heaven he is riding a horse that is alive of itself, not a wooden hobbyhorse suitable for the nursery.—And he does his best to keep his feet in the stirrups, and to leave his intellect under his hat, when he is riding his naughty steed. No, my dears! I guess, as an instrument, my intellect is as good as yours. But instead of sitting in my own wheelbarrow (the intellect is a sort of wheelbarrow about the place) and whipping it ecstatically over the head, I just wheel out what dump I've got, and forget the old barrow again, till next time.

And now, thank God, I can throw all my mail, letters, used checks, pamphlets, periodicals, clippings from the "press," Ave Marias, Pater-nosters, and bunk, into the fire.—When I get a particularly smelly bit of sentiment, I always burn it slowly, invoking the Lord thus: "Lord! *Herrgott!* *nimm du diesen Opfer-rauch!* Take thou this smoke of sacrifice.—The sacrifice of blood is no longer acceptable, for blood has turned to water: all is vapour! Therefore, O Lord, this choice titbit of the spirit, this kidney-fat of sentiment, accept it, O Lord, from thy servant.—This firstling of the sentimental herd, this young ram without spot or blemish, from the aesthetic flock, this adamantine young he-goat, from the troops of human 'stunts'—see, Lord, I cut their throats and burn the card-

board fat of them. Lord of the Spirit, Lord of the Universal Mind, Lord of the cosmic will, snuff up the smoke of this burnt-paper offering, for it makes my eyes smart——”

I wish they'd make his eyes smart as well! this Lord of the Sentimentalism, aestheticism, and stunts. One day I'll make a sacrifice of him too: to my own Lord, who broods at the center of all the worlds, over his own fathomless Desire.

CLARENCE DAY, J.R.

*by*

NEWMAN LEVY



E calls his book of essays "The Crow's Nest"; a salty title, a nautical seafaring sort of title. You have a picture of Clarence Day perched aloft in the rigging, sweeping the horizon with his spyglass for the foibles and weaknesses of mankind. But I prefer to imagine him swinging like his simian ancestors, gayly from the leafy branch of a jungle palm, hurling juicy, succulent cocoanuts down upon the heads of unwary passers-by. I am sure that the first ancestor of Clarence Day must have been some mellow, jovial old ape who could throw his cocoanuts with more accurate aim than his companions, raising large uncomfortable bumps upon the heads of his prehistoric victims, and yet, at the same time, drenching them with the genial cocoanut milk of simian kindness. This unerring accuracy of aim combined with a truly simian absence of malice is one of the outstanding characteristics of the writings of Clarence Day.

Perhaps, too, his wide variety of interests, his facile skill in turning from one subject to another with equal charm and insight, are inheritances from some remote anthropoid fore-father. The restless scampering curiosity, which we are told

is one of the most conspicuous traits of the monkey folk, may possibly be found in a civilized form in the versatility and diversified interests of their more fortunate descendants.

Ever since I read "This Simian World" for the first time, Clarence Day has been one of my pet enthusiasms. I have never met him and I am not at all sure that I ever want to. I am afraid that he cannot possibly be as wise, as shrewdly humorous, as thoroughly delightful in real life as he appears to be in his books. There are few writers in America to-day who have so much to say, and who say it with such complete absence of literary affectation. There is a genial philosophic quality to his writing that softens but does not weaken the sharp intact of his satire.

I was just about to describe Mr. Day's humor as "whimsical," but I hesitate. That much abused word is no longer respectable. It conjures up a picture of the shapely Marilyn Miller dancing down to the footlights and asking the audience whether or not they believe in fairies. J. M. Barrie has the whimsicality market cornered, and, bless his dear old juvenile heart, he's welcome to it. If anyone ever said that I was whimsical I should be tempted to wallop him severely, and then go out and write a treatise on algebra just for spite. I don't know how Clarence Day feels about it. Still, there is a quality about his humor....

Take, for example, his penetrating comments on the pessimism of Thomas Hardy. Hardy, many critics have said, must have been a melancholy old codger, because his novels are so saturated with gloom. But, asks Day, calling attention to Hardy's twenty-odd novels, "could he have been so industrious if he had found the world a chamber of horrors?... I like to think that the good old soul has had a lot of fun all his life, describing all the gloomiest episodes a person could think of. If a good gloomy episode comes into his mind while



ARTHUR MACHEN  
*Photograph by E. O. Hoppé*



KATHERINE MANSFIELD  
*From an etching by A. Loewenstein*

he's shaving, it brightens the whole day, and he bustles off to set it down, whistling."

This is sound psychology and shrewd criticism. In fact throughout Day's essays it is always clearly apparent that he has a definite viewpoint and that it is his own. He is no mere literary phonograph, repeating sounds that have been recorded by others. And his viewpoint is usually sane and invariably refreshing.

I like, too, his piece about Stoom and Graith, where he says — But why quote? If you have not read "This Simian World" and "The Crow's Nest," go out and buy them at once. Don't borrow them. Clarence Day is not an author to be read and returned to the circulating library. His books are that rare, companionable kind, to be taken up and enjoyed during those intimate diurnal periods of self-communion and reflection. And his essays are exactly the right length.

As a versifier he possesses a smooth technical expertness combined with the same adroit satirical backspin that distinguishes his prose writings. It is a pity that he does not write verse more often.

And then there are his drawings. It is unfair to call them illustrations. They do not illustrate his text; they are part of it. There are many artists who could make better illustrations than Day has done, but that would be unthinkable. We cannot imagine Day's essays without his pictures. If his drawings were better they would not be as good. Thackeray, for example, and Du Maurier were much too skillful as artists, much too professional to be able to make their illustrations an integral part of their writings. Only the priceless sketches of Bab, which Clarence Day's drawings resemble somewhat, come to my mind. And, of course, those of the late lamented Mr. Euclid.

As I said before, Clarence Day is one of my enthusiasms.

In this age burdened by the curse of literacy, in this age of half-cooked, predigested opinions and half-baked writers, when every elevator boy is a novelist, and every chambermaid has a play concealed beneath the folds of her apron, we need Clarence Day with his sanity, his wisdom, his literary integrity and his leavening humor. May he give us more books but not too many more. More power to his fountain pen.

# WESTWARD HO!

by

HALDANE MACFALL

HAT the English lanes and castles and old-world cobbled streets and village greens, tucked away in picturesque corners of the homeland, are to the American visiting Europe, America is to the English boy, coloring his imagination and peopling his boyhood with Red Indians and pirates and buccaneers, and stirring his blood to deeds of derring do.

It has been said by some waggish fellow that Columbus, finding no chewing gum on the shore when he struck land, thought that he had missed the Americas and had hit the uttermost Indies. Edwin Abbey, with rare genius, painted Columbus and his companions as knightly folk, with bell, book, and candle, on their marrowbones, in splendor of thanksgiving for the mighty estate vouchsafed to them, which they claimed as the Western Indies, whilst the great flamingos flapped past on crimson wings in amazed surprise. But for some reason only known to boys, the Spanish adventurers have never caught the fancy of youth as have their usurpers — it was the America of the old English sea dogs that won into the heart of the boy — the America that was born out of the high-pooped craft wherein the Tudor seamen ventured

the swinging uncharted seas. For, when all's said and respectable folk are in their night shifts and hushed abed, we English-speaking folk are, and ever have been, sea rovers; and just as we overran Britain as rapscallion Norse adventurers, picked up a little French, and made a Merry England, so about the time that Will Shakespeare was writing plays, we took to the sea again and our Tudor forbears sailed out westward in these high-pooped craft and, setting what compass or lack of compass they had towards the going down of the sun, they went to the making of America and all for which America stands. Everywhere the air was throbbing with dare-devil exultation in man's right to freedom of body and soul; the Reformation took on strange forms here and there, and though it meant death for Spain, the mistress of the world, its spirit and its moral became the very core and essence of America. The game, being a rough-and-tumble affair, bred at its heels in the warm waters of the Caribbean in Stuart days the wild buccaneering folk who light-heartedly enough turned to piracy when occasion offered. By consequence, the picturesque and the dramatic business is in the blood of every English-speaking boy, he being the child of the old sea dogs; and we being hard put to it to escape being boys, it stays in our blood even when we sit in an armchair and, showing gray about the temples, strive to live the life humdrum. The urge is there in the most smug of us, sit we ever so tamely by our hearths. Romance plucks at our sleeves and keeps our souls a-roving even whilst we scheme to satisfy the sordid cravings of the taxgatherer. . . .

It was by God's good luck that I failed as a youngster of some twelve and a half summers to enter the Navy; for I have proved but a sorry sailor—though 'tis gossip that even Horatio Nelson was not always happy within his gold-laced waistcoat on a jolting sea, the which heroic fact, however, is

wretched comfort when the ship's a-pitching and a-rolling and one cares little whether she go to the bottom and an end to it, or bear us to sight of land with spirit mutilated. Nevertheless, as Destiny would have it, I was to roam the high seas as a subaltern in a marching regiment, so might just as well have acquired sea legs and mastered the hornpipe; and, what was more, the Fates had ordained that it was Westward Ho! to the Caribbean that I should first voyage in young manhood. By the time the warm breezes of the Gulf Stream were reached, the miseries of choppy gray seas were past, and the ship swung on the long swell of vivid blue billows of the radiant blueness of lapis lazuli—so vividly blue that all surf and broken water hissed upon it white as snow. Flying fish leaped from out the blue, shot like arrows at a mark, glittering as they went, to wing into the blue again.

But it was as the lilac twilight came stealing over the darkling purple of the sea and took possession of the world of waters that the dreams of boyhood were reborn, emerged out of memory, and walked the senses and colored the vasty deep, so that the imagination began to keep watch for a clumsy and lordly galleon under full sail for Spain, packed to her ghostly bulwarks with treasure from the Americas. By the time that out of the dreamland haze there began to appear spits of coral sand, the splendor of the scene was granted to our eyes that has been evoked by the genius of one of the supreme artists of America—as the world will one day recognize—and Howard Pyle peoples the haunted dusk as the mystery is only granted to genius so to do. As we ran into the twilight the senses were possessed by Howard Pyle's paintings of "Marooned," and the deathly still figure that had been done to death by his shipmates on the sand-dunes "On the Tortugas"; or, peering into the haze, a picture emerged of the reckless daredevil Sir Henry Morgan, lolling in a ham-

mock "Recruiting for the Attack" on Cartagena his rakehell crew. Into these same waters had fallen the wretched, bound, and blindfolded victims of the pirates' ill will, when they "walked the plank"; indeed, has not Howard Pyle created for us the finest picture of a pirate, in his "Captain Keitt," that has yet been given to us, as he stands astraddle on the poop of his villainous vessel, whilst beyond and behind him the doomed galleon in mass of black smoke rolls to her doom on the heaving waters!

Thereafter came looming out of the sapphire night a mass of land, and the dawn broke in the fragrant spice-laden air of disreputable old Haiti—the very heart of what had been the hectic realm of the old sea rovers' baser spawn. The thrash of the steamer's screw ceased in the daffodil of the early morning as she came to anchorage in the roads before the gap of Jacmel; but the captain forbade any going ashore with the lucky escort to the mails as the ship's boat left the lowered gangway and lurched towards the gap beyond which lay the town of Jacmel—indeed, we could hear the rifle fire of the revolution in full career beyond the screening hills of the headlands. We were not to be granted a whiff of the adventure which was probably a pretty indifferent travesty of the old-world cutthroats pillaging and sacking the town. Nay; there was not even a comic element in the fantastic drama—Negro generals in patchwork splendor of gold-laced, if bootless, array were reputed more numerous than the rank and file; and though there would be no intentional danger to a white man walking the streets of revolution, there were bad shots amongst the heroes as in all scuffles, and a stray bullet might find an uncomfortable billet where every man was a commander and none obeyed and most shot at what pleased them best.

With the mail bags there had scrambled down to the ship's

boat a French doctor and another, both good fellows whom we had liked well, and now envied; but as they seemed to think as little of the dangers from revolution as we did of the risks of being bitten by the flying fish, their adventure was robbed of its romance by their cynical indifference to the rifle practice of the embattled hosts.

And when, later, saluted by the thunder of cannon from the guardship as we rounded the Pallisades in Jamaica, we steamed slowly by Gallows' Point, we were reminded of the stern lesson that the law had sent these piratical rogues dancing a grim jig without a toe-board whilst their low-lying black craft burned to the water's edge in clouds of evil smoke.

Now at last the sea of romance begins to yield also its Cuban story. The younger American writers are leaving the Old World to the genius of the Old World, and are turning to the native romance of the Americas. Joseph Hergesheimer in "San Cristóbal de la Habana" has evoked the very soul of Cuba with consummate subtlety, and in the realm of the novel has given us in gorgeous fashion the reckless passions of a southern people in "The Bright Shawl." It is some forty years since Lafcadio Hearn discovered to us the intense blue of the Caribbean seas and the hauntingness that lies upon the waters; and Hergesheimer has come to fulfill Lafcadio Hearn's promise in dramatic fashion. The glowing color and the strange fragrance have inflamed his sensitive imagination; and his skill of words has answered to his emotional vision. Westward Ho! has given us yet another master of prose.

# MEMORANDUM

*by*

H. L. MENCKEN



T must have been in 1913 or thereabout that I first met him—a very tall, very slim young fellow, but lately out of college, with a faint and somewhat puzzling air of the exotic about him. I recall especially his mustache: so immensely black that it seemed beyond the poor talents of nature, and yet so slender, so struggling that it was palpably real. How he got into my office in Baltimore I don't remember: I was fat in those days, and lazy and very busy, and I did not see any visitors that I could avoid. No doubt he fetched me by raising the name of Joseph Conrad. He was, it appeared, in communication with Conrad; he had a Conrad letter in his pocket. Astounding and interesting! He unfolded a scheme to gather all the Conrad books together—they were printed, as I recall it, by eleven different publishers—and reissue them decently in one series. We were, of course, on good terms at once. It is a curious fact that we are on good terms still, despite innumerable transactions between us, steadily increasing in complexity and many of them involving money. I can recall no other New Yorker with whom I have communed peacefully so long.

That was before he set up shop on his own account. He

worked for Doubleday, Page & Company, his backers in the Conrad enterprise, and a bit later for Mitchell Kennerley. I saw him two or three times a year, as he reached Baltimore on his rounds. A highly serious young man. He had a great many ideas, and was surely not backward about exposing them. One and all, they related to the single subject: the making of books. He believed that taste was improving in America: that good books would find a larger public year after year. He believed that Americans were beginning to notice books as works of art: the way they were printed, the paper in them, the binding, even the dust covers. He carried around specimens of somewhat startling novelties in that line, chiefly out of Leipzig and Munich. He outlined projects for duplicating them, improving on them, going far ahead of them. It appeared quickly that a young man with so many notions would not long survive as a hireling. One day he told me that he planned to set up shop for himself. I daresay my eyebrows lifted: it was surely not a propitious time for ventures involving the intellect. The World War was less than a year old; doubts and fears consumed the Republic; people were reading newspapers, not books. He cheerfully threw in additional difficulties. He had, it appeared, no money, or very little. He hadn't even an office: a small space in his father's quarters would be enough. Worst of all, he had a girl, and would have a wife come Whitsun.

So the ship put out in October, 1915, with a jury mast, sails out of the rag-bag, and a crew of one boy and one girl. The girl, in fact, was not yet aboard; she was shipped early the following Spring. For a number of months I heard nothing from the skipper. He was hard at work, vastly at work, almost desperately at work. Then I caught a glimpse of the ship. It had two masts now, and new sails, and a new and challenging ensign under the main-truck: on a field of white a spectral

dog, leaping into space. This dog, I learned, was a borzoi; I know no more about it to this day. The ship now began to appear off my coast more frequently. It sprouted a third mast, and then a fourth. Sailors began to show on the deck, apparently well filled with proteins and carbohydrates. A smoke-stack arose, and belched smoke. Deck grew upon deck. I began to hear a band, and the shuffle of dancing in the evening. There were stewards, officers in blue and brass, a purser, a boots. A bar opened. In an imperial suite lolled the sybarite, Joe Hergesheimer. In 1917 I engaged passage myself, taking a modest room on D deck. It seemed only polite to pay my respects to the skipper. I found him immersed in books up to his neck—big books and little books, books sober and staid and books of an almost voluptuous gaudiness, books of all ages and in all languages, books in the full flush of beauty, ready for the customer and books stripped down to their very anatomical elements. And all the talk I heard, to the end of that first voyage, was of books, books, books.

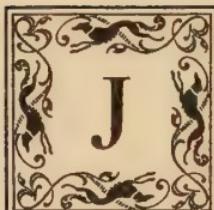
It was five or six years, perhaps, before I ever heard him mention any other subject. No, that is too sweeping. Once—it must have been toward the end of 1915—he told me about the bride-elect: her willingness to make the voyage in that first crazy barque, her interest in books—nay, in type, paper, ink. Presently, I had a view of her: she seemed too young and too charming for it to be true. But I believed it later when I found her on deck, magnificently navigating the craft while the skipper took to the land, and visited the trade in Buffalo, Detroit and St. Paul. He went off talking books, and he came back talking books. Always books. One day, quite by accident, I discovered that he was also interested in music. We launched into Brahms instantly—but in ten minutes we were back to books. I tried Beethoven: he lasted longer. Bach: longer still. But even old Johann Sebastian, in the end, yielded to books.

That was in the days of hard struggle. Of late, with the waters calm, the decks crowded with passengers, and the holds full of—books!—I have noticed a growing expansiveness. There is more time to listen to the band, even to grab a clarinet and essay a few toots. One night, lately, we put in a solid hour belaboring Richard Strauss; not a type clicked, not a rose fluttered upon William Heinemann's grave. There have been conferences, too, on the subject of Moselle, its snares and mysteries, and on the hotels of London, Paris and Berlin, and on dogs, and even on the Coolidge statecraft. If I were younger and less bilious in my prejudices, there would be discourse, I suspect, on golf: I have seen the grotesque clubs of the game in a corner. There is a son to think of. There is a large and complicated organization, ever growing, ever presenting problems. There is the *American Mercury*. It has changed both of us, if only by enormously multiplying our contacts, East, West, North, South. But to Alfred, I believe, it is still visible primarily as a book. Into it have gone all the ideas that buzzed in his head back in 1915. It is a sort of service stripe for him, marking off his first ten years as a publisher.

# H E R G E Y

by

G E O R G E   J E A N   N A T H A N



OSEPH HERGESHEIMER, unlike a number of contemporary American authors, is, by self-election, the hero of none of his novels, but, more than any of them, is he the hero of the rich and countless ornamentations and embroideries with which he intricately embellishes those novels and makes them flash and glitter like so many fricasseed rainbows. He does not visualize himself as the chief protagonist of his own literary drama, a favor often conferred upon themselves by his colleagues in the art of fiction by way of throwing a liberal, if vicarious, sop to their otherwise realistically baffled vanity. The throbbing amours, the adventurous clipper ships, the romance of politics, all the melodrama of land and sea, he leaves to the characters of his imagination. But the bejeweled tints and tones amidst which they play out their destinies, he reserves for himself: a gorgeous stage, whereon, with an obviously immense and thoroughly intelligible delight and self-gratification, he dances for his own personal pleasure his pagan and æsthetic *pas seul*.

Hergesheimer, thus, is the Rudolph Rassendyl of the rare and priceless Pentapolis vases, Serapi and Sarouk rugs, Chalchihuitlicue tabourets, Aniruddha rubies and sapphires, Mar-



THOMAS MANN  
*Photograph by E. O. Hoppé*



H. L. MENCKEN  
*Photographed in October, 1888*

duk-idin-achi scents, Giovinazzo *chaises longues*, Saint-Preux blooms, Castilian shawls, Johanneum porcelains and Azerbaijan and Khuzistan silks of which his novels are all compact. He is the hero of them, as they are the hero of him. With his eyes set ever upon those touches of color and beauty that make the world brighter and gladder in its too infrequently rich and leisurely moments, he raises their detail, in his personal philosophy and in his writings, to a glowing and competitive level with what many of us misguidedly regard as his dominating thematic motifs. A bit of lace, delicate as a cob-web spun by a spider out of snow, a young woman whose loveliness suggests cigarette smoke floating under a soft lamp, a robe fashioned as of a hundred jewels transmuted by a Persian alchemy into fragile silk, a cluster of flowers imprisoning within them the Pennsylvania twilight—these are to him what congressmen, realtors, Rotarians, Iowa cow-breeders, Harvard Casanovas, Broadway Saphos and the Upper West Side *haute monde* are to his present-day brothers in art. If he had his way, he would sell all the Kiwanians in the United States to the Devil for a pair of Fei Ts'ui earrings, and would then, with a lordly bow, present the latter with his compliments and his affection to that gentleman's estimable wife.

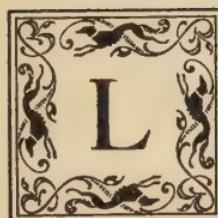
Hergesheimer's quest is ever for the Cytherea of worldly beauty. That beauty he finds for himself in the thousand and one arts with which Le Papa Bon Dieu has decked out His otherwise ugly footstool and with which He has made lovelier and happier His grotesque and persistent little children who populate it. No man writing amongst us to-day, save it be Cabell, has in him, as Joe Hergesheimer has it, so sheer and great a love for this loveliness. His pages long for it, dream of it, sparkle with it, achieve it. One visualizes him, in gaudy regimentals, a cannon in each hand, endlessly snooping up and down the grim battlefields of everyday, completely ob-

livious of the meaningless and futile din enveloping him and searching eagerly and only for that one amongst the enemy who wears at the lapel of his ragged and smoke-stained uniform a rose. Through the imaginative squalor and emotional meanness of men and women his eyes peer eternally for snatches of submerged and hidden radiance. It matters not in the least to him if it be radiance external or internal, so long alone as it be radiance. He sees himself as one simultaneously in retreat from the hideousness of life and ever marching with banners flying to the wind toward the glamour and charm of life. And as he sees himself, so do I see him.

# MADAME LANDOWSKA

*by*

ERNEST NEWMAN



LONG ago our fathers discovered that not only does the hand become subdued to what it works in but the face takes on the form and color of the things most frequent in a man's occupation: how else can we account for the fact that a lawyer comes to look like parchment, that a horsy man comes to resemble horses and a doggy man dogs, and that he who keeps pigs tends to approximate so closely in appearance to the animals he looks after that the small boy in the story, telling a visitor that he would find his father in the pigsty, thought it necessary to add "You'll know father: he's got his hat on." Lately our scientists have gone even further. From occupational physiology they have passed to occupational psychology: they are beginning to realize that a man's mind takes a certain form and color from the things it deals in every day. It is certainly so with musicians: one understands, for instance, the relatively crude mentality of the opera singer as compared with that of the Lieder singer when one reflects upon the differences in the daily environment of the two. Other things being equal, we should not expect a tuba player's perception not merely of musical values but of values in general to be as sensitive as that of a solo violinist. Force and delicacy rarely go together; Nietzsche

was right when he said that it is difficult for a man with a loud voice to have a subtle intelligence.

A certain vulgarization has come over both our music and our musical manners during the last hundred and fifty years. When Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach played the clavichord to Dr. Burney, the day was hot, the room was close (it was after dinner), and the great man did what any lesser man would have done under the circumstances: he perspired profusely. But Burney, a gentleman living in the days of wigs and lace ruffles, would not soil his pen with any suggestion so plebeian as that; he merely said that Carl Philipp played with such animation that "drops of effervescence distilled from his countenance." One gathers that a musical gentleman of the eighteenth century would not like it to be thought that he sweated over his music. And the reticence that these people thought proper for their pores was regarded as equally indispensable to their music; the best minds among them had a horror of overemphasis of any kind.

It is Madame Landowska's great service to us that she makes us realize, both in her harpsichord playing and in her exquisite book on "Music of the Past," that the development of music during the last century has not all been gain. She is one of those rare people who can take the long view in art; and to take the long view is to be a little sad about things, a little ironic over human pretensions, but at the same time tolerant of mind and quiet 'in style,—for what is the use of getting angry and noisy over the mistakes and the absurdities of one's own day when one sees that they are only an inevitable stage in human development? Madame Landowska has lived most of her life not with the modern piano (though she is an expert on that also), but with the harpsichord, the clavichord, and the spinet. Liszt rightly described the piano as the musical maid-of-all-work. It has its qualities and its defects:

it is useful and hardy, but not quite the last word in refinement. The older keyed instruments were more ladylike: they could hardly be vulgar if they tried. Long association with the instruments and the music of the past has given Madame Landowska a mental distinction, a refinement of taste, a quietness of irony, and a polish of style that belong to the musical civilization of the seventeenth or the eighteenth century rather than that of the nineteenth.

Most of the music that we hear in our concert rooms and our houses is romantic, with all the virtues and all the failings of romanticism—its genuine humanity and its over-insistence upon the emotional obvious. Madame Landowska, who knows the older music better than the average man knows his newspaper, reminds us that there is nothing in the later music that, in essence, the men of the old world did not know. They were no strangers to passion, but they were too well-bred to let it shout its head off to impress the crowd. They regarded that sort of music, she says, as “plebeian and forensic”; they avoided what they called “*imitation vicieuse*,”—“that is to say, giving what is merely great a gigantic aspect, forcing what should have simply a virile character to the point of rudeness.” Their ideal was the music of continence, of beauty, of reason, but by no means of superficiality. We misconceive that age sadly when we suppose it to have touched only upon the surface of life. It is merely a change in proportions, perverting our historical perspective, that makes us think that eighteenth century music was artless and lacking in depth. Couperin, as Madame Landowska reminds us, was in his own day considered a profound composer, and Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach was regarded as most difficult and audacious. But the age did not make the mistake of confusing, as we post-romantics sometimes do, expression with insistence, eloquence with vehemence.

It is for the rights of this ancient world of music that Madame Landowska stands up both in her practical art and in her books. She is one of the very few moderns who can see that old art as it really was in itself; for from most people its real face, its real soul, are hidden by all kinds of false traditions. Historians and the textbook writers see it only as a kind of preparation for Beethoven and Wagner—she quotes with quiet ironic gusto the remark made to her by an insignificant modern composer after one of her concerts, “How beautiful it is! Wouldn’t you really say, Madame, that these men had foreseen us?”; she sees it as it saw itself. By her thorough research she has got to the secret of the style of the epoch; and against the general background she can see individual composers with a clearness that is impossible for most people, who have only a vague sense that this art is “ancient.” To the townsman all sheep look alike; it is only the shepherd who can distinguish between one woolly face and another. I remember that when one of Cimarosa’s operas was given in London a few years ago, the Press, almost with one consent, described Cimarosa as merely an inferior Mozart: the writers had not sufficient acquaintance with the music of the period to get beyond the broad similarities of style, due to the composers living in the same epoch and employing the same musical apparatus, to the individualities of the two men. Perhaps a couple of centuries hence some people will be saying that Brahms is only another sort of Wagner. Truly, as Madame Landowska says, musicians are only just beginning to acquire the genuine historical sense.

One hardly realizes how wrong is the conception that even the ordinarily good musician has of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries until one reads this book of Madame Landowska. It is good for us to be helped to see those centuries as they really were. When the musical world in general

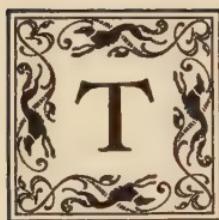
has managed to do that, it will make short work of the modern "editor" and his fatuous perversions of a style of art that he has neither the imagination nor the historical knowledge to understand. Like the typical *nouveau riche*, these gentlemen's chief concern is to discover reputable ancestors for themselves; and so they make the mistake of seeing Couperin and Scarlatti and Chambonnières not as they were but merely as "forerunners" of Beethoven or Chopin or Schumann, primitives whose chief merit it is to have had an intuition here and there of what music might some day become. Even a Bülow could present Scarlatti as "the *progone* whose humor gave birth to the Beethoven scherzo." As Madame Landowska says, "we are in general too preoccupied with discovering lines leading from Bach to Wagner, from Palestrina to Beethoven, shutting our eyes to everything separating them; and it is precisely *that* which forms their particular character, their individual beauty—in a word, *their style.*"

The great Polish harpsichordist sets forth her views on this old music in a literary style worthy of the music—a style that is to the ordinary polemical literature of our day as the harpsichord is to the piano. There are no crashing chords in it, no volleys of invective that mow opponents down; everything is quiet, pointed, *quilled*, as we might put it: her prose really has the harpsichord timbre, the gentle harpsichord "bite." It is a prose as far from "the plebeian and the forensic" as the eighteenth century music that she loves so much; a prose played, so to speak, with the hands always close to the keyboard, and without the modern loud pedal. "Music of the Past" is one of the few musical books that one not only reads for its ideas and its facts but savors as one savors a work of art, a fruit or a wine.

# THE POETRY OF WITTER BYNNER

*by*

JAMES OPPENHEIM



HERE are two Witter Bynners. With the publication of "Spectra," 1916, a hoax presented as a criticism of extreme forms of free verse, and signed Emanuel Morgan (Witter Bynner) and Anne Knish (Arthur Davison Ficke), the second poet appeared. For the joke, as Witter Bynner himself said later, was not on the critics who took Emanuel Morgan seriously, but on Witter Bynner who took him as a joke. This second, or secondary poet, developed until we have a whole volume, "The Beloved Stranger," in his manner, and there are traces of him in all Witter Bynner's later work.

One could label the first poet by saying he might have been a son of A. E. Housman ("Grenstone Poems") and a grandson of Tennyson ("Young Harvard," "The New World"). The first poet could say things like this:

"‘Beauty,’ they ask, ‘in politics?’  
‘If they put it there,’ say I.

O doubters of democracy . . .  
Hear now the cry of beauty’s present needs,  
Of comrades leveling a thousand creeds,  
Finding futility  
In conflict, selfishness, hardness of heart!"

It is not that he presents thought here. Nietzsche presented thought; so did Dante, and all great poets, with a few exceptions. It is that the thought is not born of necessity, that flame which makes it incandescent and so poetry, but merely is a studied reminting of the social-worker coin of the time. All good people, Gary for instance, know the thought. But how many know "I teach you self-surpassing," with its Nietzschean implications? In that the spirit of man speaks a new word, not final, but on the way to a modern book of books.

This first Witter Bynner hasn't anything to say. His form shows it. What died in the Tennysonian sunset with its thin after-shadow of Housman cannot be revived. The new wine brews in the darkness, and when the time comes bubbles up. Then painter, poet, musician, see before their amazed eyes the cracking and rending of the very forms they loved, and by necessity the new appears. It was no accident that in 1914 at least half a dozen poets, each working in isolation, presented work in free verse, so that we had what was called a "movement." As Nietzsche said of his own prophetic work, as Whitman might have said, "There was no choice in the matter." Naturally there were those poets who were set hard against the vital impulse which secretly they shared with the rest. And so when Witter Bynner succumbed to himself in the form of a joke, he awoke to find himself a poet.

I quote, at random, from "The Beloved Stranger."

#### *The Wall*

"How is it,  
That you, whom I can never know,  
My beloved,  
Are a wall between me and those I have known well . . .  
So that my familiars vanish  
Further than the blue roofs of Nankow  
And are lost among the desert hills?"

This is new. It is a poem into which one can sink a shaft until plenteous waters overflow. It deepens with familiarity. It has a vague beauty of music, something known, yet unknown. It has the two essentials of all true art: mystery and magic. It throws no Tennysonian light on problems of state or problems of conduct: it is a glimpse into the greatness of things.

Nor is it entirely fair to quote it by itself, for it is one of a series which have a vague cumulative beauty as against the expected perfections of "Young Harvard," "The New World," and even much of "A Canticle of Pan." Nor was it entirely fair to lop off a few lines from "The New World." But I think nevertheless the quotations serve to show the marked dissimilarity between the two poets, as well as to point a finger at the true one.

# A. E. COPPARD

by

ROLAND PERTWEE



N THE affair of writing, atmosphere is a wayward and elusive element. In vain one man throws open all his casements in the effort to capture it, while with another it flows through and wraps about every written word.

So it is with A. E. Coppard. With enviable ease he commands the atmosphere and like a helot it obeys.

The atmosphere of persons and things—of cramped rooms and of open spaces—are his special birthright.

He is a guide we may follow with happy assurance, for he has knowledge of deep and secret places in the minds of men and in the broads of Nature—secret places which at once we recognize but had not thought to seek. He will plunge us into cool waters and give us the feel of them lapping against the undersides of our floating arms. He will take us to lean over half-doors of stables and our nostrils shall be filled with the good warm smell of horses and of trampled straw. We see the colors he writes about, feel the sunlight he describes, catch the rich scent of lime trees and hear the woodman's ax ringing above a chippering choir of singing larks.

His is something more than happy knack, it is happy vision—a singular rightness of seeing the men and objects that surround us all, yet pass unnoticed.

He walks in strange company, this Coppard, linking arms with a diversity of creatures one would not have supposed a

poet to number upon his visiting list. He is on something more than nodding terms with most everybody, to say nothing of imaginary beings such as we do not meet save on the highways of fancy. In the wayside pub we find him rumbling rustic simplicities with men of the brown earth. We pick him up a mile down the road beneath the roaring canvas of a circus where a tipsy bawd, a bully and a tiger, jungle-wise, clean up an unlovely seduction. Then somehow he seems to be stalking a shy young architect, who wears a raincoat over Oriental raiment of unexampled splendor, for the reason that a modest and pathetic inhibition will not let him cast it aside and dance with the gaudy guests at the fancy-dress ball.

Perhaps because the world of mortals is too average for a Catholic taste, perhaps to prove to James Stevens, Cabell and other writers of lore and fantasie that tinkers and faery-folks are not theirs alone, he goes a-walking with a hermit heaven-bound—"an old quavering man with but three spells of happiness in the earthly world."

Who will question that such rambles must be great fun and a source, too, of learning and of instruction? Faery peoples, hermits, tinkers, and little old women who live on the edge of woods make brave company. Theirs is the privilege to talk in a manner that would brand as bores their mortal brothers and sisters. Their narrow wisdoms have wide angles of expansion. The simple words they use illumine world-big complexities and paradoxies of Nature and of mankind.

Coppard is right to lend ear to their counsels. It sharpens his hearing of the cruder speech of men and women.

Only by contrast of this and that is true form attained. Coppard has gone out after contrast and it has come back from him to us well-formed and truly.

We feel we have read the writing of many men when we put aside the books he has written.

# “W H O S E C H I L D R E N ? ”

*by*

J U L I A P E T E R K I N



HE little cabin where Missie lived on alone ever since her baby's death was quiet and still, yet Missie woke early. Woke somehow startled. Did somebody really call her or was it the chattering of a jay bird in the chinaberry tree that roused her?

She lay still and listened. There was not a sound. Everything was asleep yet. Faint gray light came through the cracks of the cabin's weather-boarding and peered down the short wide-mouthinged chimney where cold ashes lay. How lonesome everything looked!

Missie drew the covers closer to her slender body and shut her eyes, and wished she could go back to sleep, and sleep on and on, and never wake up any more.

Last night she had gone to bed heavy-hearted. Things seemed hard. She had felt like giving up. Not trying any more. Maum Hannah had always said: "Pray, chile, pray." But what good did praying do? Maybe God heard some people, but He didn't hear her. If she didn't know how to pray right, He oughtn't to hold that against her. It wasn't fair. And now He was going to take Maum Hannah away, and when Maum Hannah died, Missie's best friend would be gone.

Missie wept with loneliness, with pity for herself, with misery. Maum Hannah plead with her to give up her sin, to get religion, or God would have to put her in Hell. She couldn't even bear a little burn, and Maum Hannah said that the fire in Hell is seven times hotter than the fire here, because God swam this fire through seven rivers to cool it before He gave it to Adam and Eve.

Maum Hannah said nobody can stop sinning until they want to stop; they have to hanker to give up sin, and she couldn't. Couldn't! If loving Killdee would send her to Hell, she'd have to go, for she couldn't stop. She didn't want to stop. No. She wanted him more than ever. His being Rose's lawful husband made no difference at all.

Her heart quivered with the thought of him. She wanted Killdee to love her. Always—always—even if he went to Hell too—and burned forever—with her—— That would not be as bad as having him forget her.

She wasn't like a woman who'd take up with just any man. She didn't want anybody else but Killdee. How could she help being a little girl when he married Rose? How could he wait alone until she grew up?

Maum Hannah was going to die and leave her. She'd never, never see her kind old friend any more. Maum Hannah would be in Heaven with God and the angels, and she—and maybe Killdee—they'd be in Hell—because they were sinners—— The thought that Killdee would be with her in Hell was a comfort, and Missie dropped off into a troubled sleep that held her until she dreamed that somebody called her. Maum Hannah could call people without making a sound. She'd go see. Light through the cracks showed red when she got out of bed hurriedly, but the cabin floor was cold to her feet. With a quick glance at the dead ashes in the fireplace and a shiver, she dropped the coarse garment she wore and slipped on her

day clothes. Her fingers trembled nervously as she buttoned up the faded blue homespun dress.

The very thought that Maum Hannah might be gone was terrifying, for death makes the friends you love best into silent strangers.

Ragged old shoes and torn stockings lay on the floor close by the bed. She looked at them and shook her head. She'd not stop to put them on now, it would take too long. She would go first and see Maum Hannah, then come back and make up a fire and finish dressing and eat.

Bareheaded, barefooted, she opened the cabin door and stepped out into the morning.

The sun was just rising; frost lay silvery-white over the fields. Tiny sparrows fluttered and hid under the dead brown leaves as she walked between the long rows of bare cotton stalks. Her feet went nimbly, lightly, but her thoughts moved heavily, painfully.

Maum Hannah had been sick so long, wasting away. Waiting patiently for death to come. She'd have no more pain in Heaven with the angels and God—no more trouble—she'd have wings—and a harp—and silver slippers—she'd walk always on golden streets.

When Missie reached Maum Hannah's cabin, she tripped up the steps to the half-open door, where sunlight streaming in laid her slight figure in a long shadow across the clean fresh-scoured floor.

Maum Hannah lay perfectly still on the bed. Was she breathing? The withered eyelids were closed, but as Missie watched, she saw the shrunken lips moving. Maum Hannah was praying. Talking to God as if He were there with His ear close to her lips, and listening to every word.

Two Society sisters, black, middle-aged women, who had sat up all night, were eating breakfast by the fire; each, with a

pan of food in her lap, dipped up food with a dull tin spoon, mouthful by mouthful, slowly, steadily—

Missie knew they saw her, but they sat with their eyes on the white hominy-grits and greens in the pans, cold, clammy-looking food.

Missie couldn't join the Society because she was still a sinner, but now she felt ashamed because her eyes were red, and her face swollen with crying. For a few seconds she did not speak, but stood hesitating, somehow waiting, there in the door.

How she wished she could talk to Maum Hannah just one more time by herself—but no—these women were here. They'd never leave her alone with Maum Hannah. Not for one minute. She was a sinner!

Why did she feel afraid of them? They couldn't hurt her. No. She'd go in and pay no attention to them or to what they said.

"Good mawnin'," she said, looking at them very straight, but her voice shook queerly, in spite of her effort to be bold.

The Society sisters looked around, with their mouths full of food, but they did not speak, and when Missie tried to smile, their stern faces were so forbidding her lips stiffened.

"How you-all do dis mawnin'?" she asked, and they replied solemnly: "Not much. Not much," as their eyes went back to their pans.

Missie went closer to the bed where Maum Hannah's shriveled body lay under the clean red-and-white log-cabin quilt. The old head, wrapped with a fresh white cloth, was deep in the big feather pillow. The old face had gotten little and narrow and pinched. Soon there would be nothing left but bones and wrinkles and eyes looking from under withered folds of black skin, but they were still Maum Hannah's eyes and they smiled as they rested on Missie. The cover moved slightly, as if it were too heavy for the weakened arms, and Missie raised

the quilt and took one of Maum Hannah's small hands in hers. It tried to press hers, Missie could feel the quivering effort.

"I call you," Maum Hannah whispered. "I knowed you'd come."

"You been want me?" Missie asked softly, and she knelt beside the bed so as to hear the weak voice better.

"I want you to do somet'ing fo' me," Maum Hannah whispered. Missie leaned still lower, for the gaze of the Society sisters was on her, cold and curious.

Maum Hannah no longer whispered. Her words labored but were quite distinct.

"I want you to git some white cloth—an' make a shroud fo' me to be buried in——"

There was silence in the room until Maum Hannah continued. "I know de Society ladies'll make one, but I could rest easier in one you' hand made, somehow——"

Maum Hannah waited a second for Missie to answer. Had Missie heard what she said? "You'll do dis fo' me, enty?" The small cold, bony hand pressed Missie's in an appealing way.

Missie had heard every word, but she could not answer at first. The thought of a shroud was terrible. Could she make one for Maum Hannah to wear in her grave? To make something to be put in a coffin and buried seemed like burying a part of herself.

The old woman was talking again.

"I want Him up yonder to see how I try to be ready right, an' I hab respect fo' dem who gwine look on my face after I gone. Dese old bones'll be left fo' yinner to cover up in de groun'. I want dem fo' look decent——" Maum Hannah tried to turn her head so as to look in Missie's face. "Honey, you fix me so de lil chillen won' be scared o' me. Shet all-two o' my eyelid tight. An' my jaw—don't let em hang down. Don't let my mouth crack open—you know——"

Missie did not answer a word, but the two Society sisters stopped eating as the old woman's face relaxed in a whimsical smile.

"When I goes to sleep, my mouth plays a trick on me. E opens. I kin tell. E's dry when I wake up, an' I know e's been hangin' open. Dat makes people look strange, enty, Honey? Specially dead people——"

Maum Hannah's eyes closed. She was tired with the effort of speaking, but Missie knelt with her head bowed, and Maum Hannah's wrinkled hand stirred, raised itself uncertainly—then with feeble fingers patted lightly, lovingly——

"Po' chile," she said. "I hate to go an' leave you—Honey but you try—try—to come whe' I is—I couldn't stand not to see you agin—you kin come—I know you kin—you is one o' Gawd's chillen anyhow."

One of the Society sisters coughed. She wished to say something. "Auntie——" She paused. It was hard to know how to talk to Maum Hannah, who was old and childish and forgetful.

"Auntie, you forgot dat gal is a sinner, and you an' we is Gawd's chillen. De Society always see's 'bout de shroud an' de box. De Society tends to ebyt'ing. You don't need to worry 'bout dem."

Maum Hannah raised her hand from Missie's head. "I know dat, Honey. I know. I just hab dis notion. You Society sisters is good people to mind de sick, but Missie—heah—is Gawd's chile too. Yes, e is."

Maum Hannah stopped short. How could she make these women understand?

"Missie is—a good seamster too, an' e'll make de shroud right. Missie's my own—too——" She did not finish, for she felt the sobs that shook Missie.

The two Society sisters sat and watched, and automatically, absently, they dipped up spoonfuls of food from the

pans in their laps and put it into their mouths, then swallowed and put in more as they looked furtively at each other. Maum Hannah's mind must be wandering. This girl couldn't make a shroud! She had been turned out of the church! She was a sinner! The Society provided good shrouds for its members, and after Maum Hannah had paid her dues all these years, why would she want Missie to make her shroud? She had gotten weak-minded and foolish. God's child mustn't wear a shroud made by a sinner. Never!

Missie raised her head and said brokenly: "Auntie," then stopped. She could say no words. The hurting in her breast was too keen, too real. She struggled to hold back the sobs. She would not let herself cry here before those two women. No.

Taking both of Maum Hannah's weak, helpless hands in her own, Missie held them tenderly. Poor little hands. Black, wrinkled. Already cold. She laid her warm cheek on them—then her dark lips—

The Society sisters watched her. They were thinking of Killdee. Rose's husband. He was gone, and Rose was heart-broken, all because Killdee could not resist something about that wicked girl. What was there about her that could charm a man away from his lawful wedded wife? And here she was crying and carrying on over Maum Hannah!

The two Society sisters looked at each other. Their breakfast was finished. Each took up her pipe from the hearth and lit it.

Missie's tears were falling on the hands she held, for she thought about the things they had done. Things that nobody else wanted to do. And with never one thought of pay—or praise—

They had held many a little newborn child before its own mother laid eyes on it. They'd patted many a tired soul to sleep. They had closed dead eyes that were left wide open—

scared by the darkness and dead mouths stretched as if still trying to gasp for breath. Little children were never afraid of them. Missie knew. And now—soon—they would be cold—stiff—like her own dead baby's hands had been—some day just naked bones. The same as any sinner's hands.

Missie shivered and Maum Hannah's half-closed eyes opened. They were brightened with tears, and the little cold hands shook so in Missie's warm ones that Missie stroked them and patted them and tried to soothe them to quietness.

Maum Hannah's loose lips began stumbling with words and tried to twist into a smile as she drew her hands from Missie and held them up before her.

"Look! Possum paw, enty?" she quavered with whimsical playfulness.

But Missie could not play. She put the hands back under the cover and laid her head over them and wept.

Why couldn't she do something for Maum Hannah? Why did she have to stay still and let the best friend she had in the world be taken from her? Why didn't somebody learn to stop death?

Maum Hannah was whispering, crooning, to her: "No, no, don' cry. Honey, listen!"

And Missie tried to listen at Maum Hannah's last words.

"Him up yonder'll be you' friend, Honey—a better friend dan me. He already knows ebry hair on you' head. He knows ebry sparrow. Nothin' ain' too small to be His chillen. You pray fo' a sign dat you is His chillen."

And Missie sobbed. "I will, Auntie. I will. I gwine try to pray——"

One of the Society sisters interrupted. "Look heah, gal! Git up off da floor an' shet you' mouth. You ought to be 'shame' to come here an' cut fool when Auntie's a-dyin'. You better go on home! We don' need you none 'tall."



GEORGE JEAN NATHAN  
*Photograph by Underwood & Underwood*



HALDANE MACFALL

Missie lifted her head and wiped her eyes on the hem of the sheet. The Society sister was right. She would not cry here any more.

"I ain' gwine cry no mo'," she said meekly. "You don' mind me, Auntie—I wouldn't make you die hard, not fo' nuttin'—you know dat——"

"No, no," Maum Hannah said softly. "But you 'member to trust in Gawd—'member you's one o' His chillen—too. Gawd made all o' we. Ebyt'ing is His chillen—you an' me an' de sisters—ebyt'ing b'longst to Jeduſ."

As the husky voice whispered the words, Missie's eyes caught sight of a pale flat insect creeping slowly, feebly along the narrow neckband of Maum Hannah's nightgown. It was as pale as the unbleached yellow homespun cloth, and the very look of it roused a sick loathing inside her—ah—

Its crawling paused a little as the words "His chillen" fell from Maum Hannah's lips. Could the creature understand what was said? Missie watched it move on, discouraged, down-hearted, starving. Yet God gave it enough sense to know it must get away before death came for Maum Hannah. It would hide under the pillow or in the straw mattress—so the Society sisters couldn't see it.

Maum Hannah was saying again: "Ebyt'ing is His chillen. Nuttin' ain' too small—or too sinful.—You pray, Missie. Pray."

Missie shook as if she had a chill. Her teeth chattered, and with a short grating laugh she got to her feet and looked at the Society sisters, then glanced back at the bed, but the creature was gone.

One Society sister got to her feet, and she pointed a threatening black finger at Missie, while her pipe spilled hot ashes on the floor. "Gal! You dassn't to laugh at deat'! You must be lost you' mind! Gawd'll strike you dead if you don' mind! He ought to, right now."

Missie looked at her and faltered. "I dunno—I—I—mus' be got de fever—my head don' seem right—an' I got a chill——"

She ran down the steps and on down the path that led to the woods behind the cabin, until she reached a spot where the sun shone clear on the brown needle-covered earth, and the air was filled with the fragrance of the pines. Then she stopped and lay down flat on the earth. Her knees felt weak, trembly. She was cold. Afraid. Lonely. Miserable.

Stretching her length out on the warm earth, she covered her face with an arm.—If she could just see Killdee—one little time—— Maybe he'd come back if she'd pray hard as she could now—— Yes, surely he would.—Missie's heart beat fast at the thought of seeing him again, although a little swamp sparrow high up in a tree above her whistled clear notes that sounded like "Whose chillen? Gawd's chillen! Whose chillen?"

# ARTHUR MACHEN

*by*

M. P. SHIEL

**O**F LIVING people known to me none I think more, *so*, essentially the artist as Machen—meaning by this a singer somehow of the truth that the universe is bacchic and deserves an emotion, a truth which the universe itself is in a conspiracy to conceal from us, and keep us dull. For we see nothing as it is. That “inverted Bowl” that “coops” us in—no bowl there; the stars are not little, nor the moon a foolish cheese, now whole, now cut, that floats dull—in truth, her speed is as lunatic as herself; a true inside is a Wall Street all teeming with feet that speed, and to see the scapings of a petal through a microscope is to descry trains of trucks priosing with preoccupation on their way, the whole thing trilling like fiddlestrings, singing like fiddles every millimeter of ether trilling between here and the Pleiades, light-flying, suns thundering, some colliding with fuss and fume, moons undergoing “disruptive approach,” pitching into puddles of pit-fire; as I write, wireless waves are rushing in every direction through my hand and heart, but I do not see them, feel them, and oh, wretched man that I am, who shall rescue me from the blasphemy of being bored? Everything in the conspiracy of secrecy!—except perhaps meteors, streaming

flags of fire that the gallant planet flies in her flight, which do reveal a little how things are, with what a laugh she flies with me. But even these I do not half see as they are, and dull I should be, if the scientist did not arise to tell me "the universe is bacchic! bacchic!" But the notes-of-exclamation here are mine: *he* has no time, is too preoccupied with seeing to feel, and here is where the artist comes neatly in to rescue me, he having heard what the scientist says, having time, too, to admire, and to tell of it in innuendoes, with winks, saying: "It is not dull! *I* know a thing or two, *I* know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows!" And if one asks him: "But is that all?" he winks at one, saying: "Enough said; I give you a hint: eye has not seen, never heart fancied; tolling melodious notes, wrung with emotion, it rolls; fairy! drunken! enough said." But is it *true*? "Fairy?" If it is a fancy, then it is not of the least interest or importance; but the scientist says "yes, a fact," and the artist with streaming tears calls God to witness it. The scientist's part in art, however, is not seen by Machen, who conceives that art preceded science, that "poetry has nothing to do with scientific truths," does not, in fact, quite know what science *is*, thinks that the fact "A loves B" is "a scientific truth," so does not know that science is the *mother* of art—or, say, *does* know, but does not know that he knows: for art, he says, is adoring; but, then, before adoring one, obviously, must be conscious, must know something, something of an order of things; and to know anything of Order is science; to know more is to adore more. But Machen is of the scholar-artist type, the Milton type, with a remembering habit of mind, not of the scientist-artist type, trained in perceiving, of this type the sole representative so far being Goethe, whose like, when next he comes, will renew all things—such as Wells, Verne, being just shadows cast before his coming. But for the scholar-artist type see Machen,

who quotes with approval Rossetti's remark, "I neither know nor care whether the earth goes round the sun"—which is the first remark that a cow would make between two chews the moment it got the gift of speech. Characteristic of Machen is his "Hieroglyphics": "the gold of that land is good"; but note its "license of affirmation," its lack of that wariness, circumspection, or scepticism (*spec—scep*—look—before you leap) to which only scientific training educates the intellect. His theme is the artist's theme that "the universe is bacchic, and deserves an emotion," but he makes certain unexpected exceptions in emotion!—high art, he thinks, does not weep at the universe, nor laugh at it, only sighs at it. He distinguishes between "feelings" and "emotion," though, of course, there is no such distinction in psychology: "feelings" are emotion. If one sends to a woman a telegram "your husband is dead," and she weeps, is *that*, he asks, fine literature? But, evidently, this bacchic mood, this weeping at the universe, is due to the woman's belief that her *own* husband is dead! If I can make her weep at the universe by a *tale* of, say, Hector, of someone else's husband, in whose existence she does not believe, how high my feat, and fine my "literature"! But he is full of "opinions," biases, idiosyncrasies, resembling that fat Dr. Johnson who struck with his stick for luck every rail of every railing on his way. Half of the universe he loathes; the other half he clasps with passion to his heart: and his favor is often favoritism, his hate is often prejudice: it is not easy to predict what he will kiss, what hiss at. Nor does he ever undergo change: the mountains shall dissolve, but he will be found the same. There are those, who, if ever they caught themselves thinking as they thought six years before, would be killing themselves; but Machen is too delicious to be different. And he argues; anon he is even Socratic: and his pretty bubble of argument can as easily be pricked by an intellect really mod-

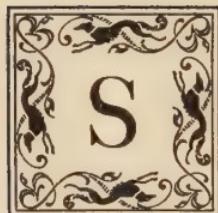
ern as any of the good Socrates': indeed, in tone of soul and mental outfit he is very like Plato. He lays it down that "literature is the expression of the dogmas of the Catholic Church"—and one may think for a moment that he means it; but not he: he means something, something *true*, but not what he says. He says: "Rationalism may say to you: Either give a reason for going to Mass, or leave off going; you have only to answer: But I can give no reason for liking the 'Odyssey,' and yet you admit I am right in liking it: then I have proved the contradictory of your premises." And now he is quite satisfied; the enemy is crushed. But, then, there is no parallelism between "going" and "liking": the parallelism would be between *liking to go* and *liking to read*. One may "go," not for pleasure, but to "get good," or something: and the Rationalist says "know why." And so on. But it is not for arguments that one reads Plato: he cannot argue, since the ancient brain was not wary enough, trained in scepticism, strong-kneed, enough, except when, like Euclid, it argued on schoolboy themes. Yet one reads him spellbound, as one reads Machen, and the heart dances. There are creatures that cannot run, but can fly. When Matthew Arnold spoke of "that victorious brow" (of Shakespeare), that, of course, was Victorian, since Shakespeare had no brow—except in his portraits, in which he vainly emulates Mr. Hall Caine. Newton had a brow, Edison: which said, it is evident that Shakespeare had none, for, if so, it would have thought something; and what did it think? we can say at once what Edison has thought, but what Shakespeare had was a warmth, a wing—was no Goethe, who had brow *and* wing; but either by itself is worshipful, and wing without brow will frequently by some luck come cutting into the very thickest of truth. Thus it can easily be shown that the soul of "Hieroglyphics" is true, with a truth on which Machen's books in general are founded.

I think the purest Machenesque is the first, "The Chronicle of Clemency"; such as "Pan and Impostors" perhaps showing some trace of Poe, of Stevenson. In none is aught of "common or unclean"—though it is amusing that when he is most elevated, just then "the general reader" conceives that he is rioting in "improprieties." But, in truth, his theme is ever the Rose, the Rose: even in his letters, for as I write, I reread an old letter that teems with "the Rose"; and though I do not know exactly what Rose he is talking about, I know that there *is* a Rose—of Sharon—and that *he* knows about it, for his garments smell of it, and his pages. This is how he talks: "The longing peculiar" (unwary!) "to man, which makes him lift up his eyes, looking across the ocean for certain fabled happy islands, for Avalon that is beyond the setting of the sun": so that the fellow dances mad, he is stung by the tarantula, he loves God, is afflicted with glossolalia and the gift of tongues, weave a circle round him thrice and close your eyes with holy dread, for he on honeydew has fed, and drunk the milk of paradise.

# PAUL BUNYAN

*by*

LEE J. SMITS



OME day forests will grow like orchards, the trees all in neat rows, and in place of lumberjacks there will be scientific tree-surgeons, bossed by doctors of forestry. While the ocean rolls there will be sailors, or at least romantic deck hands, and while meat remains an article of human diet there will be cow-punchers, or at least active young men riding horses and wearing wide hats. The lumberjack, however, is on his way to oblivion and his passing is dreary. Camps are illumined by electric lights, there is laundry service and radio, foreigners, I.W.W.'s and high-bankers, who wouldn't know a wanigan from a jammer, are at work logging off the few remaining sections of timber. In upper Michigan there are Austrian women working with their husbands in the hardwood, handling their ends of crosscut saws and even learning to chew Peerless.

A few years ago the professors became aware that, outside of the Uncle Remus stories—which were never widely known in their original form—the only American folklore was that created by the lumberjacks and that the central hero of the legends was Paul Bunyan. But what the professors could not quite put their fingers on, in collecting the outlines of these

tales for preservation, was the atmosphere, the accent and the tone that went with the telling of them. A shanty story-teller alone could make the yarns live and breathe.

About the framework of the original Bunyan adventures—the Round River drive, the things that befell Paul's crew in the Kingdom of Kansas and the logging off of the Mountain That Stood on Its Head and all the other deeds of Paul and his men and of Babe, the blue ox—James Stevens has woven the enchanted fabric of his prose and Allen Lewis, by means of woodcuts, has supplied the book with virile suggestions of the actual outlines of its heroes.

Stevens has been a bunkhouse bard, holding in solemn entrancement the other members of the crew between supper-time and bedtime. No question about that. There are forms and formula for such recitals. The entertainer either sits with his knees apart, his head between his hands, staring at the floor and spitting frequently, or else he leans far back, one knee clasped in his locked fingers, and stares at the ceiling. I do not know whether Stevens stared at the floor or at the ceiling, but I do know that in some magic fashion he has captured not only the contents of the Bunyan saga, but the spirit of the men in whose minds the thing was born and who, in the true play-mood of primitives, built it up, embellished it and left its echo in the camps that are no more.

The last of the old pine men, who were able to travel, went to the Pacific coast, scorning lesser trees, just as they came to the lake states from Maine, following up the pine. It was Stevens' luck to cross the trail of the old heads in the West and the luck of those who love the unsmiling humor that we call American that he did so.

I could write no sort of critical comment on his Paul Bunyan book. I was not friendly at all to it at first. Paul, I thought, with all those whiskered children who were his worshipers,

would have sneered at a nice picture book based on his wondrous deeds. But when I got started, discovering first the only acceptable account I have ever found of Paul's origin, his flesh-and-blood existence—I was made wistfully happy. There being no book like this—some of the Irish fantasies have a pale resemblance—I cannot describe it for anyone.

I think perhaps that Lord Dunsany and Mark Twain together might have done such a book, had they been given access to Stevens' material. But no man, unless he had sat many, many nights by the long stove in the men's shanty—which they call bunkhouse on the coast—could have laid his hands on the tales in all their glory. Not that every lumberjack is capable of spinning Paul Bunyan tales. Oh, no. A crew was fortunate to have one unlettered Stevens in it.

I am sorry for folks who must read Paul Bunyan only in a house somewhere with lawns, streets and other houses round about. My copy I shall stick in the pack and one day I shall come out onto a clearing which is on a rise of ground above a little swampy lake. It was one time a mighty camp, and the rotting logs still outline the men's shanty, the cook's shanty, the blacksmith shop, the stables, the office and van. It will be a still summer afternoon. Moss is thick on the sunken shake roofs remaining. Deer have kept the grass, rich with clover, well cropped and there are tracks all over the place. There is a rickety, rusty pump and on the cover of the well, old ax marks where the chore-boy chopped away the accumulated ice.

The men who worked in that camp are not all dead. Some of them, I have no doubt, reached the last of the pine out West and maybe Stevens met them, old, battered, blear-eyed shanty-boys, whose joints creaked and whose mumbling speech was full of the strange oaths Stevens so artfully reproduces in his book.

Here and there in the ruins of the camp are relics—a sleigh-

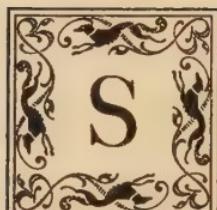
runner, a cracked ax-head, a bottle someone had hidden in his bunk. It is very easy to see the first comers to that place, the axmen swamping a road for the tote team. It is easy to behold the vast toil that had its center there and laid low a great patch of wilderness. But, as I said, it will be silent there on a summer afternoon, save for the yelling of a jay, whose distant ancestor fed at the back of the cook shanty.

I shall sit with my back against a log wall and read the book again. Having read it twice, I shall be no better equipped to tell you why everyone who is not hopelessly matter-of-fact will like it; why every person who has anything in common with Mark Twain or, say, Eugene Field or Lewis Carroll or some of these Irish dreamers will like it. The joy of it is, as I have said, elusive. To define it would be as difficult as poking butter in a wildcat's ear with a red-hot awl, to borrow a saying from the old days.

# WALTER DE LA MARE

*by*

G. B. STERN



SO THEN I sat down to write a paper on the prose works of Walter de la Mare.

A "paper"? What did this comprise? I mistrusted my powers. Even an appreciation, written as frankly, as gratefully and warmly as indeed I felt it, would be bound to rush to the surface in terms of schoolgirl ecstasy, indiscriminate babblings. Yet, on the other hand, a critical survey? Can one adequately compose it without mentioning such formalities as "style," "balance," "as Flaubert says——"? Yes, I am sure, Flaubert!

So, helpless in the No-Man's-Land between gush and pedantry, between enthusiasm and the cool compliments of a tempered judgment, with all the goodwill in the world to tackle my subject in a befitting scholarly manner, I felt like a child, mute and astray in some forlorn enchanted ring, hearing the name "Walter de la Mare," as though the horns of Elfland had sounded it over and over again for my encouragement: "Walter de la Mare" . . .

I swear it is as much a spell as a name. For what are the tangible fragments and toys that he has scattered for us by which to remember him? Tiny branchings of moss; tinkle of



ERNEST NEWMAN  
*Photograph by Reginald Haines*



G. B. STERN

running water; a shower of brilliant bird-song in the twilit forest . . . And a fool ran through it from end to end, shaking his mournful bells . . . "Who said Peacock Pie?" . . . A church-yard . . . Ding dong bell! . . . Wisdom that floated, a frail bubble, round and about empty madness . . . An old house, and at the window the sinister face, yellow, heavy, half-closed eyelids, of Seaton's Aunt. . . . A microscopic mirror that dwindled to so much smaller and clearer all that it reflected. . . . And terror . . . dark, dark, dark. . . . Oh, and such images of elusive beauty, broken sometimes, but oftener scooped whole, for our vision, into the hollow of the wizard's palms. . . .

Walter de la Mare.

Well, and here I am, alone with his genius and blank pages of white paper. Yet would I rather be ambling slowly, thrilled with fear and awed by my own expectancy, on a mare called Rosinante, through that same fantastic region, valley and trees and seashore, where Henry Brocken met again the people of the books about whose immortality he had most wondered: Annabel Lee, and Gulliver, the Doctor who tended Macbeth, Jane Eyre and Rochester, perilous Criseyde . . .

Surely, then, though I know not how I reached it, here must be the wild, untended garden of Wanderslore. And Rosinante paused in her slow gait, amazed at the unwonted spectacle of an exquisite midget, dressed in vivid colored silks, sitting lonely under her parasol beside the derelict garden house—"And not so ridiculously pygmy either, even in the ladder of the world's proportion—saw-edged blade of grass, gold-cupped moss, starry stonecrop, green musky moschate, close-packed pebble, wax-winged fly——"

Hush! . . . no, she does not see us; she is too bitterly absorbed in her letter, no doubt from Fanny Bowater, that lovely, mocking creature: "Dear Midgetina"—follow all her baffling contradictions of mind and phrase, those stings and

disloyalties and half promises which build up Fanny (p. 240). . . . "You must remember, dear Midgetina, that you will never, never be able to see things in a truly human perspective. Few people, of course, try to. You do. But though your view may be delicate as gossamer and clear as a glass marble, it can't be full-size. . . ."

Someone is playing watchful sentinel to Miss Midget, besides ourselves; he is not more than a few inches taller, and his haggard eyes betray the very despair of love. Yet then I recollect that I need not pity Up Anon, for he is going to be allowed to die for her. And so pass on, and leave Miss Midget; leave her before that less palatable vision be forced on me, of witty Miss M. in society, protégée of that capricious old witch Mrs. Monnerie, who would provide any luxury for so bizarre a pet. . . .

And horror jangles nearer, to the tune of a circus merry-go-round. . . .

Gallop, Rosinante! 'nly to get away with speed. . . . And my obedient mare does not halt again until Wanderslore is left far, far behind, and that haunted meadow near Wanderslore. . . .

. . . A weather-worn lich gate, creaking into a churchyard dank beneath cypresses. A seat beside a tombstone that, queerly, has a deep crack in it. And on the seat, a man asleep; a man with a long dark sallow face . . . not English, with that sardonic twist to it; French, perhaps. I woke him, on an impulse that mastered me in spite of the scene's shudder, and asked him his name. . . . But to this hour I cannot tell, I cannot disentangle from the cobwebs of my memory, whether he replied "Arthur Lawford" or "Nicholas Sabathier."

Sabathier? Why, that was the name on the cracked tombstone close by; the name in the suicide's epitaph. Not a bewildering two of them, surely? Yet this man did not look like an "Arthur Lawford," that I'll swear! And he was ill; his

gaze, half piteous, half scoffing, was of one who had been at death's door:

"Have you ever, in a dream, or just as one's thoughts go sometimes, seen that door? . . . its ruinous stone lintel, carved into lichenous stone heads . . . stonily silent in the last sunlight, hanging in peace unlatched. Heated, hunted, in agony—in that cold, green-clad, shadowed porch is haven and sanctuary. . . . But beyond—O God, beyond!"

. . . And suddenly Rosinante reared and shied, as though a ghost, a shadow, were crossing her path. And plunged wildly away from that omened place. So that I, preoccupied with quieting her, did not notice how I fared, nor whither. . . . Until, lifting my eyes, I perceived two quaint comrades at their meal of flesh and Ukka-nuts, outside a hut "near the edge of a kind of shelving rock, which sloped down softly to a cliff or gully. A little half-frozen stream flowed gleaming under the sun between its snowy banks, to tumble wildly over the edge of the cliff in blazing and frozen spray. Beyond the cliff stretched the azure and towering forests of Munza, immeasurable, league on league, flashing beneath the whole arch of the sky, capped and mantled and festooned with snow."

At once I recognized the twain. Andy Battle, the shipwrecked sailor—"Oomgar," as the monkey tribe called a mere human!—his kindly presence in all that vastness warmed my heart, indeed. But almost directly I turned fascinated gaze to the little hairy figure squatting opposite him: blinking, wistful eyes, velvety tuft on the top of his head, sheepskin coat with the precious Wonder Stone wrapped, no doubt, as always, in the lining. . . . This was Nod, Royal Mulgar, Prince of Tishnar; Ummanodda Nizza-neela his full name; youngest of the three Mulla-Mulgars who set forth with such blundering gallantry to seek their uncle, Prince Assasimon, beyond and beyond the mountains of Arakkaboa. From a little dis-

tance, Thumb and Thimble, I knew, would be watching jealously the quaint friendship which had grown up between Oomgar and Mulla-Mulgar: "We're messmates now," had said Andy. And "Messimuts . . ." crooned Nod, softly echoing. But the two elder brothers understood nothing of Messimuts, and were only concerned lest Nod might forget their dead Mutta-muttata's final warning:

"And oh, remember this always: that you are all three Mulla-Mulgars, sons of Seelem, whose home is far from here—Mulla-Mulgars who never do walk flambo—that is, on all fours—never taste blood, and never, unless in danger and despair, climb trees or grow a tail."

... Fading away, these pictures, like the pages of a book reeled swiftly backwards. . . . Nod and Andy Battle . . . I shall not see them again. . . . Once more the graveyard where Nicholas Sabathier lies buried. . . . Now the garden of Wanderslore flashes and is gone. . . . I am left staring, dazed, at the blank white sheet of paper in front of me:

Let us examine the prose works of Walter de la Mare, and analyze his peculiar quality of enchantment. . . .

# B E E B L O O D

*by*

J A M E S   S T E V E N S

HIS story of the mastodonic mosquitoes is certainly one of the oldest of the Paul Bunyan fables. For mosquitoes have been enemies of loggers since men began to toil with trees.

The Bunyan histories relate that the hero-leader's loggers knew no peril of mosquitoes in their first years of logging in Real America; it was not until Babe, the blue ox, hauled the mammoth logging camp into the Peninsula country that these carnivorous creatures of the air were encountered.

There, on a hot summer day when the loggers had even pulled off their undershirts, so lavishly did they perspire, the surviving mastodonic mosquitoes flew down from the Tall Wolf country. They were so hungry that they flew wearily. And they sang like mosquitoes which were utterly wretched and forlorn. They were indeed feeling so, for all of them were without hope. And, as Paul Bunyan himself said, without hope in the heart there can be neither frolic nor song.

Not three days before the last of the Tall Wolves had expired. The race had been vanishing swiftly since Paul Bunyan got their leader, Niagara, for his moose hound in the days when he was a student of history; and as its resistance became feebler, the mastodonic mosquitoes multiplied. But they had

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no philosophy of conservation, and in blind bloodthirst they very unintelligently exterminated the race of Tall Wolves. Then their own numbers were reduced by famine; and at last only a company of females was left.

Now these favored females flew wearily into the Peninsula country, a forlorn, hopeless and hungry company. Even the bravest optimists among them had come to doubt that they would find sustenance comparable to the blood of Tall Wolves and thought seriously of a vegetarian life; but some prayed that suitable manna might fall for them in this wilderness.

Suddenly the leaders of the company ordered a halt. Then, for the first time in hours, there sounded a hum of hope from every parched throat. Through all the length and breadth of a vast wooded valley there was a glitter of swung axes; and amid this glitter was a softer ruddy glow from the bare backs and shoulders of Paul Bunyan's toiling loggers.

A deafening hum of joy rose from the mosquito band; all of them sped on in swift flight and dived without circling.

Paul Bunyan was afar from his loggers at this moment, pondering over forty-one ideas which had just occurred to him. So engrossed was he that he was only a little disturbed when the ringing music of thousands of axes was hushed. Not until the loggers began to yell did the hero-leader take notice. Then he saw the company of mosquitoes, and five strides brought him among them.

Many of his loggers were already white and faint from loss of blood, and the others were swinging axes furiously at the dodging, diving mosquitoes. Two of the mastodonic creatures were sprawled lifelessly over some pine logs, where well-aimed ax blows had brought them. The others dived more warily now, but savagely still; for they were athirst and it would require the blood of many loggers to quiet the hungering of their ten-gallon stomachs.

The loggers fought with desperate bravery, but it was lucky for them that the company was not a battalion.

Paul Bunyan was so astonished and angered that he forgot himself and roared at the mosquitoes; the loggers were all thrown to the ground by the power of that mighty voice; and instantly the mosquitoes were upon them, each one holding down four or more loggers at once and preparing to feast.

Paul Bunyan was greatly distressed, and for a second his wit failed him. He thought of killing the mosquitoes with smacks of his hand, but such smacks would also crush the loggers underneath. The great logger was only baffled for a second, however.

He called for Babe, the blue ox. Now he ordered Babe to swing his tail carefully, brushing the mastodonic mosquitoes from the loggers; and this Babe did, flirting his fine tail brush effectively, and with grace as well. Soon he had all the mosquitoes in the air. And there he kept them until the loggers were safely in their bunkhouses.

Now the mastodonic mosquitoes had saved themselves from starvation, but they were still hungry, and the night long they hummed ominously over the camp. Paul Bunyan heard them and he did not sleep. Instead, he busied himself with ideas and inventions for ridding the timber of this new peril. His inventions were no good; but at dawn a satisfying idea came to his mind.

Paul Bunyan at once called upon Johnny Inkslinger, his timekeeper and man of science.

"Johnny Inkslinger," said Paul Bunyan, "you need a vacation. And a vacation you shall take, doing me a service as well."

"But my figures, Mr. Bunyan——"

"In a time of emergency figures can always take care of themselves," Paul Bunyan said firmly. "This is my wish: You will go to the Big Bee country and there obtain the services of

the two most valorous, sagacious and bellicose bees in the region. Coax them if you can, beguile them if you must, or even beat them into submission; but bring them to me anyhow. In the meanwhile I'll have Babe protect the loggers; but in this logs will wait at the stumps, for none but Babe can snake them to the landings. Go now, with joy in your mission."

So Johnny Inkslinger journeyed into the Big Bee country, and found delight there in the lands which were so odorous with the blooms of mammoth clover. And in his very first day among the bees he met with two called Bum and Bill who were in ill repute with the more industrious because of their quarrelsomeness. They seemed eager for adventure and willing to follow the friendly timekeeper anywhere; but the wise man remembered the risks of homesickness and he coaxed them into submitting to precautions.

Johnny Inkslinger chained the wings of Bum and Bill to their bodies and locked the chains. They trusted him and allowed him to carry their stingers in his knapsack. Bum and Bill were proud of the calked shoes which the timekeeper put on their hind feet; and they walked gayly out of the Big Bee country.

They did get homesick before they reached Paul Bunyan's camp; but Johnny Inkslinger kept them marching, thanking his stars that he had not let them fly.

The two Big Bees quickly forgot all homesickness, however, when they were introduced to Paul Bunyan and shown the huge hive he had built for them. When their wings were unloosed Bum and Bill took off their shoes, stretched their legs, ate heartily of lump sugar and slept dreamlessly on beds of green clover. Next morning they buzzed for their stingers and showed great eagerness for battle. Paul Bunyan was the one to lead them to the woods, for Johnny Inkslinger was already figuring furiously to catch up in his work.

Babe, so tail-weary from his unaccustomed task, welcomed Bum and Bill with a joyful moo. They answered with a belligerent buzz; and it required Paul Bunyan's best eloquence to assure them that the blue ox was not the enemy.

Then Bum and Bill sighted the mastodonic mosquitoes. No drums were needed to rouse their battle lust. With hoarse buzzes of rage, they charged. The mosquitoes hummed and hawed and fled in a panic. Pursued and pursuers vanished in the forest. Soon the hums of fright and the buzzes of rage were only faint murmurs among the far trees. Paul Bunyan's teeth shone in a smile of triumph.

"Yay, Babe!" he commanded.

The logging went on.

Days passed and Paul Bunyan began to wonder, for Bum and Bill did not return to their huge hive. At last he came to fear that the two Big Bees had been crippled in battle. He was about to begin a search for them one day when he beheld a battalion of monstrous strange creatures hovering over his loggers. The sound that came from them was a buzz-hum. They looked like bees; but they looked like mosquitoes also. They dived, savagely buzz-humming, upon the loggers; and even as Paul Bunyan roared for the blue ox he saw that these new creatures had bills before and stingers behind. They were doubly deadly thus and the loggers had to flee. Now Paul Bunyan denounced that idea of his for coming to a bad ending.

For the two Big Bees had married the female mastodonic mosquitoes!

It was only natural. Bum and Bill had been accustomed to one queen bee for many mere male bees; and here each one had discovered that he could have as many queens as he liked.

The offspring were persistent, like their mammas, and savage, like their papas. They pried the shakes from the bunk-house roofs, and the loggers had to stand guard with axes.

Bum and Bill tried to control their children, but the children were uncontrollable.

Not a tree was being felled in the woods. The loggers were so besieged that they could not get to the cookhouse for their dinners. Babe's tail was brought into use, but these mosquitoes with bee blood were too good at dodging for the blue ox to switch them. Wretched over the behavior of their offspring, Bum and Bill hid for shame in their huge hive, though their new mates waited longingly for them in the woods.

It was the bee blood in these terrors of the air which ended their race.

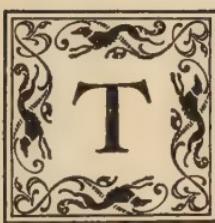
Paul Bunyan made some rafts, loaded them with sugar, and had Babe tow them into the center of the Great Lake. The mosquito-bees followed the lure and gorged so heavily on the sugar that they were weighted down to the water. So they drowned and logging went on, to the great glory of Paul Bunyan.

Bum and Bill remained with the leader-hero, making honey for the loggers' hot cakes. The mastodonic mosquitoes found mates, it seems; but these mates were surely poor ones, for the mosquitoes of to-day are puny and feeble creatures in comparison with those marvelous mastodonic mother mosquitoes of Paul Bunyan's time.

T H Y R A S A M T E R W I N S L O W ' S  
S H O R T S T O R I E S

*by*

R U T H S U C K O W

HE eleven short stories in Thyra Samter Winslow's first volume, "Picture Frames," thoroughly representative of her manner, are not quite so representative of her range of subject matter. With but one or two exceptions—notably the "Cycle of Manhattan," that caustic little history of the Jew in New York—they deal with the small-town life of the Middle West. But Mrs. Winslow has written, as well, stories of the theater, the newspapers, suburbanites, utilizing the typically American variety of her experience as a college girl, reporter, chorus girl, dramatic critic and inhabitant of Long Island.

Yet it is correct, in a way, to say that her work confines itself to a small field. Because, no matter how varied the material of her stories may be, the phase which they reveal is all very much the same. They are not comprehensive, but from that it by no means follows that they are not "true." To that one phase, they are relentlessly true; and perhaps such truth is all that any work of art can hope to show, the very shrewdest and wisest thing for it to attempt. All of Thyra Winslow's stories produce one definite effect.

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That phase is something as familiar in American life as the grind of street cars or the road to the Fair Grounds. The stories do not so much define as evoke it—a far more difficult and skillful thing. It is the dreary, everyday side of the life of a people whose houses are too flimsily built, who have settled over a great deal of territory without striking root very deeply in any place, and whose whole social life has a tinny shallowness. These stories make one think of small frame houses on slightly dingy streets, dances in the opera house, flirtations with traveling men, the bright theatrical shoddiness of Broadway, hired rooms, and the scramble for better houses, newer furniture, the latest department-store wrinkle in cushions and dishes, and the hasty varnish of a superficial culture. While that is not all of American life, it is a very authentic part. Reading the middle-western stories, I can feel a dusty, dreary wind blowing through the scrubby trees of a hot, flimsily built, medium-sized town with a great many railroad tracks.

In spite of omissions—especially of the novelette, “Other Good Fish,” a very fine example of this type of brief and succinct fiction—this collection of “Picture Frames” is highly representative of Mrs. Winslow’s work. All of the stories have the sharp technical proficiency, the acute perception of motive, the clear mental vision, which characterize her fiction and set it apart from the cheap and superficial appearance of reality so easily achieved in these days of newspaper training. Some of the earlier ones seem to me to show the poorest side of Mrs. Winslow’s talent, a kind of smart cleverness which is a hang-over from her newspaper days. But in such a story as “Birthday,” with its bleak, inescapable tragedy of age, there is a depth not reached by dozens of more pretentiously æsthetic things that break up their sentences in the Joycian manner and plaster on bits about Life, Sex and Beauty; while in “A Love Affair”—which is simply the story of the hopeless in-

fatuation of a shallow-minded girl for a boy who works in the hardware store—all the dry, bitter bleakness of that aspect of American life which is Thyra Winslow's peculiar province, is fused with a sense of human suffering that makes this story, of its own kind, final. I should like to put it with Sarah Orne Jewett's "A White Heron," Stephen Crane's "The Open Boat," Walter Muilenberg's "At the End of the Road," and a very few others, in a small and rigidly chosen collection of American short stories.

Thyra Winslow's stories do not have beauty in the ordinarily accepted sense of suavity, or of purple patches. They have a certain aridity both of subject and manner. Therefore, and because of the life with which they deal—a shoddy, ordinary life in general, of the sort popularly dubbed "drab"—they are not likely to have the word "art" too frequently applied to them. This is to miss the point. One of the delights of art is that complete adaptation of means to an end which made George Eliot call Jane Austen (working in a field stringently limited) the most perfect of artists. This is the peculiar delight of Thyra Winslow's short stories. They are incisive, relentlessly definite, and to many readers terrifyingly unsentimental. They are the product of a mind acute and unillusioned. But their small perfection is perhaps all the more sharply defined because they grow out of a large and robust, decidedly engaging, human vitality as well.

# F R A N K   S W I N N E R T O N

*by*

F R A N K   S W I N N E R T O N



PERCEIVE that I shall not be represented at all in the new Borzoi Book unless I write something for it about myself; and it is for this reason that I have overcome my natural modesty and am proceeding to supply a few facts. In the first place, my name. This is a name common in Staffordshire, in the English midlands, where I am told that the largest caterer is also called Frank Swinnerton. I have not yet exploited this fact as it should be exploited. I have never visited the other Frank Swinnerton. But I have visited the village of Swinnerton, from which my ancestors (I suppose) originally came. This village is near the town of Stone, in Staffordshire, and is filled with lovely thatched cottages. It is quite a creditable village. Therefore I now claim it as my place of origin. Here, however, begins one of the curiosities of English nomenclature. The village figures sometimes as Swinnerton, and sometimes as Swynnerton. There is a very famous woman artist in England called Mrs. Swynnerton, and this lady has several times been asked if she is related to me. Her reply has never been recorded. I have never seen Mrs. Swynnerton. But I receive letters from people I know quite well in which the spelling of *her* name is

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handed out to me. I gather therefore that she is better known than I am. Upon the other hand, when pronounced to shopkeepers and others, and even when spelled for them over the telephone or the counter, my name seems to offer extraordinary difficulty. For some reason which I have never been able to understand the names Swinnington, Swillerton, Swinneston, and even Switherington appear to all strangers to be more "probable" than Swinnerton. To myself these other names are highly grotesque; to others anything is apparently better than the reality. When I ring up my own club on the telephone, in order to reserve a table for lunch, I am corrected by the little girl who is in charge of the telephone at the club. I say "Mr. Swinnerton." Like lightning comes a severe voice. "*Mr. Swillington.*"

So much for the name. As I said, it is a familiar Staffordshire name. Long before he ever heard of me, Mr. Arnold Bennett, who is genuine Staffordshire, introduced into "The Old Wives' Tale" a character called Mr. Peel-Swynnerton. Peel-Swynnerton "obviously did not belong to this world. He was a young man of twenty-five or so, not handsome, but elegant. . . . His demeanor, reserved yet free from self-consciousness, his method of handling a knife and fork, the niceties of his manner in transferring food from the silver dishes to his plate, the tone in which he ordered half a bottle of wine—all these details infallibly indicated to the company that Matthew Peel-Swynnerton was their superior." And so on. When Mr. Bennett came to make my acquaintance, he must have found the description almost prophetic. It is another illustration of the great fact that truth is stranger than fiction.

Upon the other side of the family, I hail from the Highlands and the Lowlands of Scotland. My maternal grandfather came from Edinburgh; my grandfather was a member of the family of McLeod, who were the ancient Kings of Skye. I do not

know how many commoners stood between my grandmother and this proud lineage, but it is a matter which I have not explored. For the moment, if you please, we will leave the Kings aside. I do not insist upon them. They may go their way. All I mention is the Scottish blood. For it will be realized at once that a man in whom Staffordshire and Scottish blood is mingled is peculiarly well-fitted to be successful in business. And accordingly readers of these notes will not be surprised to learn that among the extremely select body of writers in England who earn a little extra money by means of the press criticism of works by other and original writers it is generally assumed that I entered the nefarious trade of novel-writing in order to make money. "Novelists," say Sir Edmund Gosse, and other scholars of his calibre, "care only for money." I am a novelist, and people read my novels. Therefore . . . It is all very painful. Well, for a number of years I seemed to have chosen my trade unwisely. I still think that I might be making more money if I had gone into the City or into the Civil Service (with pension); and this is my one real grief. This is a point, however, which will never be decided. I entered the publishing business at the age of fourteen, and at a salary of six shillings a week. I passed from one branch of publishing to another, earning successively thirteen, twenty, twenty-five, and thirty shillings a week. At the age of twenty-four, when I was getting thirty-five shillings a week as a clerk, I published my first novel, written a year earlier. My profits from this book, "The Merry Heart," were about twenty-five pounds. I had written another book, "The Young Idea," when I for the first time read "Clayhanger," by Arnold Bennett. I liked "Clayhanger." I liked it even more than I liked "The Old Wives' Tale." I wrote and told Mr. Bennett so—the only letter I had ever written, or have ever written unsolicited, to an author regarding his work. I concluded my letter with

words to this effect: "As I have read your book I think you ought to read mine." He did so. He wrote me a letter which I blushed with pride to receive, and which I still blush to recall. But for that letter I might have thrown up the writing of novels. Instead, I went on with the work. Arnold Bennett said that my book was "profound." It has never yet been adequately published in America (for it was not until 1912 that my connection with Mr. Doran began), and the firm which was induced to take a few copies of the book in sheets did not sell the sheets; but it was reviewed by Floyd Dell in terms which caused me to buy a new hat—roomier than the last. I met Arnold Bennett. He said: "You're a very good novelist." I said: "Are you sure you're not making a mistake?" The temerity of it! To suggest, straight to his face, at a first meeting, that Arnold Bennett might be making a mistake! Colossal! Prodigious! Absurd! And yet, evidently, not wholly displeasing. "*I'm* not making any mistake!" said Arnold Bennett.

I date from that meeting, which occurred in 1911, my real first beginnings as a writer. I date from Mr. Wells's generous letter to the *Daily News*, in 1917, protesting against a tepid notice of a book called "Nocturne" my success as a writer. Contrary to the general assumption, "Nocturne" had in England a very poor press. It had the poorest press in England of any book of mine except "Young Felix." The good English reviews of "Nocturne" were almost unnoticeable. The only enthusiastic one was that in the *Westminster Gazette* which treated a nocturne as a symphony, and spoke of its "movements."

Another point upon which I should like to correct a common error is my personal appearance. Arnold Bennett said in a sketch of me that I looked like anybody else. This has led to the spread of a report that I am unrecognizable. In fact, I

look extremely like a figure in the lamented exhibition, lately burned, known in England as Madame Tussaud's. I do not look quite real, but I look like a moderately successful wax model of somebody else. If I leave my hat in the cloakroom at some fashionable hotel where they do not give checks for deposited articles, such as Claridge's or the Savoy, it is always handed to me the instant I reappear in the cloakroom. I have never been told definitively how the geniuses in charge of such work manage to recollect the faces of depositors; but I understand that they write down "red nose," or "rat's whiskers," or some other rather coarse descriptive term. It may be so. Whatever is done in my own case is unerring. I have seen other men given a heap of hats to choose from. Mine is never among the heap. It is already on my head.

Upon the subject of my work, it will be noticed, I am reticent. I will be so no longer. This work takes various forms. At present it is housepainting. I also do a little weeding in the garden. At other times I read manuscripts and advise against their publication. I am a thorough and copious, but not a good conversationalist, and find this hard work. Very occasionally I dash off a novel—of course for money, since money is the god of all novelists—and live for a while upon the ill-gotten gains which come of such pandering to the popular taste for sensation. I always learn with regret from reviews that the new novel is not as good as "Nocturne"; that it is painstaking, dull, "clever," etc.; and that I am aging without maturing. I also learn, or hope to learn, from Mr. Mencken that I am one of the inferior English writers who have been imposed upon the credulous American public by sheer boost. These things are all in the day's work, which is an enjoyable game. I have been a reviewer myself, and I know how the reviewer feels. I should probably write that way myself if I could come fresh to one of my own books. The type of book



CARL VAN VECHTEN  
*Caricature by Ralph Barton*

The legend on the portrait reads: Mr. Carl Van Vechten  
thinking of the young'uns with apologies to Max Beerbohm,  
James McNeill Whistler, Thomas Carlyle



LADISLAS REYMONT

that I write is one that I never read, because I find it so boring. Unfortunately it is the only kind of book that I can write; and I do it as well as I can.

If it is thought that the dislike of one's own work—a dislike tempered, of course, by paternal shame—is a rare habit of mind, I should like to combat the notion. In my judgment few authors like to read books of the same type as their own. They require variety and stimulus, and this they get best from minds as unlike their own as possible. In my own case the difficulty is complicated by the fact that I am the opposite of a highbrow. I do not belong to any cliques, and the ordinary mediocre highbrow effort of the present day is only significant—it seems to me—to those who live by taking in each other's reviewing. My favorite reading, apart from Dostoevsky, Stendhal, Jane Austen, Balzac, Thomas Hardy, and a few other novelists of the first class, is to be found among the less pretentious forms of literature, such as the tales of Austin Freeman, Edgar Wallace, Stanley Weyman, Rafael Sabatini, Talbot Baines Reed, Louisa May Alcott, Henry James, Sir Walter Scott, Dumas, Wisden's Cricketers' Almanac, and the catalogues of the various gramophone companies. With these, and the best there is, I am well satisfied. For this reason I can sympathize warmly with all critics who regard my own books with disfavor. But I should be extremely sorry if such distaste became universal, because in that event I should be reduced to the state of a highbrow, and I should have to subsist by reviewing adversely the work of those more fortunate and perhaps more talented than myself.

# CONCERNING TEXTBOOKS AND THEIR PERPETRATORS

*by*

PAUL B. THOMAS

To whom Mr. Knopf more or less sagaciously entrusted, three years ago,  
the management of his Textbook Department



LITTLE learning is a dangerous thing"—saith the poet; and promptly I reply: "Yea, verily."

For one thing, it is very likely to result in a textbook.

Most of us perforce become more or less familiar with textbooks before we have advanced very far on the road to perdition, for they form a seemingly essential part of the educational diet on which our youthful minds are nourished. Few of us, on the other hand, ever arrive at any adequate conception of the dangers inherent in them. But the facts are none the less patent. Not only are textbooks likely to drive hundreds, nay, thousands, of innocent teachers and students into cultural pursuits, but at the same time there is the constant menace that their authors and publishers will become liable to the excess profits tax. One shudders to think of a well-meaning publisher or a conscientious professor lapsing into a wanton indulgence of the material satisfactions that money will buy.

For my part, I have never been blind to these dangers. If I have, nevertheless, a certain liking for textbooks, it is due at

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least in part to the force of circumstances. Just now, at any rate, I find myself not only dependent upon them for my hard-tack and oleomargarine, but also largely indebted to them for a generous portion of the cares and responsibilities that keep me from getting fat. In any case, I am vaguely conscious of knowing a thing or two about textbooks—not, to be sure, as much as I should like to know, but enough to enable me to look wise.

But if I know something about textbooks, I am happy to know still more about the people who write them—their perpetrators. I was born and bred in their midst. To one of them, indeed, I owe my very existence. Moreover, I have kept company with them, more or less, for thirty-odd years; and as I look into the future I see them playing, individually and collectively, an ever more prominent part in my life. One and all, therefore, may they prosper!

In general, I have found them to be thoroughly upright and law-abiding citizens. So far as I can remember, not one of them has ever tried to pick my pocket or to elope with my wife. One of them, to be sure, owes me a dollar and forty cents, but I can easily deduct that from his next royalty statement. Meanwhile, the obligation causes me not the slightest embarrassment or concern, for it has long since been charged to "sundries" in my expense account. The culprit knows now that "three fours" is better than "two aces and two queens," and also that playing poker with a publisher is not less dangerous than writing textbooks.

But who are some of these erudite textbook writers to whom I refer?

The first name that occurs to me is that of Harry E. Barnes, a man of prodigious learning and tireless energy. Known to the academic world as Professor of Historical Sociology in Smith College, located in Northampton, Mass., Barnes is es-

sentially human in everything he does and says and thinks. His book on "Sociology and Political Theory" is a credit to American scholarship, but it represents only a beginning. Recently he has been giving much thought to "The History and Prospects of the Social Sciences," with the result that he has invited nine men to collaborate with him in getting out a book on the subject. The manuscript of his most recent book, entitled "History and Social Intelligence," now lies on my desk and will go to the printer as soon as I have finished reading it for my own satisfaction and enlightenment. I have never told him so, but I count Harry Barnes among the best friends I have.

Second in order but not in esteem comes Alexander A. Goldenweiser, who knows more about "Early Civilization" than most men know about women and love. If incomes were commensurate with intellectual capacities, Goldenweiser would be a billionaire. He also knows much about Freudian psychology, and pretty soon he will be telling us all about it in a new book. He may be found almost any day at the New School for Social Research here in New York, where he spends his time reading, writing, lecturing, and smoking—especially smoking.

James Mickel Williams, Professor of Economics and Sociology in Hobart College, Geneva, N.Y., writes a textbook as easily as he makes a friend—which is saying much. His first three books, on "The Foundations of Social Science," on "Principles of Social Psychology," and on "Our Rural Heritage," are merely precursors of a dozen more he has stowed away somewhere in his cerebrum. Strangely enough, I have his disconcerting confession, in writing, that he has no use for textbooks *qua* textbooks. Apparently his aversion to them does not begin at home. But Williams is none the less an excellent fellow.

Another good friend of mine takes the subject matter of

psychology to be "the actual interactions of psychological organisms, whether animal or human, with the objects and conditions surrounding them," but I do not propose to argue the matter with him. His name is J. Robert Kantor, his title is Professor of Psychology, and his address is Indiana University, Bloomington, Ind. An uncompromising advocate of the twenty-hour day, Kantor is at odds with every Labor Union in the country. He devotes his leisure time to light reading on behavior segments, adaptive reactions, functional stimuli, etc. His "Principles of Psychology" already fill one volume, and very soon they will be flowing over into a second.

My friendship with Nelson A. Crawford began two or three years ago when he wrote me a letter inquiring if I would care to read the manuscript of a book which he had just finished writing and which he proposed to call "The Ethics of Journalism. The book is bound in red cloth and is prized by every student and teacher of Journalism in the country. I do not know just what "Industrial Journalism" is, but Crawford is Professor of it out in Manhattan, Kansas, seat of the State Agricultural College. Just now he is serving as Director of Information in the U.S. Department of Agriculture, but that, I trust, will not retard his progress on the series of journalism texts he has undertaken to edit for me.

A long time ago I learned, indirectly, that there was "a brilliant young fellow" down in Philadelphia, teaching Economics at the University of Pennsylvania, who had a manuscript nearly ready for publication. His name was Raymond T. Bye. The manuscript is now an octavo volume of 508 pages bearing the title "Principles of Economics." Bye has some economic doctrines of his own and does not hesitate to preach them; but they are sound doctrines and are finding acceptance everywhere. I am hoping, accordingly, that he will hurry up with that second manuscript on which he is working.

Unfortunately I did not know Philip A. Parsons before he pulled up stakes in the East and went out to Oregon to become Director of the School of Social Work in Portland as well as Professor of Applied Sociology in the University of Oregon, in Eugene. But we became rather good friends by mail before I went out there, last fall, and met him in his own lair. He is so much interested in "Modern Social Problems" that he wrote "An Introduction to" them, and the book is one of my proudest acquisitions. Parsons set out to preach the gospel, I understand, but you would never suspect it.

In Tufts College, Mass., which is a post office as well as an institution of learning, there is a Professor of Philosophy by the name of Robert C. Givler, also a friend of mine. Givler thinks that "human conduct is in the last analysis dependent upon the postures and manœuvres of our muscle-fabric," and so he wrote a book called "The Ethics of Hercules." I know but little about the man's history or private life, but I doubt whether he is any more ethical than the rest of us. But in any case, a man who can make a course in Ethics interesting deserves a Carnegie Medal.

Readers of Mr. Knopf's fictional output know who John T. Frederick is—author of "Druida" and editor of "Stories from the Midland"—to say nothing of "Green Bush," a new novel of his to appear this fall. As an active member of the English Department of the State University of Iowa, located in Iowa City, Frederick spends a part of his time teaching aspiring authors "how to write (or, preferably, how *not* to write) the short story"; and that is why I know him. His "Handbook of Short Story Writing" contains a lot of information and advice which, if it were universally accepted, would be a blessing to the development of English literature.

Of all my academic friends I see more of H. Stanley Schwarz, I think, than of any other, due, perhaps, to his proximity. As

Assistant Professor of French in the Washington Square College of New York University, he has a happy way of dropping in on me from time to time on his way to and from the Bronx, where he lives. Schwarz became so saturated with "French Literature" that he had to write "An Outline History of" it in order, as it were, to get it out of his system. He plays golf, but that detracts not a whit from my respect for him; on the other hand, he smokes vile tobacco, which is a more serious matter.

Come to think of it, I see a good deal of Schuyler C. Wallace also. As a devotee of Political Science, Wallace spends a good deal of his time demonstrating the mechanism of "Our Governmental Machine" to aspiring citizens matriculated in Columbia University. Moreover, he seems to have an inordinate liking for women voters, to whom he is ever and anon lecturing, by radio and otherwise, on divers subjects—from Trial Marriages, about which he knows nothing, to The Rights and Duties of the Citizen, about which he knows much.

Among the "officers of instruction" in the University of Kentucky there is listed an Assistant Professor of English by the name of Grant C. Knight, likewise a member of my coterie. His foremost ambition is to write The Great American Novel for which we are all waiting, and Lexington, Ky., noted for its fast horses and beautiful women (adjectives now said to be interchangeable), would seem to be an ideal location for the accomplishment. First, however, he proposes to write some books about books, and he has made a good beginning with "Superlatives," to be followed shortly by "A New Survey of the English Novel." Personally, I have no objection to his writing a novel if he must; but I do wish he would stop trying to grow a mustache.

One of my very good friends, who plays billiards even better than I do, is just now on leave of absence from the University of Michigan, where he belongs, and is engaged in teaching Eng-

lish in the University of the Philippines, in Manila. His name is Harold P. Scott. Some day somebody may produce a better rhetoric text than "An Analysis of Writing," but neither Scott nor I can see any immediate likelihood of it. Meanwhile, I have just one grievance against the man: he promised to send me a carabao and has not yet done it.

Another friend of mine who has drifted from his moorings is Albert G. A. Balz, now in Paris, normally in Charlottesville, Va. As Professor of Philosophy in the University of Virginia, Balz came to the conclusion, some time ago, that further progress in the social sciences was dependent upon the development of "an adequate science of human nature," and so, quite like a professor, he proceeded to set forth his reasons for such a conclusion on paper. In writing "The Basis of Social Theory" he enjoyed the collaboration of his colleague Professor William S. A. Pott, but of him I shall have something to say further on.

I am here reminded of another good friend of mine, Professor Lindsay Rogers, of Columbia University. Rogers has not yet laid a manuscript of his own making on my desk, but sooner or later he will be doing just that. Meanwhile, he has already rendered me a friendly service in accepting the General Editorship of a series of "Political Science Classics" which I propose to bring out. Incidentally, Rogers is one of the few professors I know who can wear spats and carry a cane with a natural and becoming grace.

Speaking of Columbia University, my thoughts must logically dwell for a moment on Professor Algernon de V. Tassin, who believes that "the shortest way to good writing lies through good reading." Acting upon this conviction, he waded through the world's literature and extracted from it some five hundred passages which he collected into a volume called "The Oral Study of Literature," incidentally a very useful and enter-

taining book. Tassin gives a course in Public Speaking and another in Elocution, and, worse than that, he writes plays and fairy stories.

In the University of Colorado, located in Boulder, I have several good friends, chief among them being Edwin B. Place and Charles C. Ayer, both of the Department of Romance Languages. Together they reached the conclusion that the existing textbooks for Spanish composition were for one reason or another inadequate, and so they sat down and wrote one to suit them. Entitled "Un Viaje por España," it is a very useful book for those interested in things Spanish.

And this reminds me of my friend Aurelio M. Espinosa, likewise a Professor of Romance Languages, but in Stanford University, way out in Palo Alto, California. Espinosa has been responsible for the publication of numerous textbooks, but his edition of Echegaray's "El Gran Galeoto" is the one in which I have been especially interested. I am told that he counts among his accomplishments the ability to read, write, and speak a dozen languages, but the only one I have ever tried him out on is English.

My most renowned friend, possibly, is Charles A. Beard, whom I knew long before he knew me. When I was an undergraduate in Columbia University I used to see him daily on the campus, and my only regret is that I did not have sense enough to inject myself into one of his classes. His little book on "The Economic Basis of Politics," published before I joined forces with Mr. Knopf, represents the very essence of mature reflection and scholarly authority in the field of political philosophy.

Another Columbia professor of whose friendship I may boast is Rexford G. Tugwell, of the Department of Economics. Like Rogers, Tugwell has never written a book for me; but he has edited two books for me, and God alone knows what more he

may do for me in time to come. His interest in matters economic was aroused by the late Professor Simon Nelson Patten, of the University of Pennsylvania, some of whose "Essays in Economic Theory" he adjudged worthy of publication in book form; and he was quite right about it. Shortly afterwards he fell into speculation upon "The Trend of Economics," with the result that he induced thirteen fellow economists to contribute monographs, one each, on as many phases of the development of economic science. The thirteen contributors are all friends of mine, but limitations of space prevent me from enumerating them.

The men I have mentioned have actually written for me material which is now in print. But I have by no means exhausted, with them, my list of academic friends; indeed, I have scarcely begun it. Another list might include the names of thirty or forty men who are definitely engaged in writing books which I intend to publish. A third list might include the names of many more from whom I hope, sooner or later, to extract a manuscript. A fourth list might include a goodly number of names representing persons who have no intention of writing a book for me, or perhaps for anybody else, and who are yet friends of mine. I should like to compliment them all; but alas, Mr. Knopf has limited me to "six or eight pages." I can do no more than mention the names of a few author-friends from whom I have recently received manuscripts that are now in press.

First in this category I may mention Professor Harold N. Hillebrand, of the University of Illinois, whose work on "Writing the One-Act Play" promises to eclipse all other books dealing with the same subject.

Professor Chester C. Maxey, who is moving this year from Western Reserve University, in Cleveland, Ohio, to Whitman College, in Walla Walla, Washington, calls his book "The

Problem of Government." A text for beginners in the study of politics and government, it is the best book of its kind that I have read.

Professor Harry C. Thurnau, of the University of Kansas, is responsible for an elementary German grammar entitled "Vocabulary-building German for Beginners," which I have every reason to believe will sweep the field.

To Professor S. L. Millard Rosenberg, of the University of California, Southern Branch, I am indebted for a Spanish text entitled "Mexico Virreinal," which he wrote in collaboration with Manuel Romero de Terreros, as also for an annotated edition of Pio Baroja's "Zalacain, el Aventurero."

Professor Aaron Schaffer, of the University of Texas, has prepared for me an annotated edition of René Boylesve's "La Becquée," a thoroughly readable novel by a living French author who deserves wider recognition in this country than he has won.

Professor Gino A. Ratti, of Butler University, has produced "A Progressive Course in French Composition and Conversation," which advocates a radical and commendable departure from the traditional methods of teaching neophytes the mysteries of the French language.

Professor Edwin H. Zeydel, of Indiana University, could not find "An Elementary German Reader" to suit his purposes, and so he wrote one. I shall miss my guess if it does not appeal to every German teacher in the country.

Those of us who try to keep posted on matters educational have been interested in the so-called "orientation courses" that are cropping out in our colleges and universities. But it remained for Ralph E. Turner, of the University of Iowa, to write the first book intended specifically for them. If I am not mistaken, "America in Civilization" will take the higher educational world by storm.

Professor Benjamin Brawley, of Shaw University, has contributed "A New Survey of English Literature," which is destined to supplant, I believe, the numerous texts covering the same ground that have been on the market for varying lengths of time.

To Professor William S. A. Pott I have already referred. His book on "Chinese Political Philosophy," the first of the above-mentioned series of "Political Science Classics," is the result of long and patient research in a neglected field.

Professor Gustave L. Van Roosebroeck has supplied a book for which the need has long been felt by teachers of Contemporary French Literature—"An Anthology of Modern French Poetry." He needed it for his own classes in New York University, but that was an incidental consideration.

Sir Bernard Pares, of the University of London, is properly to be mentioned here. His "History of Russia" will undoubtedly find its way into many a classroom.

I have never met Maurice Croiset, the distinguished author of "Civilisation hellénique," because my itineraries never include Paris, France. On the other hand, I am very well acquainted with the man who translated the above book for the benefit of English and American readers. He is my wife's husband, but for all that a firm believer in the Constitution of the United States.

Last but by no means least I may mention, in this category, J. Fred Rippy, of the University of Chicago. His book on "The United States and Mexico, 1821-1924," is scarcely a textbook, but his forthcoming "History of Latin America" will be a textbook. Incidentally, he has just finished editing an English translation of Manuel Ugarte's "El Destino de un Continente" for Mr. Knopf.

Having reached and crossed the boundary of my space privilege, I may write no more. Perhaps, however, I may be

permitted merely to enumerate the names of a few men who are actually writing books for me on the basis of signed contracts. I cannot fairly exclude them from a list of my academic friends.

Professor Robert C. Dexter, of Skidmore College, is writing on "Social Maladjustment."

Professor W. Y. Elliott, of the University of California, is writing on "The Constitutional Backgrounds of American Institutions."

Professor Harold U. Faulkner, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is writing "A Social and Political History of the United States."

Professor James E. Gillespie, of Pennsylvania State College, is writing "A History of Europe from 1500 to 1815."

Professor Alexander Flick, now New York State Historian, has written a "Modern World History."

Professor William L. Langer, of Clark University, is writing "A Diplomatic History of Europe since 1870."

Professor William M. Leiserson, Chairman of the Board of Arbitration of the Men's Clothing Industry, Chicago Market, is writing "A Study of Labor Problems."

Professor Wilson D. Wallis, of the University of Minnesota, has just completed "An Introduction to Sociology."

Professor Charles E. Martin, of the University of California, Southern Branch, is collaborating with Professor William H. George, of the University of Washington, on "An Outline of American Politics and Government."

Professor James W. Thompson, of the University of Chicago, is writing "A History of the Middle Ages."

Professor William T. Morgan, of Indiana University, is writing "A History of England," to be accompanied by "A Guide to the Study of English History."

Professors Oliver M. Johnston and Jefferson Elmore, of Stan-

ford University, have just turned over to me the manuscript of "A French Grammar for Colleges and High Schools."

Professor Joseph V. Breitwieser, of the University of California, is adding the finishing touches to his "Psychological Education."

Miss Esther Wilson, of the University of Kansas, has just completed her work on "The Function and Mechanism of a Sentence."

That is enough.

# A SONG FOR FEBRUARY

*by*

EUNICE TIETJENS

HEY! How am I quickened now, alive and quickened, crying out!

It is the spring which has done this, the spring which is not yet here.

Underground the spring lies, under the frozen earth. Like a wintering bear she lies in her cavern underground.

I cannot see so much as the sunken spot in the snow above her, nor the hole where her breath comes up.

Heavily the ground is frozen, and the snow falls thickly.

Yet the wild geese fly northward.

Through the thick snow they fly, honking and crying, driving their wedge into winter.

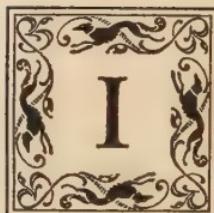
And I am glad now and quickened.

Hey! Now I am alive!

# FENDER-FISHING WITH MR. NATHAN

*by*

C A R L V A N D O R E N



ONCE called George Jean Nathan the faun among the critics of the theater, but I have since thought of a happier analogy. He is the Izaak Walton of his craft. If there are a great many honest men who read "The Compleat Angler" without ever going near a brook, there must be a great many quite as honest who get at Broadway in the same discreet fashion by reading its most knowledgeable commentator. Nathan owes it to his readers to call some future book "The Compleat Critic," as I hereby serve notice upon him. If he does not, I shall myself strip certain of his light-hearted volumes of their original covers, have them bound up with this proper title, and bequeath them to the Library of Congress to puzzle the bibliographers of the next age. Since Nathan is the bitter foe of all mystification, such a plan is sure to stir him. Meanwhile, there is nothing to do but point out the instructive parallel.

No doubt Nathan has applied his wits to matters which lie outside the theater. Take alcohol, for instance, and theology. I find as much on these topics in his works as any amateur of either needs to know. But even here the Compleat Critic



HENRIE WASTE  
*Photograph by Arnold Genthe*



FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG  
*From a painting by Cathleen Mann*

comes back to the stage, of which "painted toy" he has written: "I criticize it as a man criticizes his own cocktail and his own God." And so with the girls. "The woman I like best," says Nathan, "is the woman whose mood and beauty suggest a brilliant spectrum, a whirling wheel of surprising and dazzling hues." His taste suggests, it may be thought, rather the footlights than the calm domestic hearth. Moreover, would he have mastered, at least in theory, all the arts of the prestidigitator if there were not something of the theatrical in such shows? And when it comes to politics, the evidence is complete. Nathan and Mencken once proposed themselves as candidates for President and Vice-President, and announced their platform; the most exciting promise they made was that if they were elected they would shave Charles Evans Hughes. This is said to have been Nathan's scheme. If it was, it points again to the theater, and clinches the argument. A Compleat Critic would not be satisfied to take a character actor always at his face value. Sooner or later that critic would be bound to peep behind the make-up and see what, if anything, was there.

So, though I am often told that Nathan may at any time produce an epic of the inner life, I continue to use and value him as my dramatic Walton. Of course he is not quite that. Nothing on earth would persuade me to go fishing. Those men who exult to find that they are cleverer than a trout seem to me very modest fellows. I demand stronger proof of my equality with the other animals. Nevertheless, I read Walton now and then, and always with satisfaction. Here is a writer who is an expert. He knows so much more about angling than I do that I am willing to believe he knows everything about it. I follow him with confidence. He distills his days for me. He endures the bad inns, and tells me about the good ones. He takes the bites of the mosquitoes, and reports nothing but their songs. He passes in a few words over dull hours of antic-

ipation, and turns his lucky minutes into drama. To go with him is to get the sweet without the sour—and those are the only terms on which I can be coaxed to fish.

As I occasionally go to the theater, I cannot claim to depend on Nathan for my knowledge of his favorite art as I do on Walton for his. No one with any acquaintance with the world needs to be told whether a play is actually dramatic or only melodramatic; no one with any sense needs to be told whether he has been interested or not; no one beyond adolescence needs to be told that Pinero is a mechanical moralist, Barrie an incitement to spiritual diabetes, or Augustus Thomas a drum booming in the void. But the theater is more than a few real and sham masterpieces. It is a daily institution. It goes on in any capital with the regularity of birth and death, of wind and weather, of breakfast and lunch and dinner. It is always news. Now I am curious about news. I send, for a few cents a day, competent reporters to all the fires and trials and weddings and races and sessions of the legislature and public debates and sporting events and international conflicts and even sermons. These are also mirrored and concentrated in the theater. If I could go to all the plays, I might not have to read the newspapers. But I cannot even do that. Nathan can, and does. And as he is another writer who is an expert, I follow him with confidence too. He distills his evenings for me. He endures for me as much of the bad plays as he can endure, and furnishes me with comic epitaphs upon them. He noses out the good ones, wherever they appear, and sends me word in language which I trust.

I trust his language because he has the tongue of Ishmael. He never makes me suspect that he has an ax up his sleeve. If his best friend were to put forth a bad play, Nathan would, I believe, critically slit its throat. If his worst enemy were to put forth a good play, I believe Nathan would lift his trum-

pet as high as anybody's. As the Compleat Critic is perfectly frank about his prejudices, I am on guard against them, make the necessary allowances, and figure out where I stand. That brashness which worries many of his readers, amuses me. It gives to his criticism the fillip which the theater itself gives to drama. More than anything else, I am stimulated by Nathan's erudition. Is he always accurate when he declares, for example, that some obscure actor in some obscure theater during the obscure year 1906 played Othello in the very manner in which it is just now being played by the imported Sheik of Araby? Are those Hungarian and Czecho-Slovakian playwrights whom Nathan instances so frequently always actual persons? I do not know. But when I go to see a play about which he has written I have the feeling that I am from the outset a citizen of the world to which the play belongs. And when I do not go at all, but only read about it in a chair large enough for me, without having to hate my coat and hat for being in the way, I get the sweet without the sour.

# ERNEST NEWMAN

*by*

CARL VAN VECHTEN

 In that fascinating volume entitled "The Beardsley Period," Osbert Burdett asserts: "The historian is one who sees the present through his living consciousness of the past from which it has grown, and to him the present is habitually dwarfed as much as a remote century is to ordinary people; it must be dwarfed to be intelligible and vivified. So far as I have observed, the War saturated the imagination of only one man in England, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, who became in enormous demand because he had a sense of perspective, and therefore could make it intelligible and interesting. That he was alone in this proves how exceptional is the historic sense. Nothing else can give proportion, and consequently meaning, to current catastrophes."

When I read these lines it occurred to me to wonder if any musical critic of the present day were endowed with this historical sense of proportion. Reviewing the list, I arrived at the inevitable conclusion that Mr. Ernest Newman more nearly approaches this ideal than any of his confrères, gifted though they may be in other important respects. His latest book, "A Musical Critic's Holiday," may be adduced as excellent evidence in proof of my contention.

The title, perhaps, will suggest erroneous connotations to the uninitiated, but it is readily explained by the scheme of the book. Mr. Newman escapes from his professional duties in London to visit a country house on the border of a lake. His host's library is rich in volumes dealing with music and Mr. Newman seizes this opportunity to perpend the problems of the musical critic. This work is the result of his vacational research.

At some time or other in his career every critic is moved to essay a similar analysis of his critical standards, but he infrequently goes to the length of writing a book on the subject; ordinarily he is satisfied to unburden himself in an article, often a vague and doubting article at that, for when the average critic questions himself regarding his true faith he begins to harbor doubts and fears. Was he right on that occasion, was he wrong on this? Are all his criteria liable to fluctuation and transmutation? Mr. Newman's book is refreshingly free from this kind of dubiety.

His thesis on this occasion is that, despite much contradictory evidence, great musicians have never been neglected during their lifetimes; that it is an error to believe that the composers who have endured are the composers who were most excoriated while they were living. On the contrary, he avers, they were the most appreciated by the real music-lovers of their respective eras. This assumption, he continues, offers a contemporary critic a suitable basis for judgment. Further, he asserts, with some justification, that the present period has many points of resemblance with the period of transition around 1600, and from this hypothesis he draws the conclusion that music which breaks completely with tradition is never great music. It is only, he adds, the mediocre fellow who makes radical experiments. The genius, the man of true inspiration, has too much to say to try to say it in too

novel a manner. This theory, which I believe to be as reasonably sound as any consistent theory can be, is promulgated elaborately and logically through 330 pages, and the names of Monteverdi, Wagner, and Hugo Wolf, as typical examples of composers allegedly unappreciated by their coevals, are studied with some thoroughness.

Mr. Newman's opinions, as expressed in his daily newspaper reviews or in his more carefully considered essays in his books, I often find widely at variance with my own. What I marvel at constantly is the vitality which informs his every word. Of all the authors who have devoted their lives to writing about music—and I am not forgetting Hector Berlioz—I find Ernest Newman the most delightful to read. He has never penned a line that failed either to interest or amuse me, even when I have disagreed most violently with his views. He is clear-thinking, logical, sometimes too consistently logical to see the whole truth when he is tracking a theory to its ultimate lair; cold, save when he writes of one of his special favorites; extraordinarily erudite; always on guard against factitious influences; above all, he is a brilliant *writer* with a sense of humor. This last-mentioned quality rescues him from many a pitfall into which a less wary critic easily might stumble. The writer whom he most resembles is Samuel Butler. Like Butler, he approaches each problem from a fresh point of view and tries to rid his mind of preconceived notions. A piece of music is not great to Ernest Newman merely because it happens to be signed by Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, or Brahms.

He has, on occasion, allotted considerable attention to, and lavished a wealth of admiration on, composers who in my opinion deserve less. I think, for instance, that his commendation of Hugo Wolf, in his biography of that musician, whom he places above Schubert as a song-writer, is somewhat exces-

sive. I believe, too, that he has exaggerated the ability of Sir Edward Elgar, and that he is not quite fair to Musorgski in his critical estimate of that composer. I do not agree with his dictum that nationalism in music is a matter of no importance. He singles out Medtner as an example and suggests that we should not penalize this Russian for writing German music if that is the form his thoughts assumed naturally. The question I would ask is, Did Medtner ever compose anything but second- or third-rate German music? I am convinced that all the really great composers of a nation compose music which has a national line and tradition. If such names as those of the German Jews, Offenbach and Meyerbeer (if, indeed, these men may be regarded as "really great"), are brought forward to prove the contrary, I reply categorically that these men lived in France and composed French music, just as the Pole, Joseph Conrad, lived in England and wrote English novels. Mr. Newman and I further disagree on the lively subject of jazz, but there is not space enough to continue that discussion here.

Nevertheless, I repeat, whether I agree or disagree with him, I always find Ernest Newman the most readable of music critics. Further, in many respects he is one of the most sound. In a paper on Richard Strauss, published in 1905, he wrote: "'The Symphonia Domestica' I take to be the work of an enormously clever man who was once a genius," and in his later book on Strauss (1908) he summed up the composer's weakness in a phrase: "The impish side of his temperament gets more and more out of his control, and he is increasingly inclined to overcrowd the programs of his symphonic poems with literary or pictorial ideas that are generally beyond the power of music to express." His opinions of Stravinsky's later work, too, I believe to be entirely justified. His book on Wagner is one of the masterpieces of modern biography. I own an

especial affection for that volume of trivial papers entitled "A Musical Motley," which bristles from cover to cover with enchantingly expressed ideas. As for his daily reviews, it is a constant source of wonder to me that a man of fifty-six who has devoted twenty years of his life to musical criticism should retain so fresh a point of view and maintain so vibrant a style.

NEW YORK.

*April 25, 1925.*

# “THE HUNT IS UP: THE MORN IS BRIGHT AND GRAY”

*by*

HENRIE WASTE

Sept. 20th



ESTERDAY I received a request to write a “piece” for the Tenth Anniversary Borzoi, and today a copy of the 1920 edition to refresh my memory and guide my inspiration. It couldn’t accomplish the former since this was our first meeting, but on page 9 Clarence Day turned the latter trick.

For, like Mr. Day, I too have the power of visualizing the unexperienced, and like him, I applied it to the Knopfs, as I lay one summer day on the Jersey sands, half tranced with physical comfort, and having just learned that Knopfs had accepted “Love Days.”

Closing my eyes and visioning, Mr. Knopf came to me exactly as he had come to Mr. Day, tall, thin and elderly with small bright eyes eager and enthusiastic for beauty, and a white beard that guaranteed the objectivity of his judgement. Of the other member of the firm I knew only that she had signed herself Blanche Knopf, Vice President, and under her name there were six letters of which the last three were M.A.M. Blanche, a name exhaling the scent of the long dried

pulp of white rose leaves; Knopf, a word meaning button, sparse and bony . . . Vice President . . . Mam . . . Blanche . . . Bone . . .

With this data in my conscious mind, I closed my eyes for the materialization of the female Knopf. And after a long time there appeared, quite without reference to the data, logically unlinked, as it were, a free fancy, a pictorially perfect old man's darling. I saw before my mental eye a creature extremely young, handsome, buxom, with great coils of dark hair over an unworried brow, little tosses to her head, smiling corners to her mouth, and eyebrows that travelled in charming travail when words were born. She was seated, relaxed and static, on an oriental cushion at the feet of her husband, playing with his beard. In some drawingroom that looked exactly like mine. "Une belle fille" whispered a Frenchman, who looked exactly like mine.

I'm going to sleep, or I've been asleep, I thought, and jumped up and into the ocean. Thoroughly awakened and cooled I came out, lay down again, and recalling again the Blanche, the Mam, the Vice President sitting not on a cushion but at a desk in the firm's office, I closed my eyes and tried again. And this time everything was changed. Nothing was static, not even the vision. The darling, much reduced in width, hair bobbed, graceful in breeches made by Bendel, was flying through space on a handsome hunter, followed by her Borzoi pack, chasing something or other with terrible determination, terrible energy, terrible skill and acumen, and with hidden enjoyment. On her left wrist she wore a chain of yellow pearls, and in her grey enamel eyes a glint that Diana's dogs had never seen.

Well, I concluded, my subconscious mind refuses to be coerced by the pretences of my conscious mind. What I am really excited about is the fact that I am delivered of "Love

Days" and Susanna Moore, and this vision is the materialization of one of my future heroines who has already, unknown to me, begun to live. And indeed I shall write about this flying huntress very soon,—as soon as I know what it is that she is so hotly after.

In imagination I apologized for this unauthorized intrusion of my own affairs to my publisheress, who now graciously appeared to me through intellectual processes, entirely suitably, as a tall, thin elderly lady, whom Mr. Knopf called Mrs. Knopf, the authors called Mrs. Vice President, and the office staff Mam.

# CONCERNING HUGH WILEY

*by*

JOHN V. A. WEAVER

 AM a Wiley addict. I have been one since that day so many years back, when I happened across the first anecdote of Lady Luck's high priest. I have followed with keenest zest the misadventures and the affluent interludes of the Wildcat's career. Wuz readin' 'em likker, I'd have the permanent D.T.'s.

I have even trailed along with the author when he forsook his ebony protégés, and devoted himself to the quaint and melodramatic histories of sundry Chinks, in a volume entitled "Jade." These stories I enjoyed well enough, because Mr. Wiley is possessed of a knack, a slant, a technique which prevents him definitely from ever achieving the slightest tinge of boredom. But it is in his tales of coon vicissitudes that I like him best—and that means that he rates in my esteem on a plane side by side with Hergesheimer, Donn Byrne and Tom Beer; in the very front rank of American masters of the abbreviated *conte*.

I have read sundry pieces with Negro characters from the abundant typewriter of Irvin Cobb, and they were amusing. I have sometimes enjoyed the antics of Florian Slappey and his gang, as recounted by Octavus Roy Cohen; but Cobb's,

with a few exceptions, seemed to me too deliberate, too studied; while most of Mr. Cohen's are lamentably synthetic and tricky—casts of puppets always at the mercy of their master, who never fails to introduce at least once in every tale the tiresome and worn-out locution, "that's what I ain't got nothin' else but." (I hate to say this of Mr. Cohen, since he is a most pleasing and companionable gentleman; however, "justice must be done, though the ceiling fall," as Shaw once translated the Latin saw.) It is only with Mr. Wiley that I feel the authenticity of the black; it is only with him that I feel the essential Negro character working out its own ambling, rambling, prowling, hopeful, volatile, idiotic destiny. Here is humor, here is pathos, here is reality. And here is always, no matter how striking the incidents, persuasion.

Comedy of situation *and* of line—the perfect combination. The plots are funny, because they meander along in just the way that a no-account, faithful, footless, lovable crap-shooting black man's life meanders—one moment in the depths of the Slough of Despond, the very next high upon the mountain-top of Happiness, from whose side flows the River of Ruckus-juice, hard by the shrine of Lady Luck. Prowling along go Vitus Marsden and his pals, accompanied by the goat, Lily, the omnivorous fortune-bringer. And as they go the air is filled with some of the most amusing dialect-conversation that was ever set down on paper.

"Mis' Lou, whut time does the clock say now?"

"Inch pas' two o'clock."

There is characterization as clear-cut as anything in "Uncle Remus." And while I'm about it, I wish to say that Wiley, and only he, has recorded Negro thoughts in a manner worthy to be compared to the Harris masterpieces. His Wildcat is more sophisticated, on the surface, than the faithful, wise old

delight of our youth; but underneath the more dramatic, more tricky adventures lies the same essential vein of truth and lore. And Wiley's nigger speaks lines as far removed from Harlemese and from vaudeville black-face gags as did the gentle raconteur of Bre'r Rabbit's career.

I will admit that the crap-shooting prayers offered up by the galloper-handler are so violently picturesque at times that they might appear to the unfamiliar observer to be a little dressed-up. As a spectator at a number of African cube-tournaments, however, I bear witness that while the language is slightly heightened and selected, it is not much exaggerated. Local color always plays its rôle in the conversation. During army days, army terms abound. In peace times, Biblical references are not absent.

What dice could resist such implorings as in the following passage?—

"The Wildcat reached for the dice. 'Shoots a dollar—cash, rally round. Readin' class, read 'em. They says seven. I lets it lay. Whuf! I heads fo' seven, but I swerves to eight. Dice, I marks you duty. I'se a eighter f'm Decatur. Fo' and fo'. At ease—you loses! I lets it lay. Hogface, shower down yo' money. Whang—she reads eleven! Hogface, feel the knife. Ah lets it lay. Persimmon money, the frost'll get you when the panic comes. Ah throws hard times! As you was! And I nines.'

"Slow death."

"Nine I craves. Bones, git right. Pair o' dice! Paradise means hell for you. Ah eights. Come, Great Deliverer!"'

Equally effective is his civilian handling of the cubes, as in these lines:

"'Gimme dem bones. Hind laigs at res'. Fингehs, lemme see can you play de pick-pocket jazz. Shoots five dollahs. Wham! Ah reads a feeble five. Five stay alive. Five ah craves. Lady Luck, boon me, P'odigal five, come home where the fatted calf waits. Bam! Th'e and a deuce. Ah lets it lay. Shoots ten dollahs. Shower down ten dollahs and see de train robbeh puffo'm. Shower down, bothers. Bam! Seven! 'At's twins, but mah luck comes triple. Shoots

twenty dollahs. Heah de bloodhound bay. An' Ah reads ten miles. Chicago bound! Pay day, whah at is you? Lady Luck, don't get feeble. Angil leanin' on a cloud. De cloud busts! Angil, heah you is—readin' de five an' five. Five twins, how is you? Shoots fo'ty dollahs.””

But it is not only in wielding magic bones that the Wildcat's lingo is striking. Take a passage in which he is damning a rival for the affections of Miss Cuspidora Lee.

“Wildcat asked Cuspidora a direct question. ‘Old Honey Tone Boone been representin’ he’s single?’

“The Wildcat's brunette hostess hesitated. ‘Tol’ me he neveh seed nobody befo’,’ she admitted, ‘—tol’ me his love-eye neveh seed nobody ’ceptin’ me.’

“‘All ’at boy’s love-eye seed is p’visions in yo’ kitchen. Ah knows him. Acts like de yelleh niggah what he is—prancin’ around uppity in France—comes back heah callin’ himself Cunnel, ’count he wore oilcloth leggin’s and drunk conyak whilst us boys was fightin’ de battle of Bo’ddeaux.’

“Cuspidora Lee listened with eager ears. ‘I runs him out now, the flea-bit houn’,’ she finally announced.”

Not all the passages are humorous, by any means. Into such soliloquies as the following has gone the philosophic melancholy of the black:

“Half-asleep, the Wildcat mumbled to a buzzing fly.

“‘Dat’s it. Tryin’ to bust yo’ brains out on de window-glass. ’At’s how come you ain’t got none. Cravin’ to get loose all de time. S’pose you git loose? Whah at would you go? Some ol’ spidah’d get you de fust mile. C’am yo’self. Heah you is in de sunshine, an’ all warmed up. You jess like folks—neveh knows when you is lucky.’”

And all the good speeches do not belong to the hero. Into the mouth of his pal, Demmy, come some wise remarks, as when he advises the Wildcat to refrain from “prowlin’”:

“‘Aims to prowl, does you? Leave me tell you—when you pulls de trigger on what you aims at, all you hits is heavy travelin’ on de Misery Road. Ain’t no place I knows of whah a nigger butterfly gits free board ’ceptin’ in de stone

house wid crowbar fly-screens in de windows. Lots of folks what aims like you do never hits nothin' much 'ceptin' rocks wid a hammer afteh de ol' judge explains how much 'rithmetic makes sixty days. One nigger an' one ruckus an' one policeman—dat adds up sixty days, 'cordin' to de ol' judge. Mebbe de judge cain't add straight, but he sings de chorus to yo' song of lamentations an' he gits de last word when you reasons together. Den it's sunshine through de crowbars an' de fresh air all outside.'"

Thus in the pages of "The Wildcat," "Lady Luck," "Lily" and "The Prowler" is the best Negro characterization now being written. It is amazing, it is violently amusing, it is intensely human. Scarcely ever does Wiley falter, and never does he fall actually flat. His Chinese stories—well, they are well enough. But in his darker-colored stuff he is creating a new classic. Long may the Wildcat rave!

# LET X EQUAL ZOO

*by*

HUGH WILEY

ERE in the cabin I have some old books. When I have time I read them. There are some scientific books, some histories, and some biographies and some records of early voyages. There are a good many old maps, and without much effort I am enabled to survey seven thousand years of human experience.

Now and then I look at the morning paper, and every month or so I go to San Francisco, where I listen to my friends report progress in their business affairs or in the romances which for the moment engage them. The romances, culminating in marriage or divorce, march from *Venue* to *Romeo* to *Biology*.

Deep in the eyes of my captains of industry gleams the light of ages. The lust for wealth and place and power may not be as strong to-day as it was in the age when might was unquestioned right, but that is because men have weakened under the stress of civilization.

And so I return to the cabin, delayed momentarily by massed throngs clamoring for entrance to some popular hell-dodging church, or to some movie palace where second-hand sex is purveyed by the scavengers who got a strangle hold on opportunity while others slept.

Away from the cities, I am glad to have escaped when I recall their doctors and lawyers and priests, their rulers and slaves and their women. But I am still in the United States. I contemplate the people and places and things and events which have made this country what it is to-day, and I am suddenly thankful that I shall presently gain the sanctuary of my cabin.

I am not impatient with the pestiferous phenomena of life. All of it interests me. Searching for causes is an absorbing game. I think that the main trouble with a good many of our leading citizens is that they mistake themselves seriously. If I were asked for my reasons for that statement, some of them would be vague, but in other details of proof I could be specific. For instance, not satisfied with the great privilege of sitting into this interesting game of life and dying off quietly when the time comes, more than half of our people are afraid to die.

They pay whatever price the charlatans demand for a ticket to Paradise, but only a few of them have realized that a moral obligation exists which entails commensurate payment for the privilege of living.

No matter how soulful a man may get, he is still an animal that needs food. Not long ago it was considered something of a disgrace for a gentleman to work. To-day, a great majority of men fail to realize that wealth provides no morally acceptable release from that labor by which the right to life is bought.

The Republic has been rumbling along for a century and a half. In the recorded confusion of a hundred centuries of human history our social experiments have demonstrated nothing of permanent value to mankind. Perhaps another thousand years may explode the fallacy that the majority is always "right," that special knowledge is on a par with common ignorance, and that in spite of race and color, heredity and time, all men are created equal.

Man is a lazy animal who will not think. As long as a few individuals do the heavy thinking it is probable that the masses will eventually drag the entire race into some one of five or six available gulfs of destruction. After that perhaps the polliwogs will come ashore, and from them will evolve another race more able to define the relative values of a Darwin and a Dempsey. Then, perhaps, seekers after beauty can discover it with a microscope in a handful of mud, instead of trying to inhale it from the heavy vapors which drift about the animals of earth.

And when I get to the cabin I read the ludicrous records of man, with all of his spritely antics in love and war, his silly spasms of politics and religion. Presently, fed up on these comic strips, I turn to the more serious business of recording some fragment of the biography of a Negro boy named Vitus Marsden.

# JOHN V. A. WEAVER

*by*

THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW



HEN one sees a group of young people driving by in a rattling and weather-beaten motor car or in the subway milled too closely together in the morning on their way to work or in a happier mood in the evening on their way to some social affair, there is always the unconscious query as to what they are thinking about. How much are they understanding life—feeling life—as we think we understand and feel it? These slim adolescents, in the wrong kind of clothes, the boys their faces a bit lax and weak-looking, the girls a little too soft around the eyes, a trifle too hard around the mouths, what does life mean to them? Will they develop into the stolid, comfortable middle class which we delight in discussing? They have always been inarticulate, these young people. No one knew what they thought or meant or wanted out of life. That is, no one knew until Johnny Weaver came along.

It's easy enough for a young writer to assume an air of prodigious knowledge, to use as a background all that he has learned in a formal education and to give out faintly clever and vaguely original and even amusing observations about life. Expressing himself? Probably. As an individual—even as

a cliché. But not importantly. Yet it is what most of our younger generation of writers do. And then there is John V. A. Weaver. Johnny Weaver is articulate young America. He expresses himself—and in expressing himself he bares not the minds of the polished youths of our colleges but the hearts of the young subway riders, the young Knights who are carpenters and shipping clerks, the young Princesses in disguise who must earn livings as telephone operators and stenographers while they look forward to a vague and improbable future.

The curious part about John V. A. Weaver is that he isn't posing when he expresses in their own language a class that had never expressed itself. His is not the pose of the young Lord going forth to interpret his people. The youthful exuberance, the feelings, the emotions he expresses are real—a part of himself and perhaps all he has—but so far quite enough. When Johnny Weaver writes an article for a popular magazine on his own love affair or on how psychanalysis solved his own domestic problem, he is quite as naïve as when he is writing one of his poems. And his naïveté is as charming as any of his other qualities.

It must have been one of the unbelievable and inexplicable things that do not happen that made John V. A. Weaver articulate. Outwardly he is just like one of any group of college boys, clerks, automobile mechanics, who can't talk about themselves but who talk only about things that do not matter at all. He looks twenty and has an impish face, a quizzical, doubting eye, a smile which could be called whimsical if far less whimsical smiles had not been called that so many times. Even Johnny Weaver's own life is quite like the acting-out of one of his own poems—if he ever wrote such a happy one. What should a boy be but a young poet and what should he do but fall in love with one of the most charming of our

younger stage stars and win her over seemingly insurmountable obstacles—ill health, an unsympathetic father, a dozen minor difficulties? Of course they are living together most happily with only a few small disturbances which Weaver, articulate even as the young husband, is already writing about.

To have written "In American" is an achievement both in substance and in form. No one has done either one in at all a similar way before, and yet when you read the poems you know that neither the substance nor the form could come separately. Seemingly they are so simple that they are the sort of thing each person feels he could do. You know, "Why, I've had that very same thought myself!" In voicing himself, Weaver has been made the speaker of this curious younger "middle-class" generation of ours who otherwise would have been without a mouthpiece.

Numerous other writers have attempted "poems in slang." I can think of but two who have been successful. Will Irwin's "Sonnets of a Hoodlum" were delicious things which still stick pleasantly in my memory. Ethel M. Kelley's "Wails of a Waitress" were touching, sincere. But they do not express a whole unexpressed group, as do Weaver's poems.

"Margie Wins the Game," I did not care for. To me it was just a story of young people that any of fifty writers with a fair imagination, a usual technique and a modicum of humor could have written. Alone it means nothing. "In American" and "Finders" are so distinct a contribution not only to American but to world literature that I think their real significance will become more clear in after years. Now they must gain their readers by their very real beauty, their simplicity, their naïveté and their depth of feeling. Read again "Elégie Américaine," "Au Revoir," "Carpe Diem," "Mame," oh, any of them. Doesn't a girl's heart breaking or a boy's emotion matter, after all? There are poems in "In American" that make me

wipe my eyes each time I read them, and I am not one who is moved easily, even by far cleverer pens.

I don't know what will happen when Johnny Weaver writes a novel. It may be just another too-fresh novel by a younger-generation author or it may be an authentic and poignant vision of the emotions of all young and, well, commonplace Americans. And, because I like immensely John V. A. Weaver and his poems and the people whom he is now almost under an obligation to express, I'm betting on him.

# C A R L V A N V E C H T E N

*by*

E L I N O R W Y L I E



ERE in the country, a mild Connecticut em-powered in apple trees, the mind admits a certain disadvantage in attacking the scintillating question mark of Carl Van Vechten; the mind, grown germane to its habitat, is no more than an unsophisticated country mouse, incapable of nibbling more than the tiniest critical aperture in the edifice of his versatility. It is not thus, but from a window overlooking the Place Vendôme, from a loggia withdrawn above a Tuscan landscape, or better still, from the silvered speed of an aeroplane whose course embraces both Manhattan and Maple Valley with equal facility, that one should view this suave and perplexing artist, this most mannerly of anarchists, this most unruffled, most polite of cynics.

Carl Van Vechten's career as a novelist has been truly aeronautic in its swift ascension, but behind it lies a multi-colored background, a mental pattern reaching from music to mysticism, and back again, by way perhaps of Babylon, to cats or composers. Yet it is as a novelist that my own preference perceives him, and it is almost impossible to credit the fact, however well attested by the first edition of "Peter Whiffle," that he has been a novelist for a scant three years,

and that when in August the three years are actually run, a fourth novel, the mysterious "Firecrackers," will blaze and detonate upon our eyes and ears! Using the word in its American and admiring, and not in its British and derogatory sense, it is safe to hazard the statement that Carl Van Vechten is a diabolically clever young man. For observe how these same novels differ, not only from the novels of other men, but each from its fellows among the novels of Carl Van Vechten.

Like Peter Whiffle, Carl Van Vechten is constantly building and furnishing new mansions for his soul, urged on by ceaseless intellectual curiosity; he flourishes best in modern and elaborate interiors. His first novel is a strange fantastic creature, not quite tamed and grown into a novel perhaps, but possessing a charm which the other books may excel, yet never precisely duplicate. Very seldom has the bright, clear, slightly hysterical gayety of pre-war Paris been so admirably captured. A heavier mesh of plot might have crushed the butterfly, but Mr. Van Vechten has caught it alive and shining for the enchantment of all who can remember.

One hesitates a little over a choice of adjectives to bestow upon "The Blind Bow-Boy"; it has been sugared with "sparkling" and "witty" to the cloying point. Yet it is absurd to withhold words so abundantly deserved. The story is almost incredibly swift in action, glittering in style, and full of the "reinless élan" of high animal spirits. It is a perfect picture of its world and day, and that the one is small and the other brief should not detract from the distinguished feat. The fact may be approved in passing that however wicked Carl Van Vechten's wit may be, he always contrives to retain a certain freshness, a something perversely virginal. He has never grown tired of his own humor; he is as crisp as a stalk of new celery, and as full of savor.

"The Tattooed Countess" is a surprising piece of virtuosity,

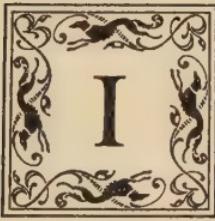
but it is more than this. It is the two iron fists of realism in a pair of the most exquisite doeskin gloves. It is, in its own modest but somewhat wayward manner, a cruel little masterpiece of analysis. I happen to know that Carl Van Vechten prefers the "Bow-Boy" to the "Countess"; I suspect this is because he prefers the imperturbable Campaspe to the egregious Ella. Who can blame him? And yet . . . Ella, among all his females and felines, is to my mind his most subtle and accomplished portrait.

Which is always to say, until such time as "Firecrackers" explodes upon my senses in some form undreamt of, bright and pungent and startling, as firecrackers must inevitably be.

# A NOTE ON D. H. LAWRENCE

*by*

FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG



I DO not think there is any living writer about whom I should find it more difficult to express my opinion than D. H. Lawrence. The memories of beauty that the contemplation of his work awakens in me are closely blended with reminiscences equally vivid of a personal friendship, the culmination of many years of admiration, which took us together to Sicily in search of the house in which "The Lost Girl," "Aaron's Rod" and "Sea and Sardinia" were to be written. So, when I write of his work, I cannot claim a critical detachment; the personality of the man continually intrudes, qualifying and explaining the achievement of the artist in a way which, possibly, makes my judgment valueless.

One fact, at least, we may safely establish as the basis on which that judgment rests. Indubitably Lawrence is a genius —how sick he must be of the world's reiteration!—the only authentic literary genius, in my opinion, of the generation to which we belong. Our generation is one of clever men. Never, in the history of English letters, was sheer cleverness, knowledge, technical ingenuity, so common as it is to-day; and never, for that reason, has its possession seemed a matter of such little moment. Lawrence is a product of that generation;

he has all the qualities which I attribute to it in a high degree; but, over and above these—perhaps I should have written beneath them—he has something else of which the very least infusion is more valuable and more significant than any of the rest: a faculty of vision which reveals in the thoughts and scenes and events which we so competently, so vividly, so ingeniously describe, not only deep but superficial qualities, which manifestly exist, but which are as invisible to our careful eyes, without his aid, as are the bacteria clinging to a speck of dust or the great moons of Jupiter.

The faculty is not constant or infallible; but always as we read Lawrence's work, it gives us, from time to time, the same shock of enlightenment or surprise. We do not, as in reading the work of the great realists, exclaim: "That is how I would have put it; these things I knew, but my brain was blind to them." With Lawrence it is rather as if the accepted dimensions had been changed. We say: "These things I did not know; but now I am convinced that they are true."

That faculty of solution, penetration, revelation is as startling in his first book as in the last. In "The White Peacock," the most astonishing first novel of the last half-century, it showed itself immediately in the height of its power, investing our Midland landscape with a light that no other writer, living or dead, has ever cast upon it; so poignant that, to this day (and I have not read the book since its publication fourteen years ago) the scene of Willy Mill and Willy Lake are as real to me as any of the remembered landscapes of my childhood and bloomed with the same magic.

It failed a little, I think, in his second book, "The Trespasser," modified, perhaps, by the technical urgencies of that sombre *tour de force*. In his third book—to me, though he would violently dispute it, in many ways his most completely satisfactory—its undiminished vigor and clarity illuminated

a scene and human beings more recognizably related to our common experience, conformable to ordinary sight and thought. For genius, by its very nature, is a little superhuman, and its vision, for this reason, incurs the charge of inhumanity. That charge can never be laid against "Sons and Lovers."

Next came "The Rainbow." It is difficult to write with temperance about this strangely beautiful book for one who saw, at the time, the brutal and medieval procedure by which it was suppressed and suffered, with all other lovers of literature, the shame and indignation of its suppression.

I believe that most of us are agreed in considering it just and wise that books of pornographic intent should be subject to some kind of censorship. Generally the quality of such work is such that no question of literary loss arises; the ignoble aim is fatal to the development of high artistic achievement; but "The Rainbow," whatever its literary qualities may be—many critics have considered it dull and inchoate: for myself I would say that its first hundred pages contain more beauty than Lawrence himself or any other living novelist has attained—was obviously a work conceived by a spirit almost puritanical in its earnestness and austerity, as far removed from pornography as the Old Testament itself.

Its pages were scattered with words whose use our polite customs—or, lacking these, our sense of the ridiculous—condemn. It treated, exhaustively, of functions whose physical manifestations have not been considered, rightly or wrongly, fit material for literature; but the spirit in which these words were used and these situations approached was that of a great artist, devotedly, passionately, without shame or evasion, exploring the processes of human life and emotion as he saw them. We may grant that his vision of their nature was different from that of most other men; that difference of vision is one of the recognizable qualities of genius; but even apart

from the literary virtues of this book, which were immense, its depth, its honesty, its courage entitled it to respect.

The publishers withdrew it ignominiously. Not one of the established writers who had been overwhelming Mr. Lawrence with their admiration of his work dared to raise a finger in his defense. The book was suppressed, destroyed. Its destruction remains a standing reproach to English literature and English men of letters. Flaubert, in a similar predicament, had friends more loyal and more courageous.

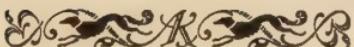
For four years after this unjust humiliation Lawrence wrote nothing. It would have been excusable if he had never written another word. Luckily for us, he recovered from the blow. Since then he has written a number of novels; two volumes of short stories, which show his lyrical gift, the most intense and moving of our generation, at its best; two volumes of philosophical dissertation, which I, for one, cannot pretend to understand; a travel book, in whose pages we see the eager, inquisitive, tormented spirit in a more domestic if less intimate light; and—for me more important than all these—the volume of poems: "Birds, Beasts and Flowers."

If any of his work be destined for immortality—and we, who have felt the heat and urgency of its appeal to our intellects and senses, are far too near to the fiery source to judge—these poems, I feel certain, must survive. In this volume, more than in any other, it seems as if the white heat of his inspiration has been sufficiently intense to consume completely the vast accumulation of combustible thought and feeling that, in the novels, if they have left us blinded with flame, have also left us half suffocated with the smoke of their rich confusion. Here, of its very heat, the flame burns as clearly, steadily, to our eyes, as a fixed star in space. Let us leave relativity to the mathematicians, morality to the priests, and be thankful for beauty where we find it.

T H E  
B O R Z O I  
*Who's Who*



T H E  
B O R Z O I  
*Who's Who*



ALDANOV, M. A.: Author SAINT HELENA, *The Ninth Thermidor*. *b.* Kiev, Russia, 1888. *m.* *Educ.:* Degrees in the physical, mathematical and law faculties. Travelled extensively, living at different times in Paris and Russia. Lived in St. Petersburg during the revolution, 1917-18; studied inner workings as well as external side of revolution; antagonistic from first towards Bolsheviks; obliged to leave Russia, 1919. Lives in France.

ATKINSON, J. BROOKS: Author SKYLINE PROMENADES. *b.* Melrose, Mass., November 28, 1894, *unmarried*. *Educ.:* Harvard, 1917. Instructor English at Dartmouth one year; reporter and reviewer of plays, Boston *Transcript*; asso. editor Harvard Alumni Bulletin; editor New York *Times* Book Review since November, 1922. Lives in New York.

BARNES, HARRY ELMER: Author SOCIOLOGY AND POLITICAL THEORY; Editor *The History and Prospects of the Social Sciences*. *b.* Auburn, N. Y., June 15, 1889; *s.* of William Henry and Lulu C. (Short) B.; *m.* L. Grace

Stone, of Syracuse, N.Y., June 8, 1916. *Educ.*: Syracuse U., 1913 A.B. summa cum laude; A.M. 1914; grad. student, Columbia, 1915-16; Ph.D., 1918; research work Harvard, 1916-17. Instr. hist. sociology, Syracuse U., 1913-15; univ. fellow in hist. sociology, Columbia, 1915-16; William Bayard Cutting travelling fellow in history of thought and culture, Columbia, 1916-17; lecturer in history, same, 1917-18; asso. prof. history, Clark U., 1918-19; prof. history, New Sch. for Social Research, 1919-20; prof. history of thought and culture, Clark U., 1920-20; historian to N.J. Prison Inquiry Commn., 1917; to Pa. Penal Commn., 1918; statistician, War Dept., 1918; prof. history summer session, U. of Mont., 1919; U. of Ore., 1920. Pro. hist. sociology, Smith College. Lives in Northampton, Mass.

BAROJA, PIO: Author *CAESAR OR NOTHING*, *The City of The Discreet*, *Youth and Egolatry*, *The Quest*, *Weeds*, *Red Dawn*. b. San Sebastian, December 28, 1872; *unmarried*. *Educ.*: San Sebastian schools; Institute of Pamplona; studied medicine at Valencia; M.D. University of Madrid, 1893. Practised medicine at Cestona for two years. Went to Madrid where he ran a bakery for six years. Literary adviser Caro Raggio, publisher, Madrid. Lives in Madrid.

BEARD, CHARLES AUSTIN: Author *THE ECONOMIC BASIS OF POLITICS*. b. Knightstown, Ind., November 27, 1874; s. of William Henry and Mary (Payne) B.; m. Mary Ritter, of Indianapolis, Ind., March 8, 1900. *Educ.*: DePauw U., 1898 Ph.B.; Oxford U., England, 1898-99;

Cornell U., 1899-1900; Columbia, 1902-04; A.M., 1903; Ph.D., 1904. Adj. prof. politics, 1907-10, asso. prof., 1910-15, prof. politics, 1915-17, Columbia University; director Training School for Public Service, N.Y. City since 1917. Lives in New York.

BEERBOHM, MAX: Author *SEVEN MEN, Yet Again.* b. London, August 24, 1872; y. s. of Julius E. Beerbohm and Eliza Draper; m. Florence Kahn of Memphis, Tenn., 1910. Educ.: Charterhouse; Merton College, Oxford. Lives in Italy.

BEER, THOMAS: Author STEPHEN CRANE, *The Fair Rewards, Sandoval, The Mauve Decade.* b. Council Bluffs, Ia., November 22, 1889; s. William Collins and Martha Ann Alice (Baldwin) B., *unmarried*. Educ.: B.A., Yale, 1911; student law dept. Columbia, 1911-13; enlisted in Field Arty., U.S.A., May 10, 1917; served 3d and 21st F.A., and Hdqtrs. Troop, 87th Div.; commd. 1st Lt. A.G.D., Jan., 1918; served on staff 87th Div., in France, 6 mos. Clubs: Psi Upsilon, Elihu Club, Yale Club. Lives in Yonkers.

BJORKMAN, EDWIN: Author *THE SOUL OF A CHILD, Gates of Life.* b. Stockholm, Sweden, October 19, 1866; s. Anders August and Johanna Elizabeth (Anderson) B.; m. Virginia MacFayden of Waynesville, N.C. Educ.: South-End Higher Latin Sch., Stockholm; came to America, 1891. Clerk, actor, and journalist, Sweden, 1881-91; editor *Minnesota Posten*, St. Paul, 1892-94; reporter and music critic, *The Times*, Minneapolis, 1894-97; reporter *New York Sun* and *New York Times*, 1897-

1905; editorial staff New York *Evening Post*, 1906; dept. editor, *The World's Work*; rep. of British Dept. of Information in Sweden, 1915-17; dir. Scandinavian Bur. Com. on Pub. Information, 1918-19; asso. dir. League of Nations News Bur., 1920. Knight of the Order of the Dannebrog, 1919. Scholarship Am. Scandinavian Foundation for literary studies abroad, 1914. Compulsory service term in Swedish Army; mem. 23d Reg. N.Y. Militia, during Spanish Am. War. Clubs: Players, Authors. Lives in Waynesville, N.C.

BLUNDEN, EDMUND: Author THE SHEPHERD, *The Waggeron*. b. England, November 1, 1896; m. Mary Daines, 1918; one s. one d. Educ.: Christ's Hospital; Queen's College, Oxford. Served in France and Belgium with Royal Sussex Regt.; after the war became sub-editor *Athenaeum*; at present Professor of English Literature, University of Tokyo.

BLUNT, WILFRID SCAWEN: Author MY DIARIES 1888-1914, *Secret History of the English Occupation of Egypt*, Poems b. Petworth House, August 17, 1840; s. of F. S. Blunt, of Crabbet Park; m. Lady Anne Noel, 1869 (late Baroness Wentworth, d. 1917) d. of 1st Earl of Lovelace; S. to Crabbet estate on death of elder brother, 1872. Educ.: Stonyhurst; Oscott. Diplomatic Service, 1858-70; travelled in Arabia, Syria, Persia, Mesopotamia, etc., 1877-81; took part in Egyptian National Movement, in 1881-82; travelled in India, 1883-84; stood for Camberwell Tory House Ruler, 1885; Kidderminster Liberal Home Ruler, 1886; arrested in Ireland for calling a meet-

ing in a proclaimed district, October, 1887; imprisoned two months in Galway and Kilmainham Gaols. *d.* September 11, 1922.

**BORDEN, MARY:** Author *THE ROMANTIC WOMAN*, *The Tortoise, Jane: Our Stranger, Three Pilgrims and a Tinker*; *b.* Chicago, Ill.; *m.* General Edward Lewis Spears, March, 1918. During the war equipped at own expense the first mobile field hospital of the French Army, for which she was decorated with the Legion of Honor. Lives in London.

**BRAGDON, CLAUDE:** Author *ARCHITECTURE AND DEMOCRACY*, *The Beautiful Necessity, Four-Dimensional Vistas, A Primer of Higher Space, Projective Ornament, Oracle*; *b.* Oberlin, O., August 1, 1866. *Educ.:* Oswego High School; architectural apprentice in office of Bruce Price, N.Y., and Green and Wicks, Buffalo; Mem. N.Y. Architects' League. Lives in New York.

**BYE, RAYMOND T.:** Author *PRINCIPLES OF ECONOMICS*. *b.* January 30, 1892, Philadelphia, Pa. *m.* Virginia L. Higgins, 1922. *Educ.:* George School, Pa., 1910; Swarthmore College A.B., 1914; Harvard U. A.M., 1915; Univ. of Pa. Ph.D., 1910. Instr. Economics, U. of Pa., 1916-20; asst. prof. economics, since 1920. Lives in Philadelphia.

**BYNNER, WITTER:** Author *THE BELOVED STRANGER*, *A Canticle of Pan, A Book of Plays, The New World, Young Harvard, Grenstone Poems, Caravan*; *b.* Brooklyn, N.Y., 1881; *unmarried*. *Educ.:* Harvard, 1902. One time asso. ed. *McClure's Magazine* and lit. adv. McClure, Phillips

and Co.; advisory ed. with Small, Maynard and Company; inst. English S.A.T.C., Univ. of Cal. Lives in New Mexico.

**CATHER, WILLA SIBERT:** Author *YOUTH AND THE BRIGHT MEDUSA*, *One of Ours* (awarded Pulitzer Prize, 1923), *April Twilights*, *A Lost Lady*. b. Winchester, Va., December 7, 1876; d. Charles F. and Mary Virginia (Boak) C. Educ.: U. of Neb. B.A. 1895, Litt. D., 1917. Staff of *Pittsburg Daily Leader*, 1897-1901; asso. editor *McClure's Magazine*, 1906-12. Lives in New York.

**COLLINS, DALE:** Author *ORDEAL*. b. Australia, 1897. Office boy and leader writer on a suburban paper; later joined staff of a Melbourne paper; went with Speejacks, first motor boat to go round the world, writing thirty articles for London paper, and a book entitled *Seatracks of the Speejacks*. Lives in London.

**CONKLING, GRACE HAZARD:** Author *SHIP'S LOG*. b. New York City; d. of Christopher Grant and Frances (Post) Hazard; m. Roscoe Platt Conkling, September 18, 1905. Educ.: Smith College, B.L., 1899; Harvard Summer Sch., 1899; music, languages U. of Heidelberg, 1902-03; Paris, 1903-04. Teacher English Smith Coll. since 1914. Lives in Northampton.

**COPPARD, A. E.:** Author *ADAM AND EVE AND PINCH ME*, *The Black Dog*, *Fishmonger's Fiddle*. b. Folkstone, England, January 4, 1878. m. 1906. Educ.: Left school at nine years for various occupations in London. Lives in England.

**CRAM, MILDRED:** Author *THE TIDE*. *b.* Washington, D.C., October, 1889. *m.* Commander C. S. McDowell, U.S.N. *Educ.:* Horace Mann and Barnard schools. Spent seven years abroad. Lives at the Mare Island Navy Yard, San Francisco, Cal.

**CRAWFORD, JACK:** Author *I WALKED IN ARDEN*. *b.* Washington, D.C., April, 1878. *m.* Dorothy Cabain of Bushey, England, June, 1909. *Educ.:* London schools; Princeton U., 1901. Travelled extensively; instr. English, Sheffield Scientific School of Yale U., 1909; now asst. prof. of English. Lives in New Haven, Conn.

**CRAWFORD, NELSON ANTRIM:** Author *THE ETHICS OF JOURNALISM*. *b.* Miller, S. Dak., May 4, 1888; *s.* Nelson Antrim and Fanny (Vandercook) C., *unmarried*. *Educ.:* State U. of Iowa, B.A., 1910; U. of Kansas, M.A., 1914. Daily newspaper work, 1906-09; instr. English, later asst. prof., 1910-14; head of dept. industrial journalism since 1914, Kansas State Agrl. Coll.; also head printing dept. and dir. coll. press service; mng. editor Kan. *Industrialist* since 1914; asso. editor *The Midland*; editor Kan. *Churchman*, 1916-18; contbg. editor *Farm and Fireside*, 1917-18. Lives in Manhattan, Kansas.

**CROISET, MAURICE:** Author: *HELLENIC CIVILIZATION*. *b.* Paris, France, November 20, 1846. *Educ.:* Lycée Louis-le-Grand. Administrator College of France. Lives in France.

**CUMMINGS, WILLIAM:** Author *AN ISLAND CHRONICLE*. *b.* Boston, Mass., February 1, 1885; *unmarried*. *Educ.:* Public and private schools in Boston with occasional

special courses at Harvard. Engaged in business; asst. auditor of receipts, American Red Cross, Washington, D.C., during war. Lives in New Jersey.

**DAY, CLARENCE, JR.**: Author *THIS SIMIAN WORLD*, *The Crow's Nest*. b. New York City, 1874; *unmarried*. Educ.: St. Paul's School (New Hampshire) and Yale. Has lived at various health resorts and on ranches in the West, was one time member of the New York Stock Exchange and has served as an enlisted man in the U.S. Navy. Lives in New York.

**DE LA MARE, WALTER**: Author *THE THREE MULLA-MULGARS*, *Memoirs of a Midget*, *The Return*, *The Riddle*, *Crossings*, *Henry Brocken*, *Ding Dong Bell*, *Broomsticks*; edited *Come Hither*. b. 1873. m. Lives in England.

**DENNIS, GEOFFREY POMEROY**: Author *MARY LEE*, *Harvest in Poland*. b. Barnstaple, Devon, January 20, 1892; *unmarried*. Educ.: Left school early for business, 1907-10, then Oxford, 1910-14, where took First Class Honours in History, was Treasurer and Librarian of the Union, and was one of the three founders of Oxford Poetry; served in war, 1915-19; chief translator League of Nations, Geneva since 1920.

**EAGER, HARRIET IDE**: Author *TOMMY TIPTOE*. b. Florence, Italy. m. Malcolm Davis. Educ.: Baltimore schools, Goucher College, U. of Grenoble, Sorbonne. Editor *Woman's Magazine*, 1915-20; publicity two years American Committee for Devastated France; Editor

children's department, *Delineator*, since 1922. Lives in New York.

**EASTON, DOROTHY:** Author *THE GOLDEN BIRD, Tantalus.* b. London, 1890; *unmarried. Educ.:* at home, school in Brittany and studied music and drawing in Dresden. Lives in Kent, England.

**FERGUSSON, HARVEY:** Author *THE BLOOD OF THE CONQUERORS, Capitol Hill, Women and Wives.* b. Albuquerque, N.M., 1890; *unmarried. Educ.:* Albuquerque and Washington, D.C. Passed an examination to be a forest ranger, but accepted a government job in Washington. Then a reporter. For the past years has been writing feature stories for a syndicate in Washington; this work has afforded him opportunity for extensive travel.

**FLECKER, JAMES ELROY:** Author *COLLECTED POEMS, Hassan.* b. London, November 5, 1884. m. Helle Skiadressi, May, 1911. *Educ.:* Dean Close School, Cheltenham, Uppingham, 1901; Trinity College, Oxford, 1902-07. Taught short time Mr. Simmons' school, Hampstead, London; 1908, Cais College, Cambridge U. for Oriental languages, to enter Consular Service; Constantinople, June, 1910; taken ill 1911; sent to Beyrouth, Syria; went to Switzerland, 1913. d. January 3, 1915, at Davos.

**FLETCHER, J. S.:** Author *DEAD MEN'S MONEY, The Middle Temple Murder, The Tallyrand Maxim, The Paradise Mystery, The Orange Yellow Diamond, The Chestermarke Instinct, The Borough Treasurer, The Herapath Property,*

*Scarhaven Keep, The Rayner-Slade Amalgamation, Ravensdene Court, The Middle of Things, The Lost Mr. Linthwaite, Exterior to the Evidence, The Markenmore Mystery, The King Versus Wargrave, The Mazaroff Mystery, The Time-Worn Town, The Wolves and the Lamb, The Annexation Society.* b. Halifax, 1863. m. 1884, Annie, d. of late James Harrison; two s. Educ.: Silcoates School and privately. Special correspondent for *Leeds Mercury* on several occasions; assistant leader writer for same journal, 1893-98; special correspondent for *Yorkshire Post* at Coronation ceremonies, 1902. Lives in England.

FOLLETT, WILSON: Author *THE MODERN NOVEL*. b. North Attleboro, Mass., March 21, 1887; m. Helen Thomas of Boston, June 10, 1913. Educ.: Public Schools, Harvard U. Taught English in Texas, Dartmouth Coll., Brown U. and Radcliffe Coll. Lives in New Haven, Conn.

FREDERICK, JOHN T.: Author *DRUIDA, A Handbook of Short Story Writing*; Editor *Stories From the Midland*. b. Iowa, February 1, 1893. m. Educ.: State University, interrupted by two years spent as principal of a village school. From teaching at the University returned, under the spell of William Morris, to manual labor, first printing, then farming; in 1915 founded *The Midland*; at present a member of the staff of the department of English at the University of Iowa. Lives in Iowa.

GARNETT, DAVID: Author *LADY INTO FOX, A Man in the Zoo*. b. 1893; s. of Edward Garnett and Constance Garnett; m. Rachel Marshall, who does woodcut illus-

trations for his books. *Educ.*: studied Science; spent five years in Botanical Laboratories at Imperial College in South Kensington; draper's clerk until started writing books; in 1920 opened a London Bookshop with Francis Birrell (son of the Rt. Hon. Augustine Birrell). Lives in England.

**GIBRAN, KAHLIL:** Author *THE FORERUNNER*, *The Madman*, *The Prophet*, *Twenty Drawings*. b. Mt. Lebanon, Syria, 1883; *unmarried*. *Educ.*: Beirût College, Al-Ki-Hikmat, studied art in Paris Salon, New York, Boston. Has had twelve volumes of prose and poetry in Arabic published in the last ten years; several of them translated into Spanish, French, German, English. Lives in New York.

**GIDE, ANDRÉ:** Author *STRAIT IS THE GATE*. b. Paris, November 21, 1869. *Educ.*: École Alsacienne; Lycée Henri IV. Lives in Paris.

**GOLDENWEISER, ALEXANDER A.:** Author *EARLY CIVILIZATION*. b. Kiev, Russia, January 29, 1880. m. Anna Hallow of Brest-Litovsk, Russia, July 31, 1906. *Educ.*: Gymnasium, Kiev, 1896-1900; Harvard, 1900-01; Columbia, 1901-02; Columbia U., 1902-05; 1906-07; 1909-10; Berlin U., 1905-06; 1902, A.B.; 1904, A.M.; 1910, Ph.D. Lecturer in anthropology Columbia, 1910-19; department of Anthropology, New School for Social Research since 1919. Lives in New York.

**GOLDING, LOUIS:** Author *SEACOAST OF BOHEMIA*, *Sunward*, *Day of Atonement*. b. November, 1895; *unmarried*. *Educ.*: Manchester Grammar School; won Oxford schol-

arship at Queen's College. Became an editor at Oxford, conducting the Queen's College *Miscellany*. Travelled extensively in the Tyrol, Hungary, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Italy, and Sicily. Lives in London.

**GRAVES, ROBERT:** Author FAIRIES AND FUSILIERS, *Country Sentiment, The Pier Glass.* b. London, July, 1895; s. of A. P. Graves, Irish song-writer; m. Nancy Nicholson, 1918. *Educ.:* Charterhouse, Oxford U. Served through war, Captain in the infantry, severely wounded. Lives at Boar's Hill near Oxford, England.

**HAMSUN, KNUT:** Author GROWTH OF THE SOIL, *Hunger, Pan, Shallow Soil, Dreamers, Wanderers, Victoria, Children of the Age, In the Grip of Life, Segelfoss Town.* b. Norway, 1860. m. After visiting Christiania, wandered for twelve years about Europe and America gaining extensive experience and education. Awarded Nobel Prize for Literature in 1920. Lives on a farm in the beautiful Hassel valley in Norway.

**HELLMAN, GEORGE S.:** Author WASHINGTON IRVING, ESQ. b. New York City, November 14, 1878; s. Theodore and Frances (Seligman) H.; m. Hilda Emily Josephthal, of New York City, June 2, 1903. *Educ.:* Columbia U., A.B., 1899; A.M., 1900. At present President The New Gallery, N.Y. Lives in New York City.

**HERBERT, A. P.:** Author THE SECRET BATTLE, *The House by the River.* b. England. *Educ.:* Winchester and New College, Oxford. Enlisted August, 1914 in R.N.V.R. as Ordinary Seaman. Lives in England.

**HERGESHEIMER, JOSEPH:** Author THE LAY ANTHONY, *Mountain Blood*, *The Three Black Pennys*, *Tubal Cain*, *The Dark Fleece*, *Wild Oranges*, *Java Head*, *The Happy End*, *Tol'able David*, *Linda Condon*, *San Cristobal de la Habana*, *Cytherea*, *The Bright Shawl*, *Balisand*. b. Philadelphia, Pa., February 15, 1880; m. Dorothy Hemphill of West Chester, Pa., 1907. *Educ.*: Short period at a Quaker school, Philadelphia, and at Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Lives in West Chester, Pa.

**HOWE, EDGAR WATSON:** Author THE ANTHOLOGY OF ANOTHER TOWN, *Ventures in Common Sense*. b. Treaty, Ind., May 3, 1854; m. Clara L. Frank of Falls City, Neb., 1875. *Educ.*: Common schools in Missouri. Started to work in printing office at age of twelve; published the *Golden Globe* at Golden, Colo. at age of nineteen; editor and proprietor of Atchison *Daily Globe*, 1877-1911; editor and publisher of *E. W. Howe's Monthly* since January, 1911. Lives in Kansas.

**HUDSON, W. H.:** Author A LITTLE BOY LOST, *Green Mansions*, *Tales of the Pampas*, *Afoot in England*, *Ralph Herne*, *Birds and Man*. b. South American Pampas, 1846. m. Emily Wingrove, a minor concert singer, 1880. Went to London, 1874. d. August 18, 1922.

**HUGHES, RICHARD:** Author A RABBIT AND A LEG. b. England, 1900, Welsh descent, *unmarried*. *Educ.*: Charterhouse, Oriel College, Oxford 1919-22. Travelled in Europe and America, started Partmadoc Players. Lives in England.

HUXLEY, JULIAN SORELL: Author *ESSAYS OF A BIOLOGIST*. *b.* June 22, 1887; *e. s.* of Leonard Huxley; *m.* Marie Juliette Baillot of Neuchatel, Switzerland, 1919; one s. *Educ.:* Eton (King's Scholar); Balliol College, Oxford (Brakenbury Scholar); Newdigate Prizeman and first in Natural Science (Zoölogy), 1908; Naples Scholar, 1908-09; Lecturer in Zoölogy, Balliol College, 1909-11; travelled in Germany as research asso. of the Rice Inst., 1911-12; asst. prof. Rice Institute, Houston, Texas, U.S.A., 1912-16; Home Duties, 1916-17; Staff lt. G.H.Q. Italy, 1918; helped organize and took part in Oxford U. Expedition to Spitzbergen, 1911; prof. University of London, 1925. Lives in London.

IRWIN, WILLIAM HENRY (Will Irwin): Author *YOUTH RIDES WEST*. *b.* Oneida, N.Y., September 14, 1873; *m.* Inez Haynes Gilmore, February 1, 1916. Asst. ed., 1899, editor, 1900, San Francisco *Wave*; reporter 1901, special writer 1902, Sunday editor 1902-04, San Francisco *Chronicle*; reporter 1904-06, New York *Sun*; managing editor 1906-07, *McClure's Magazine*; writer 1907-08, *Collier's Weekly*; general magazine writer, 1908-14. War correspondent with German, Belgian and British armies, for various American publications and London *Daily Mail*, 1914-15; mem. exec. commn. for Relief of Belgium, 1914-15; war correspondent with French, British, Italian and American armies, 1916-18, for *Saturday Evening Post*; chief Foreign Department Committee on Public Information, 1918. Clubs: Bohemian (San Francisco), Players, Authors, Dutch Treat. Lives in New York.

JAMESON, STORM: Author THE PITIFUL WIFE. *b.*

Whitby, England, 1898. *m.* *Educ.:* London University (Kings). Has been advertising copywriter and journalist.

JENSEN, JOHANNES V.: Author THE LONG JOURNEY. *b.*

Jutland in the ancient district of Himmerland, 1873. *Educ.:* University of Copenhagen. Travelled extensively in Europe and America. Lives in Copenhagen.

KANTOR, J. ROBERT: Author PRINCIPLES OF PSYCHOLOGY. *b.* Harrisburg, Pa., August 8, 1888; *m.* *Educ.:* University of Chicago, B.Ph. and Ph.D. Taught at Univ. of Minnesota and Univ. of Chicago; now prof. Psychology, Univ. of Indiana. Lives in Bloomington, Ind.

KELLY, ETHEL MAY: Author HEART'S BLOOD, *Wings.*

*b.* West Harwich, Mass. *Educ.:* Public schools and under private teachers. Contr. poems and short stories to magazines; fiction editor *Broadway* (later *Hampton's Magazine*) 1906-11. Clubs: MacDowell, Hill. Lives in New York.

KNIGHT, GRANT C.: Author SUPERLATIVES. *b.* Williamsport, Pa., April 15, 1893; *m.* 2 daughters. *Educ.:* Albright College, A.B.; Pennsylvania College, A.M. Asso. prof. English, University of Ky. Lives in Lexington, Ky.

KRAPP, GEORGE PHILIP: Author THE KITCHEN PORCH, *America.* *b.* Cincinnati, O., September 1, 1872; *s.* Martin and Louisa (Adams) K.; *m.* *Educ.:* Wittenberg College, A.B., 1894, A.M., 1897; Johns Hopkins U., Ph.D., 1899.

Instr. English, Horace Mann Sch., N.Y., 1897-98; Teachers College and Columbia U., 1897-1907; adj. prof. English, Columbia, 1907-08; prof. English, U. of Cincinnati, 1908-10; prof. English, Columbia since July, 1910. Lives in Norwalk, Conn.

**LALOU, RENE:** Author CONTEMPORARY FRENCH LITERATURE. *b.* Boulogne, September 3, 1889. *m.* Educ.: College of Calais, 1906-08; Lycée Henri IV, Paris; University of Lille, 1908-12. Asst. master Manchester Grammar School, Manchester, 1909-10; prof. English literature, Lycée d'Oran, 1912-14; served in war; prof. Lycée de Beauvais, 1919-20; Lycée Lakanal à Sceaux, 1920-22. Lives in France.

**LANDOWSKA, WANDA:** Author MUSIC OF THE PAST. *b.* Warsaw, July 5, 1882. Pianist, composer, specializes in Harpsichord. Lives in France.

**LAWRENCE, DAVID HERBERT:** Author ST. MAWR. *b.* Eastwood, Nottingham, September 11, 1885; *m.* Frieda von Richthofen, 1914. Educ.: Nottingham High School and Nottingham University. Lives in New Mexico.

**LEVY, NEWMAN:** Author OPERA GUYED. *b.* New York City, November 30, 1888; *m.* Eva Garson, February 23, 1920. Educ.: Barnard School for Boys; New York University Law School, 1911. Asst. District Attorney, New York County, 1916-20; contr. to *Saturday Evening Post*, *Life*, *Liberty* and other magazines. Lives in New York.

**MACHEN, ARTHUR**: Author *THE HOUSE OF SOULS*, *The Secret Glory*, *The Hill of Dreams*, *Far Off Things*, *Things Near and Far*, *Hieroglyphics*, *The Three Imposters*, *Dog and Duck*, *The London Adventure*, *Dr. Stiggins*, *The Shining Pyramid*. b. Caerleon-on-Usk, 1863. Went to London in the early 80's; worked at odd jobs for publishers and editors; acted in Sir Frank Benson's Company, 1900-02; newspaper work until 1921. Lives in London.

**MANN, THOMAS**: Author *BUDDENBROOKS*, *Death in Venice*.  
b. Germany, June 6, 1875. Spent a short time in the life insurance business, writing secretly at night. Went to Italy for a year. Became editor of *Simplicissimus* on return. Lives in Munich.

**MANSFIELD, KATHERINE**: Author *BLISS*, *The Garden Party*, *The Doves' Nest*, *Poems*, *The Little Girl*. b. Wellington, New Zealand, 1889, née Kathleen Beauchamp, m. J. Middleton Murry. Contr. stories under assumed names to magazines for six years; began reviewing fiction in the *Athenaeum* in 1919. d. Fontainebleau, January 9, 1923.

**MENCKEN, HENRY LOUIS**: Author *A BOOK OF PREFACES*, *In Defense of Women*, *The American Language*, *A Book of Burlesques*, *Prejudices: First Series*, *Prejudices: Second Series*, *Prejudices: Third Series*, *Prejudices: Fourth Series*. b. Baltimore, Md., September 12, 1880; unmarried. Educ.: Baltimore Polytechnic Institute, 1896. Reporter, 1899, city editor, 1903-05, Baltimore *Morning Herald*; editor *Evening Herald*, 1905; staff Baltimore *Sun*, 1906-

17; literary critic *Smart Set*, 1908; editor (with George Jean Nathan) 1914-24; war correspondent in Germany and Russia, 1917; editor *The American Mercury*. Lives in Baltimore.

**MIRRLEES, HOPE:** Author *THE COUNTERPLOT*. b. England of Scottish parentage. Educ.: St. Leonard's School, French governesses, Newham College, Cambridge and the École des Langues Orientales in Paris. Lives in Paris.

**MOELLER, PHILIP:** Author *FIVE SOMEWHAT HISTORICAL PLAYS*, *Sophie, Molière, Madame Sand*. b. New York City, August, 1880. Educ.: Public Schools, De Witt Clinton High School, New York U., Columbia, A.B., 1904; A.M. 1905, One of the founders of the Washington Square Players; director Theatre Guild. Lives in New York.

**NATHAN, GEORGE JEAN:** Author *COMEDIANS ALL*, *The Critic and the Drama*, *The World In Falseface*, *The Popular Theatre*, *Materia Critica*, *The American Credo* (in collaboration with H. L. Mencken). b. Fort Wayne, Ind., February 15, 1882; unmarried. Educ.: Cornell University, 1904. Editorial staff *New York Herald*, 1904-06; dramatic critic and asso. editor *Bohemian Magazine* and *Outing*, 1906-08, also *Burr McIntosh Monthly*, 1908; dramatic critic for *Philadelphia North American*, *McClure's Syndicate* and *Cleveland Leader*, 1912; dramatic critic *Puck* (with James Huneker), 1915-16; editor *Smart Set* (with H. L. Mencken), 1914-24; contributing editor *The American Mercury*. Lives in New York.

**NEWMAN, ERNEST:** Author *WAGNER AS MAN AND ARTIST*,

*A Musical Critic's Holiday*, *A Musical Motley*. b. November 30, 1868; m. Educ.: Liverpool College and Liverpool University. Intended for Indian Civil Service but health broke down; business in Liverpool, carrying on at same time musical and literary work; joined staff of Midland Institute, Birmingham, 1903; musical critic *Manchester Guardian*, 1905; *Birmingham Post*, 1906-1919; guest critic *New York Evening Post*, 1924-25. Lives in London.

**OPPENHEIM, JAMES:** Author *GOLDEN BIRD*, *Your Hidden Powers*, *The Sea*. b. St. Paul, Minn., May 24,

1882; s. of Joseph and Matilda (Schloss) O.; m. Gertrude Smith, portrait painter, 1921. Educ.: spl. student Columbia, 1901-03. Head worker, Hudson Guild Settlement, 1901-03; teacher and acting supt. Hebrew Tech. Sch. for Girls, New York, 1905-07. Contr. short stories, articles and poems to *American*, *Everybody's*, *Harper's*, *Century* magazines, etc.; editor *The Seven Arts Magazine*, 1916-17. Lives in New York.

**OUPENSKY, PETER DEMIANOVICH:** Author *TER-*

*TIUM ORGANUM*. b. Moscow, Russia, 1878. Educ.: natural sciences, psychology, University of Moscow. Engaged in newspaper work; approached problems of the fourth dimension and mysticism from the side of art rather than mathematics. Travelled in England, France, Italy, Egypt, India and Ceylon, 1913-14; returned to Russia, living in St. Petersburg until 1917 when forced to seek refuge in

Southern Russia by the revolution; emigrated to Constantinople in 1918; lived there until 1921. Now lives in England.

**PARSONS, PHILIP ARCHIBALD:** Author *AN INTRODUCTION TO MODERN SOCIAL PROBLEMS*. *b.* Hamilton, Ill., January 9, 1879; *s.* Henry Beeman and Martha Ann (Waggonner) P.; *m.* Helen Therece Stahlberger of Auburn, N.Y., July 3, 1909. *Educ.:* Christian U., Canton, Mo., 1904, A.B.; Union Theol. Sem., 1904-06; fellow New York Sch. of Philanthropy, 1908-09; Columbia, 1909, Ph.D.; prof. applied Sociology and dir. Portland Sch. of Social Work, U.of Oregon, 1920-. Lives in Oregon.

**PAUL, ELLIOT H.:** Author *IMPROPTU*, *Imperturbe*. *b.* Malden, Mass. *Educ.:* University of Maine. Six years in construction work in the Northwest; 317th Field Signal Battalion during war. Lives in Boston.

**PERTWEE, ROLAND:** Author *THE SINGING WELLS*, *Treasure Trail*, *Men of Affairs*. *b.* Brighton, England, May 15, 1885; *m.* Advice Scholtz of Capetown, S. Africa, 1910. *Educ.:* London and Paris. Started as portrait painter; abandoned painting for stage; left stage to write, 1914; served in Heavy Artillery Mechanical Transport in France during war. Lives in England.

**PETERKIN, JULIA E.:** Author *GREEN THURSDAY*. *b.* South Carolina. *m.* *Educ.:* Converse College, Spartanburg, S.C. Lives at Forte Motte on isolated plantation among hundreds of black people.

**POWYS, THEODORE F.**: Author *THE LEFT LEG*, *Black Bryony*, *Mark Only*, *Mr. Tasker's Gods*. *b.* Dorsetshire. Youngest brother of John Cowper and Llewellyn Powys. Lives in Dorsetshire.

**RANSOME, JOHN CROWE**: Author *CHILLS AND FEVER*. *b.* Tennessee, 1888. *Educ.*: Vanderbilt U. and Oxford, Rhodes Scholar, 1910-13. Served two years in France during War. Asso. Prof. English, Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., since 1919. Lives in Nashville, Tenn.

**REYMONT, LADISLAS**: Author *THE PEASANTS*. *b.* May, 1886, in what was then Russian Poland. Brought up in country until nine years old. *m.* *Educ.*: Was expelled from one Russian government school after another because he refused to give up speaking his native Polish; went to work in a store, became telegraph operator, actor in wandering stock company, railroad clerk, farmer; even spent some months in the monastery of the Paulist Fathers in Chenstohova; his complete works comprise twenty-eight volumes of novels and short stories. Awarded Nobel Prize for Literature, 1924. Lives in Warsaw.

**RICHARDSON, DOROTHY**: Author *POINTED ROOFS*, *Backwater*, *Honeycomb*, *Deadlock*, *The Tunnel*, *Revolving Lights*. *Educ.*: England and Germany. Has lived in Switzerland and Belgium. Lives in England.

**RUSSELL, JOHN**: Author *WHERE THE PAVEMENT ENDS*, *In Dark Places*. *b.* Davenport, Ia., April 22, 1885; *s.* Charles Edward (publicist) and Abby Osborn (Rust) *R.* *m.* Grace

Nye Bolster of Chicago, Ill., June 7, 1905. *Educ.*: Northwestern U., 1903-05. Travelled widely in early years; spl. corr. New York *Herald* in Panama and Peru, 1908; later staff writer fiction, features, verse and interviews for New York *Herald Sunday Magazine*. In charge U.S. Govt. propaganda for Gt. Britain and Ireland during war with office in London. Lives in California.

**SHIEL, MATHEW P.**: Author *CHILDREN OF THE WIND*, *Lord of the Sea*. b. West Indies, July 21, 1865. *Educ.*: King's College and London University; studied medicine; taught mathematics for two years; official interpreter to the International Congress of Hygiene and Demography. Lives in London.

**SMITS, LEE J.**: Author *THE SPRING FLIGHT*. b. St. Joseph County, Michigan, 1887. Logger, reporter, lumberjack. Enlisted 1917. Returned from France a year later, a top sergeant and "the worst soldier" in the A.E.F. as his Colonel said when presenting him to General Wood; went back to lumberjacking and reporting; staff of Detroit *Times*, writing on wild ducks, birds, dogs, deer hunting and kindred matters. Lives in Chippewa County, Mich.

**STERN, G. B.**: Author *DEBATABLE GROUND*, *The China Shop*, *The Back Seat*, *The Room*, *Smoke Rings*, *The Matriarch*, *Thunderstorm*. b. London, June 17, 1890; 2d d. of Albert and Elizabeth Stern. m. Geoffrey Lisle Holdsworth, 1919. *Educ.*: Notting Hill High School; Academy of Dramatic Art in Germany and Switzerland.

STEVENS, JAMES: Author PAUL BUNYAN. *b.* On farm near Albia, Iowa. Brought to Idaho at age of ten. For three years worked in team and hard-rock camps in all parts of the West; went to Los Angeles in 1912; returned to Northern California logging camps and to Arizona, New Mexico and Colorado; served overseas in the army fourteen months; since has worked in logging-camps and saw-mills of Oregon and Washington. Lives in Washington.

SUCKOW, RUTH: Author COUNTRY PEOPLE. *b.* Hawarden, Iowa, August 6, 1892. *Educ.:* Grinnell College and at Boston. Taught for a short time in the University of Denver. For the last four summers has lived at Earlville, Iowa, where she has her own apiary.

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TIETJENS, EUNICE: Author *BODY AND RAINMENT*, *Profiles from China*, *Profiles From Home*. b. Chicago, July 29, 1884. m. Educ.: France, Switzerland and Germany. There are very few parts of the world where Mrs. Tietjens has not travelled and lived. Asso. editor of *Poetry*; for a year war correspondent in Paris for the Chicago *Daily News*.

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UNDSET, SIGRID: Author *JENNY*, *The Bridal Wreath*, *The Mistress of Husaby*. b. Kallundborg, Denmark, May 20, 1882. d. of Ingvald Martin Undset, well-known archæologist. During the greater part of her childhood and youth she lived in Christiania. Educ.: Commercial College in Christiania. Lives in Norway.

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**WALKLEY, A. B.**: Author *MORE PREJUDICE*. *b.* Bristol, England, December 17, 1855; *e. s.* late Arthur H. Walkley. *m.* Frances Eldridge. *Educ.*: Warminster; Balliol and Corpus Christi, Oxford, B.A. Dramatic critic of *The London Times*. Lives in London.

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**WHITE, WALTER F.**: Author *THE FIRE IN THE FLINT*. *b.* Atlanta, Ga. *m.* *Educ.*: Atlanta University. Asst. secretary of the National Asso. for the Advancement of Colored People; contr. to various magazines. Lives in New York.

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Sem., B.D., 1901; Columbia, Ph.D. 1906; Lecturer on economics, Vassar, 1907-08; prof. economics and sociology, Hobart Coll. since 1908. Lives in Geneva, N.Y.

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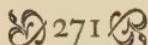
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L'ASSOMMOIR. Translated from the French. With an Introduction by Havelock Ellis. 1924. 8vo, cloth, 460 pages, \$4.00. (First edition limited to 3000 numbered copies.) (In The Borzoi Classics.)

GERMINAL. Translated from the French by Havelock Ellis. With a new Introduction by him. 1925. 8vo, 400 pages, \$4.00. (In The Borzoi Classics.)



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